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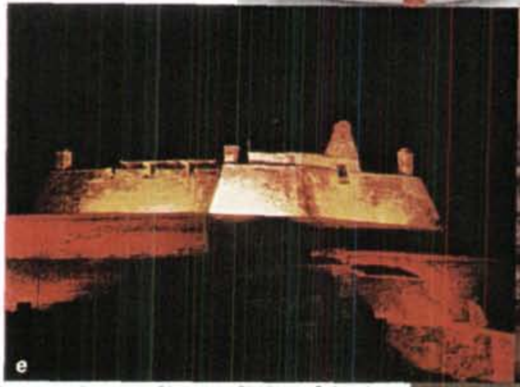

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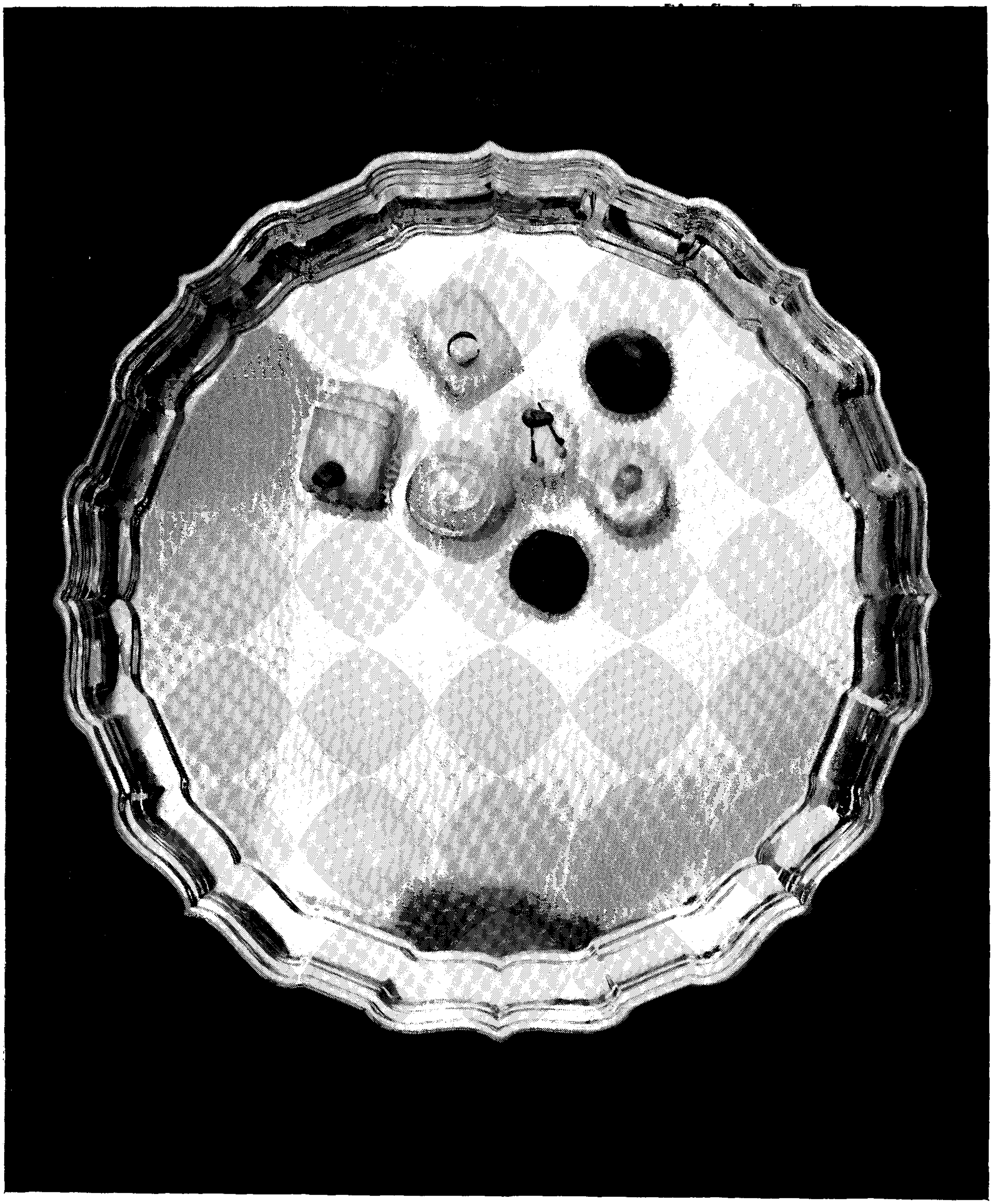

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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2	3	4	5	6	7	8

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except New Year's Eve, at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

The Brownsville Raid—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

Comedians—A brilliant comedy by the English playwright Trevor Griffiths. With Milo O'Shea and an admirable supporting cast, nimbly directed by Mike Nichols. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 29, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 30.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 2.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Cleavon Little heads the cast in a musical (based on the Old Testament story) with a book, music, and lyrics by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, imported from London. Directed by Frank Dunlop. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 30, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 7; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 4-7, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams in a lyric and mostly tender mood. With Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Miles, Dorothy McGuire, and William Roerick, and directed Joseph Hardy. (Circle in the Square, Broa way at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays throu Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketch that purport to give us a refreshing view sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th 757-7164. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 3 and Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8; New Year's Eve 7:30 and 10; New Year's Day at 8; Mond through Wednesday, Jan. 3-5, and Frid Jan. 7, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 7 a 9:30.)

Poor Murderer—A highly intelligent, very e tertaining play by a contemporary Czech pla wright, Pavel Kohout. With a sensatior cast—among others, Laurence Luckinbi Kevin McCarthy, Maria Schell, Larry Gat Ruth Ford, Paul Sparer, Julie Garfield, a Felicia Montealegre. Herbert Berghof rected. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th 246-0390. Wednesday through Saturday at Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, a Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Porgy and Bess—Gershwin's opera, as close possible to the form in which he wrote it. torrent of seductive words and music, el gantly sung. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51 St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

The Rehearsal; or, Love's Reward—Philip Ke is very good as an embittered, profliga drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival

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TELEVISION IS ABOUT TO DO BETTER WHAT IT'S ALWAYS DONE BEST...

CBS NEWS

Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 16.)

The Robber Bridegroom—High jinks in a Mississippi barnyard. Pleasant singing and dancing decorate a silly book. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway a year ago. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sly Fox—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Something Old, Something New—Molly Picon and Hans Conried in a comedy by Henry Denker. Robert H. Livingston directed. Previews through Friday, Dec. 31. Opens officially Saturday, Jan. 1. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

A Tribute to Lili Lamont—An old, down-at-heels movie star meets her fan club. Star and members are all freaks and, what is worse, retreads. In short, rubbish about rubbish. Leueen MacGrath, in the title role, deserves better than this. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

The Trip Back Down—A play by John Bishop, with John Cullum in the leading role. Directed by Terry Schreiber. Previews through Monday, Jan. 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 5, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 6.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays, except Jan. 4, through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL
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Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, except New Year's Day, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2.) . . . **chicago:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Marian Seldes. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 6,945 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 31, at 2.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **my fair lady:** A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everythi but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael R pert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperi 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Mondays throu Wednesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays, 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** new playwright named Bernard Slade h invented an Erector set of one-liners th should last a lifetime. With Sandy Denn and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Sak (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-343 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunda at 3.) . . . **shenandoah:** Even thirty years ag this would have been an old-fashioned mus cal. The star is William Chapman. (Alvi 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays throu Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **va ties:** In three acts, three Southern high-scho girl cheerleaders change from all but identic "best friends" (1963) into quite different a incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in *th* amusing and gently ironic comedy by Ja Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attra tive performance. (Downstairs at the We side Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-839 Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30 at New Year's Eve and New Year's Day at and 10; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 4- at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 7 and 10.). **the wiz:** An all-black production of a mus cal version of "The Wizard of Oz," w gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome m sic, and several first-rate performanc (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tue days through Saturdays at 7:30. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—The last six in series of performances—**rumpelstiltsk** Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 1 and 4. . . **sn white and the seven dwarfs:** Thursday, De 30, at 11 and 2. . . . **the magic flute:** Thu day, Dec. 30, at 7:30. . . . **die fledermaus:** Ne Year's Eve at 7:30. (Alice Tully Hall. 36 1911.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule (a *really* tentative, because of labor negot tions)—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday a Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 1; Friday, Dec. 3 at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 6. . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Jewels.". ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "La Sonnamb la," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Ch conne.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Danc at a Gathering" and "Tchaikovsky Suite N 3.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Swan Lak and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and "Harl quinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Swa Lake," "Chansons Madécasses," "Saltarelli and "Symphony in Three Movements." (Ne York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening perfor ances of a four-week engagement that w run through Sunday, Jan. 30. "Coppélia will be presented through Sunday, Jan. 1 (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-898 Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 5-7, at and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8.)

Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the e gagement—Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 6; Thur day, Dec. 30, at 1; and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 6 "Petrouchka" and "Pineapple Poll.". . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 6, and Sunday, Ja 2, at 1: "The Dream" and "Rodeo.". . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II, "Weewis," and "Trinity." (City Center, 13 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fac type is used to pick out a few of the more n table performers in town.)

●

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260 0250)—The master guitarist **jim hall** ha come out again, and, as always, it is an ausp cious event. Not only is he the best guitari we have had since Django Reinhardt an Charlie Christian but he has become one our major improvisers—a musician who, when he rebuilds a song, sets forth a series of important and complex musical thoughts that move on the same level as those of Sonny Rollins and Milt Jackson. But Hall often goes them one better, for his solos combine great emotional afflatus with striking intellectual force. He makes us *think*. Mind how he handles such a song as "Come Rain or Come Shine": He begins with a dense and mysterious ad-lib chorus made up of sliding, overlapping chords and fugitive blue patches of melody. Then he locks into four-four time for a couple of choruses and, his inner chambers unlocked, offers new and glistening motifs, which he turns again and again until he gets them just right, moves his time languorously and brilliantly around, and exhibits a steady grace and gentleness. Hall has brought along a superior group. **BEN ARONOV** (pronounced Arnoff) is on piano, and his work, with its beautiful and slightly wild single-note lines and surprising harmonic clusters, suggests he is on the verge of a fresh plateau for jazz piano. **SAM JONES**, on bass, is even and rewarding, as is the drummer, **BILLY HIGGINS**, who tends unwittingly to overuse his sticks and an obviously prized but enveloping ride cymbal. Hall switches to his new acoustic guitar for one or two numbers a set, and he achieves sounds of an angelic fervor and clarity. Through Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Jan. 6, pianist **BILL EVANS** and his two worthy sidemen—bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **ELIOT ZIGMUND**—will take on the musical chores. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sunday through Wednesday, Jan. 2-5.

●

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is **RASHIED ALI**, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes. Ali himself sits on the bandstand with his quintet through Sunday, Jan. 2; on Tuesday, Jan. 4, tenor saxophonist Frank Wright will bring in his quartet for six nights. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning big noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read. I want people who can *play*." They play. Music from about ten. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful. On New Year's Eve, the music will run from four to nine.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is *the* place to hear outstanding, if not yet famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. Saxophonist Houston Person and his classic, if lethargic, rhythm-and-blues trio, which sounds as if it never left the fifties, are here with low-keyed singer Etta Jones through Saturday, Jan. 1. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8, trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** will head up a lively quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Second-generation Chicago-blues classicists **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS** are on hand with their band on Wednesday, Dec. 29. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, **STUFF**, a formerly nameless but not unnoticed first-rate R.-&-B. sextet, will take charge. Stuff is a rank-and-file affair—no one musician stands out—composed of bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and drummers **CHRIS PARKER** and **STEVE GADD**. All six are studio heavies, some worked with Aretha Franklin and the late King Curtis, and all of them spent much of last year bolstering Joe Cocker in concert and on record. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 3-4, **SUN RA** and his **OUTER SPACE WORLD'S CONTINUUM ARKESTRA** (previously known as the Myth Science Cosmos Swing Arkestra) will go into orbit around these quarters. On Thursday, Jan. 6, singer Vicki Sue Robinson will begin trading sets with Michael Henderson, another singer, and his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Two really fine pianists and their bassists compete with the talkers: **JIMMY ROWLES**, through Saturday, Jan. 1; and **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, beginning Monday, Jan. 3. The Sunday chores are handled by pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. He's supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar, and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow rustic bar—it has the feel of a small-college-town gathering place—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling and lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hanging around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Heartbreakers, the Dictators, Tuff Darts, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, Suicide Commandos, and Susan, perform nightly. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER**, now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, through Saturday, Jan. 1.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright **HELEN HUMES** does authoritative blues songs and delicate ballads with support from pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**; through Tuesday, Jan. 4. Weeknights from eight to one. On New Year's Eve, gospel singers Helen Bryant and Edgar Kendricks will join the regular Friday-night proceedings, which, that night, will begin at ten. Stride pianist Joe Turner, who, until a Cookery engagement last January, hadn't played this country in some thirty years, will arrive from Europe for a second bout on Wednesday, Jan. 5. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Dining.

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EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Jan. 4, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, inspired swing tenor saxophonist, will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Jan. 2, saxophonists Billy Mitchell and Turk Morrow will co-pilot a quintet from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-five-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, eighty-one years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. On New Year's Eve, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and pianist **HOD O'BRIAN** will alternate with the Kerr trio. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG**, Chuck Wayne, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, Jan. 2, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will join up with bassist Earl May and pianist Don Friedman from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, from five to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed New Year's Day.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, is present with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights, plus a backup quartet guided by pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** through Saturday, Jan. 1. Pianist **DICK HYMAN** will begin leading a small band on Tuesday, Jan. 4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Phyllis Hyman, a promising, smoky-voiced singer, and her backing trio, guided by the very fine young pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS**, perform through Saturday, Jan. 1. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Good Ol' Boys, a San Francisco bluegrass band, trades sets with folkie Jake Holmes on Wednesday, Dec. 29; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, country-chic singer and pianist Ronee Blakley will be on the stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The **LIONEL HAMPTON** show is made up of vibraphone solos backed by an eleven-piece band, a couple of songs by Sandy Patton, and some dancing by **BUNNY BRIGGS**, one of our last great tap dancers. Hampton's vibraphone has all its old lightsome swing. Through Saturday, Jan. 1. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven

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to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Cathy Chamberlain, who has an ample, crusty voice, does old songs like "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and originals written in a similar forty-year-old mode. She's here through Friday, Dec. 31. Saturday through Monday, Jan. 1-3, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will front an un-cabaret-like jazz quartet. Shows at nine and midnight. Thursdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his wonderful septet are still making local waves, and they'll be available at this address through Saturday, Jan. 1. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, vibraharpist David Friedman works with David Samuels on marimba; and on Wednesdays and Thursdays, **LEE KONITZ** directs a nonet. On New Year's Eve, house favorites Konitz and **JOE PUMA** will be joined by singer Molly Lyons and drummer Jo Jones, Jr., from ten to four. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, Taksim, a Middle Eastern jazz combo, will perform. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Four, yes four, young dynamos—trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** (who is onstage Friday through Sunday)—are here through Sunday, Jan. 2. Go. From Wednesday, Jan. 5, four more worthwhile musicians will be playing: pianist **MIKE ABENE,** bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** guitarist **MIKE GARY,** and saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG.** Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** the broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young Boston quintet, is back. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight; on New Year's Eve, at eight-thirty and midnight. Dinner. Closed New Year's Day.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A weekend music place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Saxophonist Stanley Turrentine's quartet occupies the stand through Sunday, Jan. 2. Comedian Ron Douglas opens for Turrentine through Thursday, Dec. 30; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, the literally towering blues pianist and singer **MEMPHIS SLIM,** who spends most of his time in Paris nowadays, will share the bill. The sixty-one-year-old bluesman may be better known in Europe than in this country, but his compositions are well enough known here—"Every Day (I Have the Blues)" and "Mother Earth" are two of them. Hearing his piercing baritone and fanciful blues runs on the piano and celeste are prerequisites for all blues enthusiasts. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will bring along his current quintet to alternate with comedian **DICK GREGORY.** Music from about ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** who is a reed section all by himself, finishes up here with his quintet on Sunday, Jan. 2. On Mondays the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** brigade dominates the room. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—New Year's Eve in the Grand Ballroom with—who else?—**GUY LOMBARDO** and the Royal Canadians, along with **CAROL LAWRENCE, BILLY ECKSTINE,** and millions of American and Canadian television viewers. Music from nine to three. Dinner. Black tie.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two. Closed New Year's Day and Sunday, Jan. 2.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to a bop-oriented quintet; Saturdays and Sundays are usually session days for swing musicians like **EARLE WARREN** and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Barry Manilow (with Lady Flash)—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.

Zappa—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Patti Smith Group (with John Cale) and **Television**—Palladium. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8.

Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes, Hubert Laws, and **Earl Klugh**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.

Bay City Rollers—Palladium. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day. Some, as indicated, will be closed Friday, Dec. 31, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Arik Brauer—Richly colored gouaches, teeming with surrealist figures in surrealist settings. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors of his favorite subjects—labyrinthine walled cities and towering racing yachts—drawn with his characteristic crackling line and enlivened with his geometric planes of pure color. Through Jan. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Léon Hartl (1889-1973)—Paintings and drawings of still-lifes and landscapes. Through Jan. 13. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Small sculptures, mostly in bronze or terra-cotta, and all in what might be called the vernacular style: a woman shaking out a rug, for instance, or stretched out on a sofa in a luxurious yawn, or with a child sprawled all over her lap. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joan Mitchell—The white canvas that once figured prominently in the backgrounds of this artist's abstract landscapes has now disappeared under a deluge of color—a veritable storm of pigment that takes up practically every inch of her huge compositions, one of them nine feet two inches high and twenty-four feet four inches wide. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Robert Nickle—Collages of found paper; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Thomas Shannon—Did you know that the globe we live on is wrapped around a forty-five-hundred-mile metal cube, and that one gold-tipped corner of that cube is protruding from the earth in a tiny garden behind the gallery where this artist's work is showing? (The opposite corner sticks out near Perth, Australia.) The gold-tipped corner reflects rays straight back to the sun, and a captured ray, looking very much like a stainless-steel wand about ten feet long, hangs as a trophy on a gallery wall. These and other wonders, plus drawings and diagrams, make up this exhibit. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

Charles Wells—Formal carvings, in Carrara and black marble, travertine, and wood, mostly of female heads and torsos, plus quick figure studies in pencil and watercolor portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Aztec Stone Sculpture—Long since deprived of a society that believed in them, these squat, brooding deities are now biding their time, waiting for another turn in the wheel of fortune. There are seventy-seven carvings in all, some of them merely decorative and not especially religious. Through Jan. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **GRUENEBAUM,** 25 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Asger Jorn, Jan Müller, Giorgio Cavallon, and Emerson Woelffer. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: A show devoted to the early paintings of Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella. Through Jan. 13. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.). . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 29. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints, drawings, watercolors, and small sculptures by Louis Lozowick, Maillol, Picasso, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Abstract paintings in precise, orderly patterns that seem to pulse with warm color. A twenty-year span of work is represented here. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Joseph Binder (1898-1972)—A small retrospective of clean-cut, bright-colored posters, as simplified as an arrow in form and message, by this Viennese-born master of the craft, plus some of his abstract paintings and pastels. Through Jan. 14. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 31, and Thursday, Jan. 6.)

Joan Brown—Large, autobiographical paintings done in a no-nonsense, almost Egyptian flat pattern. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—A single large realist painting, entitled "Subway Symphony," is the heart of this show, which also includes related work. Through Jan. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract drawings, done in pencil on paper prepared with an acrylic background. Through Friday, Jan. 7. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jan Groth—Wall-size black tapestries by a Norwegian artist who has woven a single, nervous streak of white into each of them, sometimes cutting across the whole piece and sometimes barely intruding at one edge. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Manuel Hughes / Bruce Monteith—Small still-lifes, done in pastels or acrylics, showing arrangements of arcs in various positions and casting shadows. / Box constructions in which meticulous miniatures of architectural details can be seen—a revolving Art Deco doorway, a classroom with a clock and blackboard, a hotel lobby with tile floors, a stairwell, and so on. Through Thursday, Jan. 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Motherwell / Sondra Freckleton—Distinctive monotypes of abstract shapes, mostly black-and-white but sometimes set off with a dash of bright color. / Large watercolors of showy plants. Through Tuesday, Jan. 4. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Christopher Pratt—Realist paintings, drawings, and prints of empty rooms, figures, and other subjects. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Landscapes of New England in all seasons. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Steiner—Small abstract bronzes made from wax models. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

Anne Tabachnick—The interior of her Westbeth studio and views from its windows are frequent subjects for this artist, who combines fresh, direct draftsmanship and a distinctive sense of space and color. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **de Nagy**, 29 W. 57th St.: The end of the gallery's twenty-fifth year is being observed with a showing of some of the realist artists who have been associated with the gallery all along, among them Grace Hartigan, Jane Wilson, and Fairfield Porter. Through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **Esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Small works by well-known artists, including a Christo project for wrapping the trees along the Champs-Elysées, a couple of tiny (for him) nudes by Tom Wesselmann, and samplings of Diebenkorn, Motherwell, Frankenthaler, Twombly, Steinberg, and so on. Through Thursday, Jan. 6. . . . **Heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Kinetic sculptures, Optical paintings, and graphics by a group that includes Victor Vasarely and Jesús Rafael Soto. Through Jan. 29. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **Janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arp, Malevich, Matisse, Mondrian, and other European artists. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Recent works by ten gallery artists include a bowl filled to bursting with fruit that itself is bursting with ripeness, by Botero; an almost photographic portrait of Barnett Newman, by Larry Rivers; and a massive collage of Abe Lincoln in a red-white-and-blue plaster frame, by Red Grooms. Through Friday, Dec. 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ansell Bray / Neal Gibralter—Large and accomplished pencil portraits, mostly of friends, who are usually shown in settings appropriate to their ways of life. / Precisionist renditions of spheres, great piles of them so arranged that they seem to rise and fall in orderly peaks and craters. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Howard Buchwald—In all these abstract paintings, a thick field of many layers of oil, brushed onto linen or canvas, is gouged here and there with arcs, whose precise placement is the result of projections worked out by geometric means and involving the drilling of holes through the surface (as few as eight and as many as forty). Related drawings are also being shown. Through Thursday, Jan. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Inviting-looking hammocks and huge straw mats woven to his designs by Indian craftsmen in Nicaragua and Guatemala. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Tina Girouard—These decorative abstract works on paper come in sets, each set consisting of four drawings worked out with four stencils using four colors, by an artist-dancer who has made four-ness of this sort a big thing in her painting career. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Eunice Golden—Erotic films and photographic works. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon; the films begin at 3.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Abstract designs with a Byzantine or ancient Egyptian flavor, painted on raw linen in thick strokes of oils and acrylics and in downbeat colors. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Rockne Krebs—An environmental arrangement that doesn't quite take the place of Grandma Moses' winter scenes but that does include thirty-eight Christmas trees traversed by red and green laser beams that ricochet through the halls by means of mirrors. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Steven Linn / Guy Johnson—Bronze and wood sculptures of everyday articles plus found everyday articles—for example, a chest of

Only once a year . . . in January, we present our comprehensive Annual Fur Sale offering all types and styles of furs from our regular, current stocks at very substantial reductions. This January, reductions are 10% to 50% off regular prices. People travel from all over the country to this Annual Fur Sale to buy advantageously a quality and fashion of fur known and respected the world over.

Furs, especially on sale, should be purchased very carefully. There should not be a shadow of doubt as to the quality of pelts, workmanship and the fact that the furs are from regular stock . . .as are all the furs in our sale. Further, we firmly believe that whether you spend 500.00 or 50,000.00, you cannot receive more fur value (or possibly as much) for comparable dollars spent anywhere than you will at Neiman-Marcus. This belief is based on our long experience, knowledge and buying position in the fur markets worldwide.

We invite you to inspect the Fur Sale offerings at the Neiman-Marcus store nearest you. In whichever fur you choose, there will be the Neiman-Marcus label and since 1907, that label has stood for quality, beauty and fashion leadership. May we help you make a wonderful fur buy now at Neiman-Marcus?

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawers (found) containing bronze shirts (sculpted), neatly folded, and a child's pacifier, in bronze. In front of this is a pair of cowboy boots with a pair of rolled-down Levis in the legs, ready to be stepped into. There is also a chestnut seller, part found, part sculpted. / Photo-Realist paintings, some of which incorporate Diane Arbus photos. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Boaz Vaadia / Jack Hernon—Eight sculptured pieces that look like primitive objects of worship, consisting of a rough stone, scrawled with symbols and cradled in a framework of raw saplings, by an Israeli artist whose work seems to combine both African and American Indian motifs. / A series called "The Strawberry Photos," which have been doctored with pencil. Some of them are mildly erotic, as things go these days. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Artist's Choice: Figurative Art in New York—Restless young realist artists and some of their older allies have drawn up their wagons into a circle here to defend the old-fashioned ethic of working from nature, and five galleries are participating in the show, which lasts until Wednesday, Jan. 5. Nearly two hundred artists are represented. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) At the **GREEN MOUNTAIN** and the **BOWERY**, 135 Greene St., the exhibits include a cardboard sculptured caricature of Gertrude Stein by Red Grooms; a Vermont landscape by Marjorie Kramer; and other works by Alex Katz, Paul Georges, John Opie, and Michael Berg. At the **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St., the exhibits include a portrait of a man reading a book, by the late Fairfield Porter; a female nude by Philip Pearlstein, and a street scene from the low-rent area, by Susan Severson. At the **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 114 Prince St., there is a large wooden sculpture of a mod woman by William King, and other works by Helen Wilson and Bill Sullivan. At the **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 118 Prince St., the exhibits include a wood-and-plaster reproduction of an apartment interior by Harry Roseman, and other works by Sidney Goodman and Alfred Leslie.

Group Show—Sculptures by Ira Joel Haber and Robert Witz, and paintings by Bill Jensen. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Thorp, 139 Spring St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Jackie Ferrara—This artist's pyramidal structures, made of heavy timbers, which loom so effectively within the confines of a gallery, unfortunately seem to be overwhelmed in Hammarskjöld Plaza by the high-rise architecture surrounding them. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Edward Gorey—Drawings, etchings, and related works. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Anemones: An Air Aquarium—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Piene and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and which occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.) Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2.)

Group Shows—At the **ALTERNATIVE CENTER FOR INTERNATIONAL ARTS**, 28 E. 4th St.: Drawings, prints, and works in mixed mediums by three Latin-American artists: Jafet Heisler, Liliana Porter, and Luis Camnitzer. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **CATHEDRAL MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS ART**, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.: Paintings and sculptures by American and European artists—Rothko, Soutine, Flack, and others—on loan from private collections and museums. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **GLASS**, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St.: Works on paper by Benny Andrews, Max Weber, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

William Christenberry—Small-format color pictures of architecture and grave sites in deepest Alabama, taken with a Brownie camera, plus three-dimensional wood-and-plaster models of some of the subjects, plus further photographs of the *models*. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ted D'Arms / Gail Russell—Abstract color pictures. / Photographs (also in color) taken in Mexico and in the port town of Belize, Honduras. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Janie Eisenberg—Forty photographs, half of them devoted to New York City bigwigs—Felix Rohatyn, Patrick Cunningham, Mayor Beame—and the other half to non-bigwigs. Through Jan. 15. (Crossroads at Chess City, 2639 Broadway, at 100th St. Daily, noon to midnight.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) / **Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—More than two hundred small-scale prints documenting child-labor conditions in this country at the turn of the century. / A selection that includes twenty portraits and costume studies of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Jan. 29. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Small, tricked-up color photographs of the artist, usually shown in the nude striking dramatic poses, and one large abstract tapestry, built up like a quilt. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Bert Stern—Photographs of, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Louis Armstrong, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Friday, Dec. 31.)

Cole Weston / Ilse Bing—Black-and-white prints from the forties and fifties, plus recent color photographs, by the youngest son of Edward Weston. / Photographs of Paris in the thirties and other works by a German-born photographer. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, with examples by W. H. Jackson, Steichen, and Weston, among others. Through Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Walker Evans, Irving Penn, and William Eggleston are three of the photographers in a show that traces the development of both commercial and non-commercial photography since the late eighteen hundreds. Also, in a separate exhibit, portraits of Pablo Casals by Yousuf Karsh, Fritz Henle, Elliott Erwitt, and others. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Closed Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 31, when the moth threat is over. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Maurice Prendergast from his Boston Public Garden sketchbook and from other sources. Through May 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 4:45. The exhibit of Russian costumes and the new Egyptian galleries can be seen evenings, except Friday, Dec. 31, until 7:45, through Sunday, Jan. 2.)

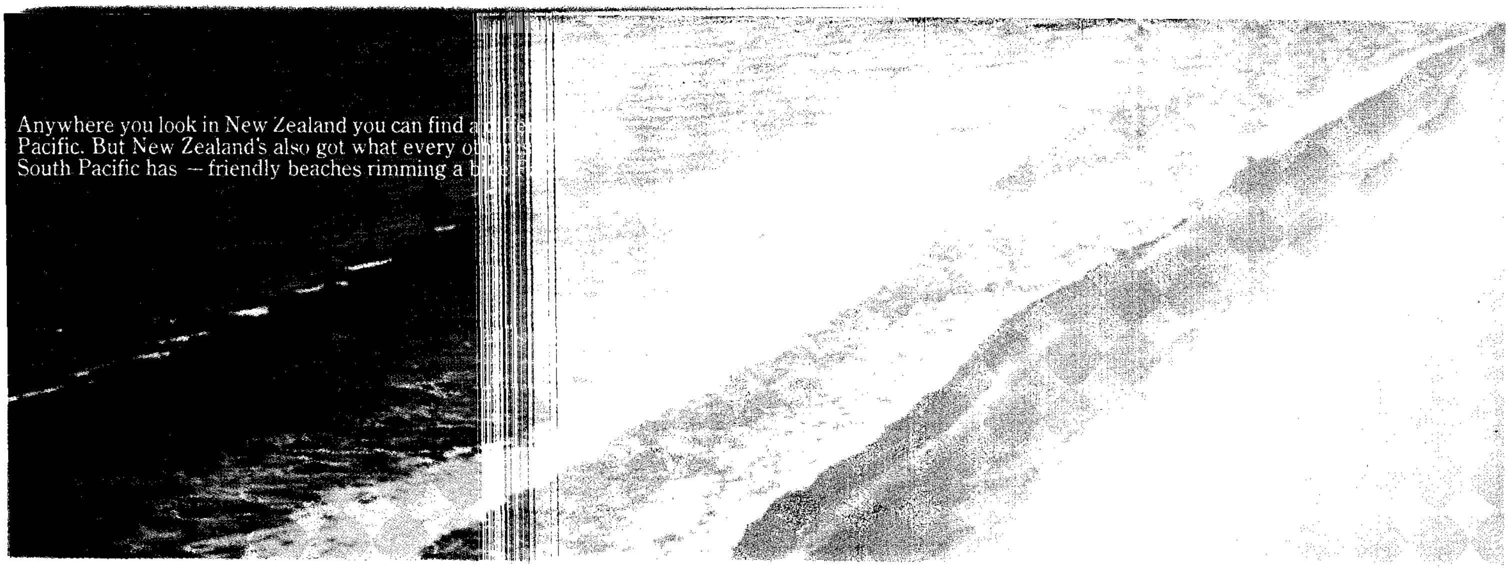
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through March 1. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty photographs make up a retrospective of the works of Harry Callahan. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. . . . ¶ Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is on view. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Jan. 16.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition that includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A historical survey of watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Jan. 23. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—One work from the sixties plus a recent work by each of six artists (Held, Kelly, Martin, Noland, Poons, and Stella) who are closely identified with hard-edge abstraction. Through Jan. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The new quarters for the museum's collection of African objects are now open on the first floor. . . . ¶ The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ "Anamorphoses: Games of Perception and Illusion in Art" has more than a hundred examples of art works intentionally distorted by the artist but that appear in full form when viewed from a par-



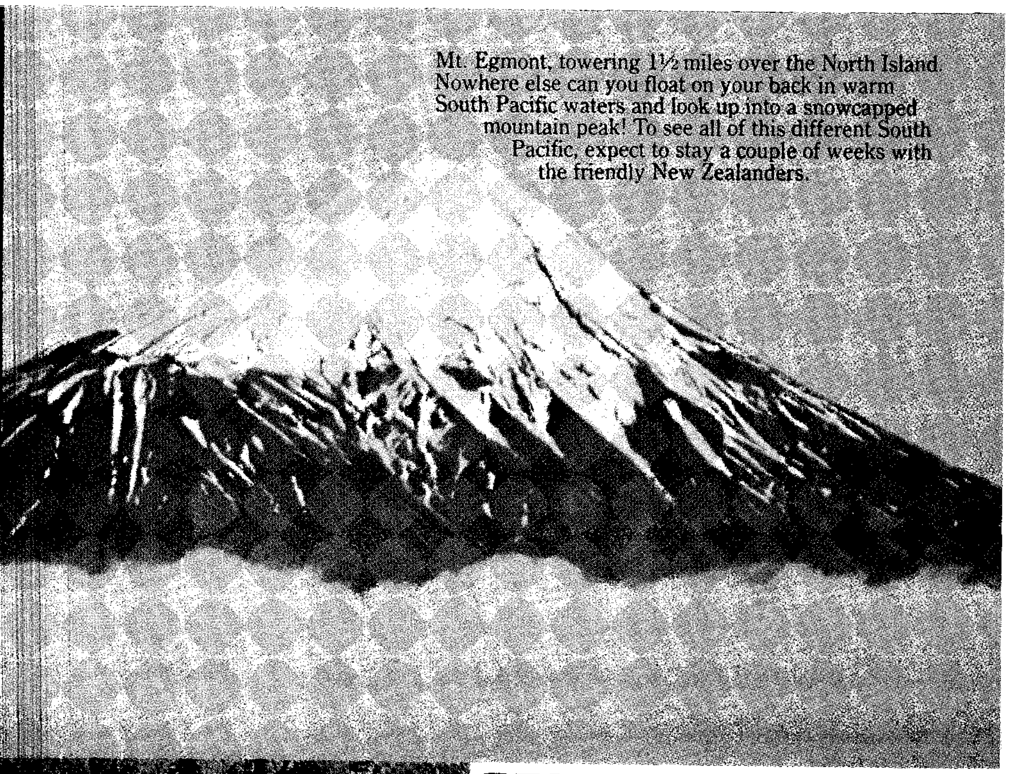
Anywhere you look in New Zealand you can find a
Pacific. But New Zealand's also got what every o
South Pacific has — friendly beaches rimming a b

On almost any South Pacific island you expect blue ocean rolling to a sandy beach.

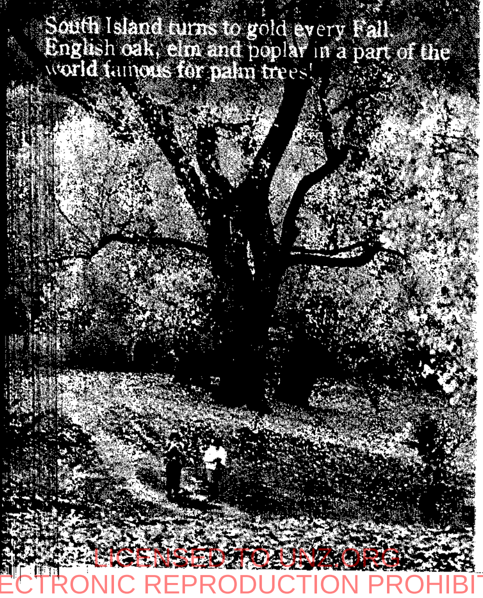
In New Zealand, expect a lot more.

Milford Sound. In minutes, this misty Shangrila can change to sun and rainbows. If those other South Pacific islands start to seem all the same, you're ready for everchanging Milford.

School boys at Christ's College offer a little bit of Oxford in the middle of the South Pacific in Christchurch (the most English city outside England).



Mt. Egmont, towering 1½ miles over the North Island. Nowhere else can you float on your back in warm South Pacific waters and look up into a snowcapped mountain peak! To see all of this different South Pacific, expect to stay a couple of weeks with the friendly New Zealanders.



South Island turns to gold every Fall. English oak, elm and poplar in a part of the world famous for palm trees!

NEW ZEALAND

(A lot more than you'd expect in the South Pacific.)

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One Maritime Plaza, Suite 970, San Francisco, CA 94111
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Send me more on New Zealand's different South Pacific.

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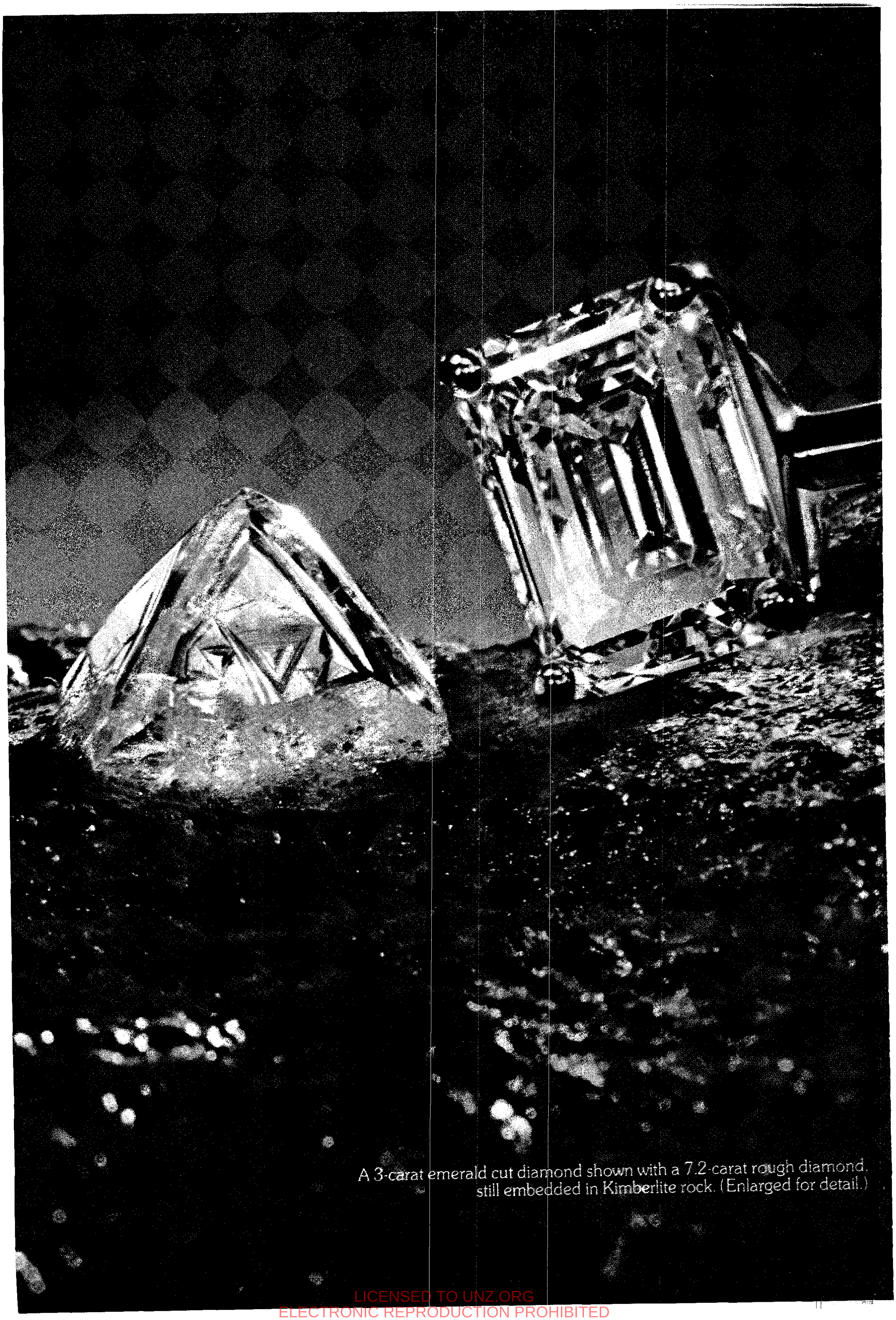


A 3-carat emerald cut diamond shown with a 7.2-carat rough diamond, still embedded in Kimberlite rock. (Enlarged for detail.)

The taming of a rough diamond.

You are looking at the two most important stages of a diamond. As nature formed it. And as man transformed it.

The search. Created in darkness, and born of volcanic eruption, rough diamonds are usually found embedded deep within volcanic rock or buried under tons of sand. Forcing man to move mountains to track them down.

The capture. It is the cutter who tames a rough diamond. A master who never goes against the nature of the stone. He works with it to bring out the best that it can be. Seeing an infinity of possibilities, he seeks out the one "cut" above all others. In size, color, clarity and shape. For the destiny of each and every diamond is entirely in man's hands.

The conquest. This is a 3-carat emerald cut diamond worth approximately $18,000.* It is a rare breed. Because it is large, and large diamonds are becoming scarcer every day. And it is an emerald cut, a very uncommon cut for diamonds today. A magnificently proportioned diamond that acts like a million prisms. An individual with a character and a personality all its own. Tamed, as all diamonds are, to behave beautifully. Forever.

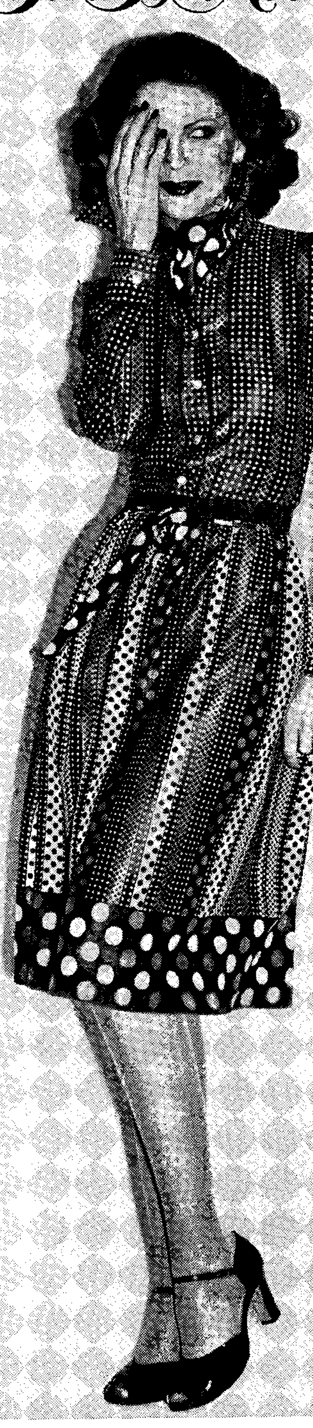
A diamond is forever.

*This price refers to this specific stone. Other stones of the same size will vary in value, sometimes much higher or lower, according to the individual characteristics of each stone. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Very free.
Very floaty.
Very feminine.
Very me.
Voile-ah!

Sheer flirtation: Two pieces of chiffon-weight navy polyester dotted white, striped red. Matching scarf. By Howard Wolfe in sizes 6 to 16, $58. Sport Dress Collection.

Fresh Departures at
Saks Fifth Avenue



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ticular angle or when reflected in a prism, cone, or cylinder. Through Feb. 13. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. This exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Exhibition, this year numbering seventy-one entries (of which about twenty will be bought for distribution to American museums) by contemporary painters, among them Nancy Hagin, Benny Andrews, and Hans Moller. . . . ¶ Works from the academy's collection, the earliest dated 1883. John Sloan, Saul Steinberg, and Elihu Vedder are a few of the artists included. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Sunday, Jan. 2.

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Books as Troublemakers": close to two hundred volumes that have been successful in raising general hell—starting revolutions, assassinating characters, and all the rest. John Cleland, Charles Darwin, Adolf Hitler, Margaret Sanger, Walt Whitman are some of the authors. Through Feb. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday, Dec. 29, until 10.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and offering unfamiliar works by such familiar hands as Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tiepolo, Watteau, and Rubens in the main exhibition room, and Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, and Cézanne in the Cloister—the long hallway to the rear. . . . ¶ Among the ancient Near Eastern treasures in the East Room are a number of small royal seals, which might be considered the forerunners of printing as we know it; photographic enlargements bring out their beauty in a way that would have entranced their original owners. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 13.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30. Closes Friday, Dec. 31, at noon.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ "The Dutch Republic in the Days of John Adams," a loan show of paintings, furniture (including two room settings), maps, and other items that illustrate eighteenth-century Holland. Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 31, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through March 30. (Weekdays, except Thursdays and New Year's Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Figurative paintings and drawings by Murray DePillars. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Sculptures (bronze and glass) by Geraldine McCullough. Through Jan. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays, except New Year's Day, and Sundays, except Jan. 2, from 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 29: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Ragnar Ulfung, Guillermo Sarabia, Kenneth Riegel, and James Morris; conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 30: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 31: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, John Alexander, Ryan Edwards, and John Macurdy; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 1: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 1: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 3: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, John Alexander, Ryan Edwards, and John Macurdy; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 4: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Ragnar Ulfung, Guillermo Sarabia, Kenneth Riegel, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 5: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Edita Gruberova, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, John Macurdy, Allan Monk, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 6: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Ryan Edwards, and John Macurdy; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 8: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Edita Gruberova, Kenneth Riegel, Theodor Uppman, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of Viennese music on Friday, Dec. 31, at 8:30 (with Carol Neblett, soprano); and a varied program on Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:30 (with David Bar-Illan, piano). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting a varied program on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano).

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Eugene Istomin and Yefim Bronfman, piano; Isaac Stern and Schlomo Mintz, violin; and Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting, with Kenneth Cooper, fortepiano, and Ann Zalkind, (standard) piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Francesco Cavalli's opera "Giasone" in concert form, with Susan von Reichenbach and Susan Davenny Wyner, sopranos; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; John Angelo Messana, countertenor; Robert White, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

CONCERT ROYAL—Seven instrumentalists in a program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

BOEHM QUINTETTE—Chamber Music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Greenwich House Music School, 48 Barrow St. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8.) Tickets for either concert at the door on the night of the performance.

KAREN SHAW—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

ROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTER—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of four programs of contemporary chamber music. All the performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 7. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

JAN DEGAETANI—Mezzo-soprano, in the second in a series of three programs of vocal chamber music, this one with Gilbert Kalish, piano; Susan Jolles, harp; George Mgrdichian, oud; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

NEW YORK HARP ENSEMBLE—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., 6 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Seattle, Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:05.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Friday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:05.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Jan. 3, through Saturday, May 21. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Jan. 3, through Saturday, March 19.

ROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

POETRY READINGS—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—On New Year's Eve, from 10:30 P.M. to 1 A.M., a free party will be given by the city's Department of Cultural Affairs at Bethesda Fountain, in Central Park; music, giant puppets, jugglers, dancers, singers, refreshments (not free), and fireworks are on the agenda.

THE m.s. PRINSENDAM IS NOT THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO INDONESIA. IT'S JUST THE ONLY WAY TO SEE IT.

Indonesia is Bali where Sempidi men make "monkeys" out of themselves during the Ketjak ceremony. It's Jakarta where today's freeways take you to the Orient of yesteryear. And it's more, much more.

And nothing can show you the ins and outs of Indonesia like a cruise aboard the m.s. Prinsendam. It was built to navigate and explore the secret waterways of the world's largest island state. And the Dutch have been sailing these waters for 4 centuries. While the islands are the homeland of our Indonesian crew.

And, as you explore, you'll vacation amidst the luxuries of a royal yacht combined with the facilities of an international resort.

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All-inclusive tours with 9, 10 and 14-day cruises—22 to 29 days from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C. via Tokyo; 22 to 28 days from New York, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Houston via Amsterdam. Rates from $2,275 to $3,580.

So join Holland America and scrutinize the inscrutable East. Call your travel agent or write Holland America Cruises, Dept. AP, 2 Penn Plaza, New York 10001, (212) 760-3880.

The m.s. Prinsendam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles. Rates are per person, double occupancy, subject to availability. Minimum rates may not be available on all listed cruises.

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VACATIONS THAT ARE ALL VACATION SINCE 1872.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Front."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 30: "The Ritz" and "Freebie and the Bean."
From Dec. 31: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings" and "Janis."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 4: "Carrie."
From Jan. 5: "Seven Beauties."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rocky."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Voyage of the Damned."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Network."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"All This and World War II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pink Telephone."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bound for Glory."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Enforcer."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 4: "In Search of Noah's Ark."
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Rocky."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Nickelodeon."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Nickelodeon."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Lumière."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silver Streak."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 4: "Seven Beauties."
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Enforcer."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"King Kong."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Voyage of the Damned."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Monkey Hustle."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Pipe Dreams."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Enforcer."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Marathon Man."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Thief of Paris."
Theatre 2: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 30: "Grand Illusion" and "Pépé le Moko." Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Open City" and "Under the Roofs of Paris." Jan. 2-4: "The Blood of a Poet," "Un Chien Andalou," "Lot in Sodom," and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." From Jan. 5: "Edvard Munch."
Theatre 4: "The Starlets" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Across the Great Divide."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Star Is Born."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Shaggy D. A."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 4: "The Ritz" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From Jan. 5: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Mikey and Nicky."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Network."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Across the Great Divide."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Enforcer."
Theatre 2: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
Theatre 3: "Marathon Man."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Front."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 4: "In Search of Noah's Ark."
From Jan. 5: "The Front" and "Taxi Driver."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 29: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Out of the Past" (1947), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming.
Dec. 30: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "La Rel gieuse" (1965; "The Nun"), in Frencl directed by Jacques Rivette, with Anna Ka rina.
Dec. 31: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), d rected by John Schlesinger, with Dusti Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Sunda Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by Joh Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Pete Finch, and Murray Head.
Jan. 1: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968 directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Ke Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Siler Running" (1972), directed by Dougla Trumbull, with Bruce Dern.
Jan. 2: "The Greatest Show on Earth" († and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, d rected by Federico Fellini.
Jan. 3: "Psycho" (†) and "Marnie." (†)
Jan. 4: "Le Corbeau" (†) and "La Prisor nière." (†)
Jan. 5: "Quality Street" (1937), directed b George Stevens, with Katharine Hepbur Franchot Tone, and Cora Witherspoo and "The Little Minister" (1934), directe by Richard Wallace, with Katharine He burn, John Beal, and Donald Crisp.
Jan. 6: "The Go-Between" (†) and "Tl Hireling." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (75 2131)
Dec. 29: "Penny Serenade" (1941), directe by George Stevens, with Irene Dunn Cary Grant, Edgar Buchanan, and Beula Bondi; and "The Howards of Virginia (1940), directed by Frank Lloyd, wi Martha Scott, Cary Grant, and Cedr Hardwicke.
Dec. 30: "The Emperor Jones" (1933), d rected by Dudley Murphy, with Pa Robeson and Dudley Digges; and "A Wilderness!" (1935), directed by Claren Brown, with Wallace Beery, Eric Linde Lionel Barrymore, Aline MacMahon, an Spring Byington.
Dec. 31: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Pytho team; and "The Magic Christian" (1970 directed by Joseph McGrath, with Pete Sellers and Ringo Starr.
Jan. 1: "The Greatest Show on Earth" (†) and "The Circus" (1928), directed by, an with, Charlie Chaplin.
Jan. 2: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed b John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colett Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; an "French-Cancan" (1954), in French, d rected by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabi Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edit Piaf.
Jan. 3: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directe by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin an Martha Raye; and "Bluebeard's Eight Wife" (1938), directed by Ernst Lubitsc with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, Da vid Niven, and Herman Bing.
Jan. 4: "Chronicle of Anna Magdelena Bach (†); and "Moses and Aaron" (1975), i German, a film version of the Arnol Schönberg opera, directed by Jean-Mari Straub and Danièle Huillet.
Jan. 5: "Suspicion" (†) and "Arsenic an Old Lace." (†)
Jan. 6: "Mourning Becomes Electra." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 31: "Harold and Maude (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Rut Gordon and Bud Cort; "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, wit George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Va Devere; "King of Hearts" (1967), i French and English, directed by Philipp

de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

From Jan. 1: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 1: "The Women" (1930), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Jan. 2-4: "David Copperfield." (†)

From Jan. 5: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Gaslight." (†)

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Dec. 29: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, and Mary Murphy.

Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "Little Murders" (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould.

Jan. 2-3: "The Pawnbroker" (†); and "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.

Jan. 4-5: "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman; and "Soldier Blue." (†)

From Jan. 6: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 30: "Nick Carter, Master Detective" (1939), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Walter Pidgeon and Donald Meek; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Frances Dee and James Ellison.

Dec. 31-Jan. 2: "Kitty Foyle" (†) and "Roxie Hart." (†)

Jan. 3-4: "To Each His Own" (†) and "The Heiress." (†)

Jan. 5-6: "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Ali Baba Goes to Town" (1937), directed by David Butler, with Eddie Cantor, June Lang, and Tony Martin.... ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.... ¶ Dec. 30 at 8:30: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1973), directed by Woody Allen, with Mr. Allen, Burt Reynolds, and Lynn Redgrave. ... ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Such Good Friends" (1971), directed by Otto Preminger, with Dyan Cannon, James Coco, Jennifer O'Neill, and Ken Howard.... ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Why Worry?" (1923), directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.... ¶ Jan. 1 at 5:30: "Blazing Saddles" (1974), directed by Mel Brooks, with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn.... ¶ Jan. 2 at noon: A program of five short comedies—"Goodness Gracious" (1914), "All Aboard" (1917), "The Butcher Boy" (1917), "The Bond" (1918), and "Big Business" (1929).... ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Smile" (1975), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd.... ¶ Jan. 2 at 5: "A Kiss for Cinderella" (1925), directed by Herbert Brenon, with Betty Bronson.... ¶ Jan. 3 at noon: "The Light Fantastic" (1975), directed by Rupert Glover. ... ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Al Pacino, John Cazale, and Chris Sarandon.... ¶ Jan. 3 at 6: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Martha Raye.... ¶ Jan. 4 at noon: "The Light Fantastic."... ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1976), directed by Miloš Forman, with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Road to Rio" (1947), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour.... ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: A program of six Japanese animated films, 1924-30, by Zenjiro Yamamoto, Yasuji Murata, and Kenji Masaoka. ... ¶ Jan. 6 at 8:30: A program of seven Japanese animated films, 1930-56, by Noburo Ofuji, Kosei Seo, and Wagoro Arai. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 2: A video showing by Wendy Clarke. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45.... ¶ Starting Jan. 4: "Railroad Turnbridge" (1976), directed by Richard Serra; "Standard Time" (1967), directed by Michael Snow; and "Barn Rushes" (1971), directed by Larry Gottheim. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Evenson, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Jacobs, Jordan, Frampton, Griffith, and others. Showings Dec. 29-30 at 7 and 9; Dec. 31 at 8; Jan. 1 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Jan. 2 at 8; Jan. 4-5 at 7 and 9; and Jan. 6 at 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Chulas Fronteras" (1976), directed by Les Blank, and "The Life and Death of Frida Kahlo" (1976), directed by Karen and David Crommie; both films in Spanish and English, with English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Across the Great Divide—An adventure film, with Robert Logan and George Flower. Directed by Stuart Raffill. (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

All This and World War II—A documentary that uses film footage of the war against a background of songs by John Lennon and Paul McCartney—sung by the Bee Gees, Elton John, Helen Reddy, Rod Stewart, and others. Directed by Susan Winslow. (Trans-Lux East.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 31.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown. Composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Almost twenty years later, in his "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes set down in this first film. It may seem somewhat static and autoerotic while one sees it, but it is peculiarly suggestive, and it has been enormously influential. In French. (Quad Cinema; Jan. 2-4.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/76.) (Coronet.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world that a madman sees. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Quad Cinema; Jan. 2-4.)

Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Gramercy; through Jan. 4.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Quad Cinema; Jan. 2-4.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach (1967)—The final years of Johann Sebastian Bach (the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt) as seen through the eyes of his second wife (Christiane Lang). Those final years were, of course, devoted to his music, and the film, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, is deliberately—one might say determinedly—undramatized. Straub concentrates on Leonhardt at his instrument. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Le Corbeau (1943)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and, since it was released during the Occupation, it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. With Ginette Leclerc as the lame girl. (Remade in 1951, by Otto Preminger, as "The 13th Letter.") In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Regency; Jan. 2-4.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 5.)

The Enforcer—Clint Eastwood playing Inspector Harry Callahan, for the third time. Directed by James Fargo. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, U. A. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Freebie and the Bean (1974)—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. The heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as a transvestite. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Art, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 5.)

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won an Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-age Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Regency; starting Jan. 5.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 6.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

The Greatest Show on Earth (1952)—A huge, mawkish, trite circus movie directed by Cecil B. De Mille in a neo-Biblical style. It suggests that the rivalry and love affairs of a couple of trapeze artists (Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde), an assistant to an elephant trainer (Gloria Grahame), the circus manager (Charlton Heston), and a clown (James Stewart) are awesome. Life under this particular big top is also awesomely clean and awesomely melodramatic; Stewart isn't just a clown—he's a doctor who's disguised himself as a clown. This cornball enterprise won the Academy Award for best picture. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 1 . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 2.)

The Heiress (1949)—Stage-trapped film of the play that originated in Henry James's "Washington Square," with good performances by Ralph Richardson and Montgomery Clift, and Olivia de Havilland behaving as if Washington Square were only a step away from the Snake Pit. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 3-4.)

The Hireling (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 6.)

Palace
MATINEE DAILY 1:30 P.M.
SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
Beauty Salon
CANDY
SODA

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In Search of Noah's Ark—With Brad Crandall, directed by James L. Conway. (D. W. Griffith, and Olympia; through Jan. 4.)

Janis (1975)—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 31.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Quad Cinema.)

King Kong—With Jeff Bridges, Charles Grodin, and Jessica Lange; directed by John Guillermin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum.)

Kitty Foyle (1940)—Ginger Rogers won the Academy Award for best actress for her "serious" performance in this movie, in which she plays a white-collar girl whose baby dies. In a long career of giving pleasure, this is just about her worst acting, and the movie, adapted by Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart from Christopher Morley's novel, is dreary and undistinguished. Sam Wood directed. With Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Gladys Cooper, Florence Bates, and Eduardo Ciannelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

Lot in Sodom (1933)—This avant-garde effort (by Dr. John S. Watson and Melville Webber) certainly didn't point movies in any direction that sensible people wanted to follow, but it keeps coming back, so perhaps it has attained some sort of classic status. It's a symbolic interpretation of the Biblical story, with bodies writhing and swaying in poetic debauchery. (Quad Cinema; Jan. 2-4.)

Lumière—Jeanne Moreau wrote, directed, and stars in this elevated daydream about the life of an actress. The picture is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject. And it shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interesting in pace than in culture. In French. (12/20/76) (Beekman.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 3.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Mikey and Nicky—With Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, directed by Elaine May. (Little Carnegie.)

The Monkey Hustle—With Yaphet Kotto and Ruby Ray Moore, directed by Arthur Marks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—O'Neill's six-hour Freudian-American Greek tragedy accumulates power on the stage, but it merely becomes oppressive in the nearly three hours of this painstaking yet static version, written and directed by Dudley Nichols. Rosalind Russell is the Electra, Katina Paxinou her adulterous mother, Raymond Massey her father, and Michael Redgrave her brother. (It is apparent from their accents that they have only recently become a family.) With Kirk Douglas and Leo Genn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 6.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Nickelodeon—With Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith; directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Open City (1944)—This brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation is famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the benumbed Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite, and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, making them fear that they, too, could become like this man. And when events strip off his armor, he doesn't discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernandez, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 2-3.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all French films, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—The fourth in the series, with Peter Sellers as Chief Inspector Clouseau (he's had a promotion) and Herbert Lom as former Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Blake Edwards directed. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Pink Telephone—With Mireille Darc, Michel Lonsdale, and Pierre Mondy; directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Pipe Dreams—The story takes place in Alaska. With Gladys Knight (in a non-singing role) and Barry Hankerson, directed by Stephen F. Verona. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sit-com. (3/10/75) (Playboy; through Jan. 4.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 3.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Jan. 4.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, and 86th St. East.)

Roxie Hart (1942)—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. The scriptwriter, Nunnally Johnson, provided a loving, satiric look at the speakeasies, floozies, and tabloids, with a glance at the forsaken rural boredom. (Roxie's farmer father, summoned to the long-distance phone and informed that she has been arrested on a murder charge, returns to the rocker on his porch, rocks for a while, and then says to his wife, "They're going to hang Roxie." The mother murmurs approvingly, "What did I tell you?") William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio-factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie ("Got a butt, buddy?"); the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman (whose vocal inflections could do as much for dialogue as Lee Tracy's), Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, and Spring Byington as a sob sister. Sara Allgood is the prison matron. Nigel Bruce is a theatrical agent, and George Chandler is Roxie's husband. Even Jeff Corey turns up in a bit. Adapted from the Maurine Watkins play "Chicago," which was also filmed in 1927, with Phyllis Haver in the lead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (72nd Street East; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 5.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

The Shaggy D.A.—From the Disney studios, with Dean Jones, Tim Conway, and Suzanne Pleshette. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Festival.)

Silver Streak—Some studio executive must have looked at the script, seen that most of the action was on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts by offering excuses for why the characters are on board. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (Loews Tower East.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain as the prince, Gemma Craven as Cinderella, Annette Crosbie as the fairy godmother, Dame Edith Evans as the dowager queen, and Margaret Lockwood as the stepmother. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall.)

Soldier Blue (1970)—Candice Bergen in a Western. Indian women and children are massacred by the U.S. cavalry. Based on real events, but the movie has a rather overblown and off-putting idea of its social importance. What we get is blood, mostly. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 4-5.)

A Star Is Born—This time around, the story is a musical, with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson, directed by Frank Pierson. (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

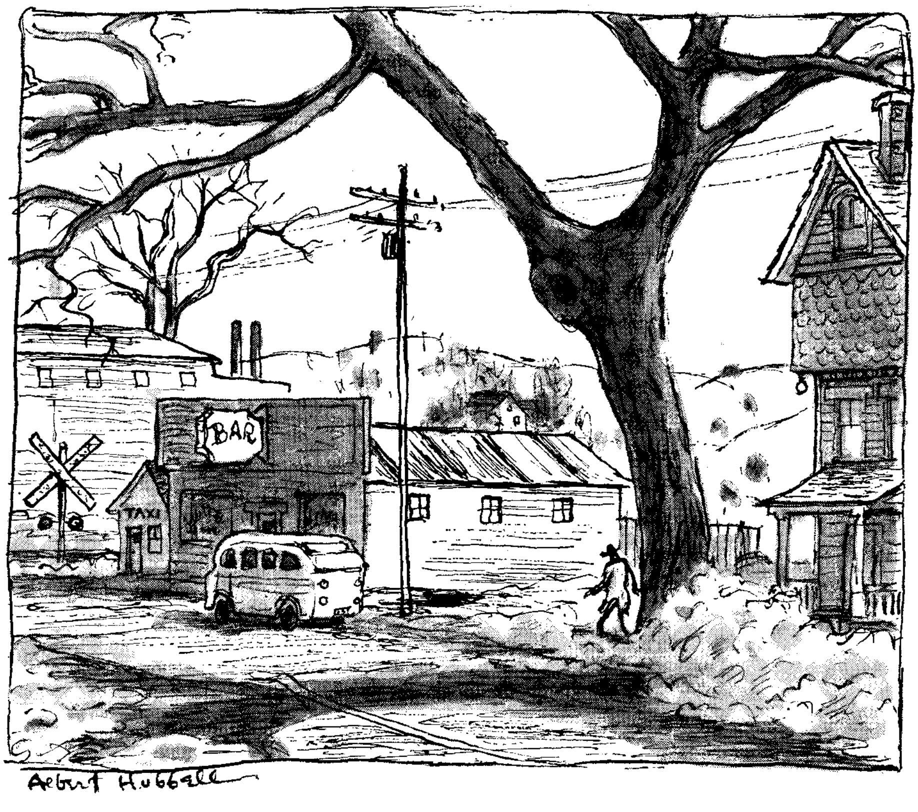
Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifying funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Olympia; starting Jan. 5.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. With Geneviève Bujold. Photographed by the great Henri Decae. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

To Each His Own (1946)—Illegitimacy tear-jerker. This time it's Olivia de Havilland who gives up her bouncing baby boy so he'll have a name. John Lund bats his eyelashes as her dashing aviator lover, and also as the son when, in the inevitable progression of events, she becomes a successful business woman (she operates a cosmetics outfit, like Elizabeth Arden's) and meets up with him (wearing wings like his father before him). As an example of the "woman's picture" this isn't in a class with the Barbara Stanwyck "Stella Dallas," but de Havilland works hard confecting cold cream, and her exertions won her the Academy Award as best actress. The atmosphere of lugubrious sensitivity is probably just about what the director, Mitchell Leisen, wanted. With Roland Culver, Phillip Terry, and Bill Goodwin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 3-4.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S. S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn on her husband, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)



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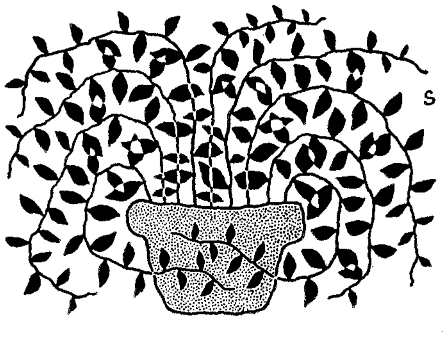
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

264-1976, the telephone number of the New York office of the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, is no longer in service. It is now no longer the Bicentennial Year. In case you missed it, it went something like this: It started and the campaigning for the primaries started and there were the Winter Olympics and Dorothy Hamill did pretty well, and it was really hot in New York in April, and then Carter started doing better than Scoop Jackson and then Tiger pitcher Mark Fidrych became famous after mowing down the Yankees on "Monday Night Baseball," and then there was the raid on Entebbe and the Israelis really pulled it off and Idi Amin accused the Israelis of using atomic hand grenades to put the guards to sleep, then the Fourth of July Bicentennial business started up with the Tall Ships and the Greeley, Colorado, rodeo on TV, and Queen Elizabeth came and there was a party for her at the White House where Bob Hope, the Queen's choice of entertainer, sang a version of "Thanks for the Memory" containing the lines "Thank you, Great Britain/ For the greatest literature ever written" and then the next night the Queen gave a party where Elizabeth Taylor and her soon to be sixth husband John Warner, then head of the Bicentennial Administration, appeared together for the first time, and then there was the Democratic Convention in New York and Carter looked great and paraphrased Bob Dylan in his acceptance speech, and then there were the Summer Olympics and Nadia Comaneci did really well and Olga Korbut was really depressed and then Johnny Carson did a bit on the "Tonight Show" where he told a joke and Doc Severinsen and Ed McMahon and the producer held up cards with "10" written on them, indicating that Johnny had told a perfect joke for the first time in the history of comedy, and then there was the Republican Convention and Ford won and then they took a break and then they started campaigning really hard, then Mao died, then there were the debates and a small part broke and there was twenty-seven minutes of silence in the first one and during the down time a television correspondent, filling space, said to Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, "What about these rumors that there may have been some kind of sabotage? Do you think there's any truth to them?" and Powell said "I haven't heard any rumors like that, have you?" and the correspondent said "Uh, no," then Earl Butz got into trouble, and then Carter won in November and Ford lost his voice, but his wife talked for him, then there was the transition-of-power business and the Gary Gilmore business and that was about it. Also, Wayne Hays got into trouble and the Yankees got creamed in the Series and Viking landed on Mars.

The Bicentennial started out interesting, became tedious, became really tedious, and then continued past any considerations of whether it was interesting or not. It was made fun of, overdone, taken with every possible degree of seriousness, but almost never left alone. Practically every community had its ceremony. It is hard to think of a single avenue of commercial exploitation which was left unexplored. But the Bicentennial happened, and, as it did, it paid varying amounts of attention to the things that were done for it and about it, and it was a big success. Many people looked forward to the year with dread: balconies and Jersey cliffs were supposed to collapse and people were supposed to drown during the Tall Ships display; Democrats were supposed to get mugged during the Convention; voters were supposed to not show up on Election Day. None of those things happened. It is as if people, after too many novelty posters of Nixon and Agnew waving gaily in prison stripes, couldn't believe that America might be involved in something basically good, just as it was hard for them to believe the opposite of their country during the early days of the Vietnam War. For our part, we liked the Bicentennial; it left us with a tremendous clean-windshield feeling.



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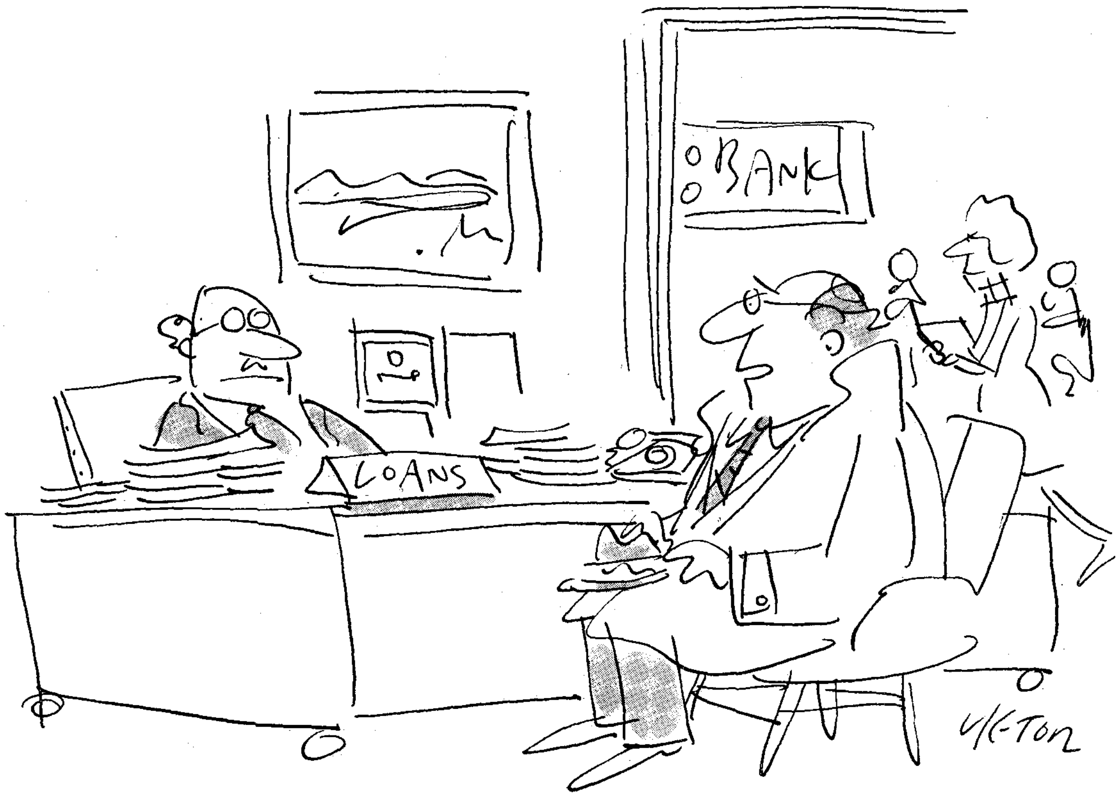
Dutch

THE New-York Historical Society usually generates its own exhibitions, out of its well-stocked storerooms and archives, but its most recent temporary installation, "The Dutch Republic in the Days of John Adams" (which got here just under the wire and will continue until January 9th), was put together in Holland by the Netherlands Bicentennial Committee and has come to Central Park West through the Smithsonian Institution Travelling Exhibition Service. The opening-night guests, invited by the society and the Netherlands Consulate General, included Paul O'Dwyer, the President of the City Council; John Zuccotti, the First Deputy Mayor; Benjamin Sonnenberg, the squire of Gramercy Park; and Professor J. H. Plumb, the historian, of Christ's College, Cambridge, and of the Hotel Carlyle. Champagne and strolling minstrels accompanied a display, culled from more than sixty Dutch museums and private collections, of portraits, landscapes, political cartoons, architectural prints and drawings, porcelains, scientific apparatus, and reconstructed rooms. A splendidly indexed and illustrated catalogue opens with an essay, "John Adams and the Dutch Republic" (Adams went to Hol-



"I don't know. I was just in a borrowing mood."

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land as an envoy in 1781), which is remarkable for its objectivity. It starts out:

> When on April 19, 1775, the shot heard round the world is fired, its echo is scarcely audible in the Netherlands. Holland, or rather the Republic of the Seven United Provinces, is no longer a power of international significance as it was in the seventeenth century; it has been far surpassed by Britain and France. It is still a nation with an impressive trade, and a center of finance, but it has its Golden Age behind it. True, general decline has not set in, but the germs of decay are there. The Dutch live on their old glory, timorously and distrustfully. . . . The constitution of the Dutch Republic was highly complex, so that it took even so astute and trained an observer as John Adams a long time to comprehend the reality hidden behind all that semblance of representation and to see where the true power lay. . . . The stadholder [i.e., chief magistrate], William V [Prince of Orange], was, unfortunately, a man of a weak character, of whom even his own wife despaired. Moreover, he was so devoted to the British Court . . . that he could and would not see the Americans as anything but evil-minded rebels.

The state portrait of William in the show seems to bear out this description. (The subject's wife is not included.) The evil-minded rebels pop up in picture after picture. Since the Dutch, by and large, were anti-British, the Americans are favorably portrayed; that is, they are made to look like Indians. "An Indian, his head adorned with feathers, sometimes with brown complexion, was the most common allegory for the United States," the catalogue says. "No doubt, it reflected the veneration of the noble savage, so popular in the eighteenth century." A lively example of this reflected veneration occurs in a print that depicts an English peace delegation appearing before the Continental Congress. The four Englishmen look decidedly obsequious; the Americans, standing under a canopy of straw, consist of noble savages surrounded by allegorical figures of Justice, Wisdom, and Prudence.

We turned from this invigorating scene to milder scenes of the Latin School in Amsterdam, attended by John Adams' two young sons, and of Amsterdam's Dam Square, with a 1795 "tree of liberty" under which the American flag was flown side by side with the flags of the French and the Dutch; and a Communion set of goblets, decanters, and dishes of silver gilt and pure gold; and sugar boxes, tobacco jars, mother-of-pearl-lidded boxes, and so on. All dated from the time when Adams was negotiating loans from the Dutch.

During the evening, the Consul-General of the Netherlands, Mr. W. S. J. Campagne, presented Dr. James J. Heslin, the director of the society, with a bronze medal bearing the likeness of John Adams. Two hundred such medals are available in the Netherlands for fifty dollars apiece, plus postage. They may be ordered from Ms. Louise Metz, Bovenstraat 149, Rotterdam. Dr. Heslin has turned his medal over to the society. "This is the last of eight Bicentennial shows we've put on," he said to us as we left. "It's been a great year. Attendance has gone up. Did you see the cases displaying Adams letters from our own collection? We thought they would beef things up a little."

The Way to Go

WHAT could be happening at the Tavern-on-the-Green at ten o'clock in the morning, we wanted to know when our friend the old curmudgeon commanded us to appear there at that unlikely hour one day last week. "There will be Irish coffee at the end of what's happening" was all he would say. That was enough to start us off. But we were hardly prepared for what we saw when we arrived, belatedly, at half past ten. The Tavern's empty parking lot had been unchained, and in it the old curmudgeon, in unaccustomed garb (no hat, a Harris-tweed jacket, and an alpaca-wool muffler floating behind him), was describing figure eights on the macadam astride a— What was it? It looked like a woman's bike, bright-orange, and sounded no more obstreperous than a Singer sewing machine.

The o.c. aimed his vehicle directly at us, then jammed the brakes on hard and stopped only two feet away. "Good morning," he said. "I'm officially test-driving the Solex 4600, the first motorized bicycle to appear on the streets of New York. And I'm testing it on behalf of all us millions of hitherto second-class citizens. At last, by decree of the Sovereign State of New York, we are free to make much better use of the highways for which we have for so long been taxed almost utterly without representation. Automobiles that can travel at a hundred miles an hour and thirty-five-ton trucks that roll at seventy have had this freedom for ever so long. And now the authorities have—I assume reluctantly—authorized non-motorists like me, who have never in their lives owned a driver's license, to become traffic menaces with this machine, rated at eight-tenths of one horsepower and capable of a delirious maximum of seventeen miles an hour. The authorities have gone as far as to designate this vehicle a bicycle, which requires no driver's license, helmet, registration, or insurance. And we can park on the sidewalk. Democracy works!"

The curmudgeon dismounted and handed us his motorized bicycle. "This is, of course, what the English call a moped, because it can be propelled either by motor or by pedal," he said. "And it's so blooming simple in concept that I cannot guess why Henry Ford didn't invent it as soon as he had finished inventing the Model T. The little one-cylinder, two-stroke motor is practically built into the steering column. Push this small lever here and a roller within the motor comes to rest on top of the front tire—a simple friction operation. No gears. These two small levers on the handlebars control the brakes, and turning the little vulcanized-rubber grip on the right handlebar accelerates or decelerates the motor. Complete Henry Ford simplicity! Now get on it and act like the veteran I've already become."

We pedalled and motored about for a while, quickly mastering the beast. We described some figure eights ourself and a four-leaf clover or two, and by the time we glided to a halt beside the old curmudgeon he had been joined by Serge Seguin, vice-president of Motobecane America, Ltd., which imports the Solex 4600 from France. "You probably noticed the Solex is a bit heavier than an ordinary bicycle, because of the motor," Seguin said to us. "But, even so, it weighs only sixty-eight pounds. Motobecane has been making motorized bicycles in France for thirty years, and one Frenchman out of every nine owns the machine. It wasn't legal anywhere in the United States as recently as October of 1974, and then the federal government devised standards, and four states followed through almost simultaneously with specific operating conditions. New York State came around only a few weeks ago—on the first of December—and already we've set up five agencies in this city, each with a mechanic who will study at our school in New Jersey, so that he can take care of repair work. On a level road in the country, the machine will run up to two hundred and eighteen miles on a gallon of gasoline. The lubrication is very simple. You simply add an ounce of oil to each tank of gas. The tank holds a third of a gallon, but you can get more than fifty miles in the city on that."

"Yes," said the old curmudgeon. "I wheeled into a service station yesterday morning and said, 'Fill 'er up!' The dealer looked at the tank, then looked at me, then looked at the tank again. But he filled 'er up. I handed him fifty cents, and, by God, he handed me change back."

A man stopped his car beside us in the parking lot, got out, and said, "What's going on here?"

"This is a French motorized bicycle," Seguin said, "and it's just been legalized in this state, and I've come over from France to introduce it."

"From France!" said the man, and the conversation instantly switched into French. The gist of it was that the interlocutor was a French commercial photographer operating in this city, and he had ordered two Solexes, one for himself and one for his messenger, who would use it to carry proofs about town to advertising agencies. Seguin and the photographer shook hands, and the photographer departed.

"The Solex comes in three colors," Seguin said to us. "Orange, blue, or yellow. It has a headlight, a taillight, a stoplight, reflectors, a horn, and fenders, and it retails for about three hundred and twenty dollars. We also offer as extras a rearview mirror, a single basket or double baskets mounted over the rear wheel, nylon saddlebags, a high-security lock, and a carrier that will attach the Solex to the rear bumper of most automobiles."

"Ah, yes," said the curmudgeon. "We're not yet completely first-class citizens. For all practical purposes, you can't ride this bike across bridges or through tunnels. To get the bike out of the city, you've got to walk it across a bridge, or you've got to sling it on the back of a car, antlers and all, so you look like a poacher with a deer you've shot in the Poconos. Or else you can get it out of town the way most cyclists get their bikes out—take it down to Penn Station and have it loaded into the baggage car of an Amtrak express train. Most state governments still believe that all their citizens should travel by machinery whose consumption of gasoline is maniacal. In general, state governments want to see only big vehicles on their freeways; never mind the cyclists and the people who will buy Solexes. And they've never even heard of railroads—or anything about the Goodyear-tire people's recent prediction that by the mid-nineteen-eighties there will be more two-wheel vehicles in the United States than four-wheel vehicles. Now that people are beginning

HAPPY NEW Y
CHRISTIANSON

to worry about ecology and energy consumption, the ostriches in the state capitols are keeping their heads in the sand. What used to be called state departments of highways are now calling themselves state departments of transportation, but you go into their head offices, as I went into one of them a while back to see a friend of mine, and you will discover nothing but the same old highway engineers planning for every contingency but mass transportation. I have spoken."

"Time for Irish coffee," said Seguin, leading us inside the Tavern, though it was not yet open for lunch. We sat down, now sheltered from the rather frosty morning breeze, in the handsome brass-and-copper-decorated bar, and M. Seguin rustled up the local publican. After we had given our orders, the old curmudgeon asked Seguin what his native *département* is.

"I was born in Normandy," Seguin said.

"And where is the Solex built?" the curmudgeon asked.

"In Saône-et-Loire—in Mâcon," said Seguin.

"Mâcon," said the o.c. "A town that is visited by every wine-and-food society worthy of the name, but for a rather different reason."

The Irish coffee arrived.

"Toast!" said the old curmudgeon. "In consideration of the happiness the Solex has brought me, I name you, M. Seguin, my favorite wheeler-dealer."

Results

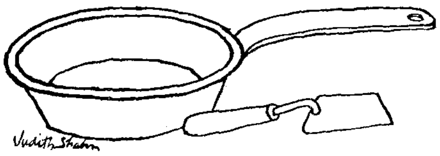
TWICE each year, on a random date in June and again in December, the State Board of Law Examiners releases a list of the names of the newly minted lawyers who have passed New York's rigorous (and, we are told, highly undiverting) bar examination. The publication of the results, which takes place several months after the exam is administered, approaches mysteriously. As a result of some telephoning around, word goes out that "the news" is imminent, and suddenly symptoms of dread and anxiety proliferate in law offices around town. Young law associates begin to chew erasers, spill coffee on their research materials, absentmindedly spindle their roast-beef sandwiches. Among the daily newspapers, only the *Times* and the *New York Law Journal* publish the bar-exam results. If a Thursday release date has been ordained—as was the case recently—several hundred young attorneys rush to Times Square Wednesday night to buy the earliest edition of the next day's *Times*. Those concerned refer to this edition as the "Bluebird of Happiness" or "Condor of Discontent" issue, depending upon their personal circumstances. Hitting the streets early to buy a copy is considered by many neophyte barristers a rite of passage (or, in some instances, a rite of non-passage) as indispensable as dramatically raising one's voice during a mock-trial cross-examination, buying a Crouch & Fitzgerald briefcase, or slapping one's first tort-feasor with a sheaf of threatening documents.

The two busiest newsstands in Times Square—at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, opposite Nedicks, and at Forty-third and Broadway, next to the entrance to Nathan's—normally receive a large order of newspapers by truck shortly after ten o'clock. About twenty minutes before the trucks arrive, these newsstands receive hand deliveries of the *Times*—about forty copies each—called "flashes." As a rule, the Bluebird/Condor flashes are consumed with a celerity that would dazzle newsprint-eating locusts. Anyone passing through Times Square on the third Wednesday of December, 1976, a half hour before the flashes were due would have been able to witness a rare and touching sight: for that one evening, the boldest habitués of that part of town—the women who wear high-heeled boots and pink nylon wigs, and the skilled operators of chuck-a-luck shell games—had graciously yielded a piece of their turf to dozens of eager young Wall Streeters wearing trenchcoats and carrying squash racquets. This juxtaposition, this ephemeral pas de deux, made a heart-warming tableau.

In front of Nathan's, we spoke to a member of the trenchcoat crowd whose name turned out to be Marc. "What am I doing here? Oh, let's just say that I want to see some people," he said. "I wouldn't mind rounding up a few plaintiffs for a class-action suit against the Board of Law Examiners. The grounds would be cruel and unusual punishment. I figure if I stick around long enough a few co-plaintiffs will wander by."

A friend of Marc's, a former law-school classmate who goes by the nickname Wags, came up and spoke to him.

"What are you doing?" Wags asked. "You just feel like hanging out in Times Square for the evening?"



"Actually, that's exactly right," said Marc. "I was tipped off two days ago that I passed the bar. Tonight, I just happened to be in the neighborhood. I think I'll stick around and soak it all in. There are very few things that can compensate for the agony of taking the bar exam."

At a quarter to ten, as the crowd began to grow, we walked across to the Times Building. Several cars pulled up, and the occupants leaned out to ask *Times* deliverymen or security guards what time the papers would be coming out. When we walked into the building lobby, a forerunner of the newsstand flashes had just landed there, and forty or fifty people had grabbed copies, turned to page 58, and begun to scan an alphabetical list of two thousand nine hundred and forty-six names. Most of the people who take the bar exam—about four-fifths—pass on their first try. We heard shouts of "Ahh!" . . . "What's the percentage?" . . . "Hold on a second—how do you spell your name?" . . . "I see it, there's my name!" . . . "Hey, Bernie passed!" . . . "Where's Otis? Otis isn't in here, I can't believe it!"

We spoke with Saul Jakubowitz and his friend Meir Freund, from Brooklyn. They had just found their names on the list and were feeling cheerful.

"How many newspapers did I buy? Five copies. Why five? Let's just say that I was confident that I was going to pass," said Saul.

"I actually found out by calling the Appellate Division yesterday," said Meir. "It's amazing that people came here not really knowing. What are we doing here? Oh, we were just driving around—thought we'd drop by."

A tall man, rumpled-looking, smiling, and appearing more than a little drunk, walked up and put his arms around Meir and Saul. "Did you make it? I need to know. Did you make it?" the man asked.

"Yeah, we made it," said Meir.

High Energy

OUR eleven-year-old friend Daniel Middleton came into town the other day to see Aerosmith and Rick Derringer in concert at Madison Square Garden. Daniel arrived wearing a small blue backpack that bore a sticker advertising Kiss, another rock-and-roll group. "I like Kiss," Daniel told us. "They're just disgusting." "Disgusting" as Daniel uses it is a compliment. Daniel does not come om a rock-and-roll amily. As Daniel says, his family were to ke a rock-and-roll roup it would have to called the Register Historic Trees. Dan- l's family lives beside e Hudson River in utchess County. Dan- l used to like Good Iusic, but a year or so o he went through a hange. "*Circus Mag- ine* is the magazine at introduced me to l this," Daniel told . "*Circus Magazine* n tell you everything out Aerosmith and iss. Aerosmith comes om Boston. Steven yler, Aerosmith's lead iger, is the one who oks like Mick Jagger, cept more disgusting. e Perry is pretty dis- isting, too."

Daniel told us that was not as enthusitic about *Circus agazine* as he had en at the beginning. have down-rated *rcus*," he said. "But still like it better than *Creem*. *Creem* st doesn't write about the group. here is just not enough information out the group. They did a big cover ory on Kiss, but it wasn't very comte. I've just started to read *Hit rader*. I like *Hit Parader*, because it ves you all the lyrics to all the songs."

We set off for Madison Square arden to see Aerosmith. "Don't be ocked if at the end they sing a ng called 'Big Ten Inch Record,'" aniel said. "Also, I think that they ear really tight pants. It's just disisting."

At Madison Square Garden, we met friend of ours—a very contemporary ung woman, who works for a recd company.

"What is your profession, anyway?" aniel asked the young woman.

"First you work all day long and en you go to hear concerts every ght," the young woman said.

"What label do you work for?" aniel asked.

"Epic," said the young woman.

"That's Ted Nugent's label," aniel said.

"Yes!" said the young woman, vidly.

"I like his first album," said Daniel.

"He had thirteen albums on other labels before we broke that one," the young woman said proudly.

"It must be fun to go to concerts every night," Daniel said.

"Umm. Maybe," said the young woman.

"But hard on the ears," Daniel said. "A lot of those guys might go deaf."

"The ears are nothing compared to the other senses that are assaulted. I got bruises at the Ted Nugent concert," said the young woman.

"He's so high-energy, of course," Daniel said. "They all have a lot of energy. I've read interviews with Joe Perry, and he says that the only way to get through these concerts is to produce peak audiences through high energy instead of the music."

"Oh! Oh!" said the young woman, slightly shocked.

Later, we listened to Rick Derringer from backstage. Aerosmith began to make preparations for its appearance. Steven Tyler, the lead singer of Aerosmith, walked by in a leopard-skin outfit. When Rick Derringer came offstage, the young woman from Epic Records took Daniel over to talk with him. We stood next to a very young woman who said she wrote for *Creem*. "I've been thinking more and more about rock and roll when it comes to women, and it's really bad," she said.

Daniel returned from talking with Rick Derringer. "He's a very nice person," Daniel said.

A stagehand walked by carrying a guitar.

"That's Joe Perry's Les Paul," Daniel said.

Another stagehand walked by, carrying another guitar.

"I hope I didn't get that mixed up," Daniel said.

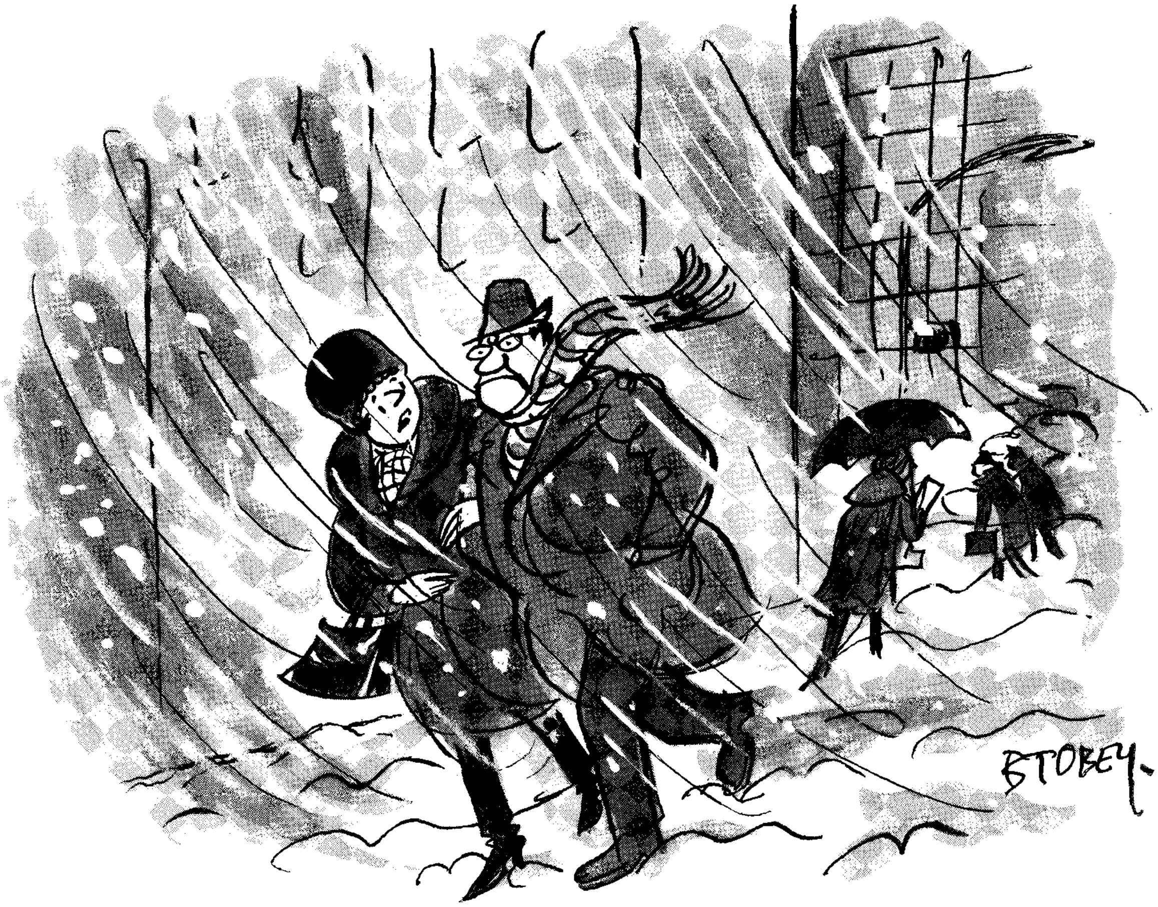
We talked with Ron Alexenburg, of Epic Records, who goes to a lot of concerts himself, and Ron Alexenburg asked Daniel how old he was.

"I'm eleven," said Daniel.

"My oldest daughter is seven," said Ron Alexenburg. "I took her to a rock-and-roll concert. Minnie Riperton. She was going to present Minnie Riperton with a bouquet of roses, and she went to give them to her and the crowd charged."

"I don't like the crowds," Daniel said.

"It didn't turn her off rock and roll, though," Ron Alexenburg said. "She likes Boston, which is a very hot group."



"*I thought that's what you liked about New York—the change of seasons!*"

MYTHOLOGY, ART, AND THE FARMING LIFE

I FIRST saw Joan Wilcox at the town dump fourteen years ago, a few weeks after we moved to the country, outside Ithaca, New York. She was a middle-aged woman, thin and fine-boned, wearing a dark dress considerably longer than the fashion of the period, and she was apparently delighted to have found in the debris of discarded metal a small, potbellied wood stove, which she and her young son hoisted into the bed of a rusted Chevrolet pickup. I was at a distance from them but could hear them talking, and I was intrigued by her accent, which to my ear sounded like that of an upper-class Englishwoman. I told my wife that I had seen at the dump a woman who had the bearing and voice of the Queen of England as well as the muscle to lift a cast-iron stove. Some weeks later, I learned that Joan and her husband, Hayden, were dairy farmers who lived a mile and a half from us, and that shortly before we came to the neighborhood their house had burned. They carried Joan's mother, who was paralyzed, out of the house in her wheelchair, but that wheelchair was the only possession they managed to save. The family had moved into a single-story chicken house—a long and narrow building next to the cow barn—and were converting it as best they could into a passable dwelling; at the dump, Joan had been looking for anything that might be useful in furnishing it.

Gradually, we learned some of the details of the Wilcoxes' background. Joan was born in Scotland but grew up in Australia. As a young woman she became a professional teataster in the East, but at the beginning of the Second World War she volunteered for service as a Wren. Hayden, born in the United States, had been a merchant seaman from his youth, rising to the captaincy of a ship. The two met in Liverpool, where his ship had docked to unload supplies during the war.

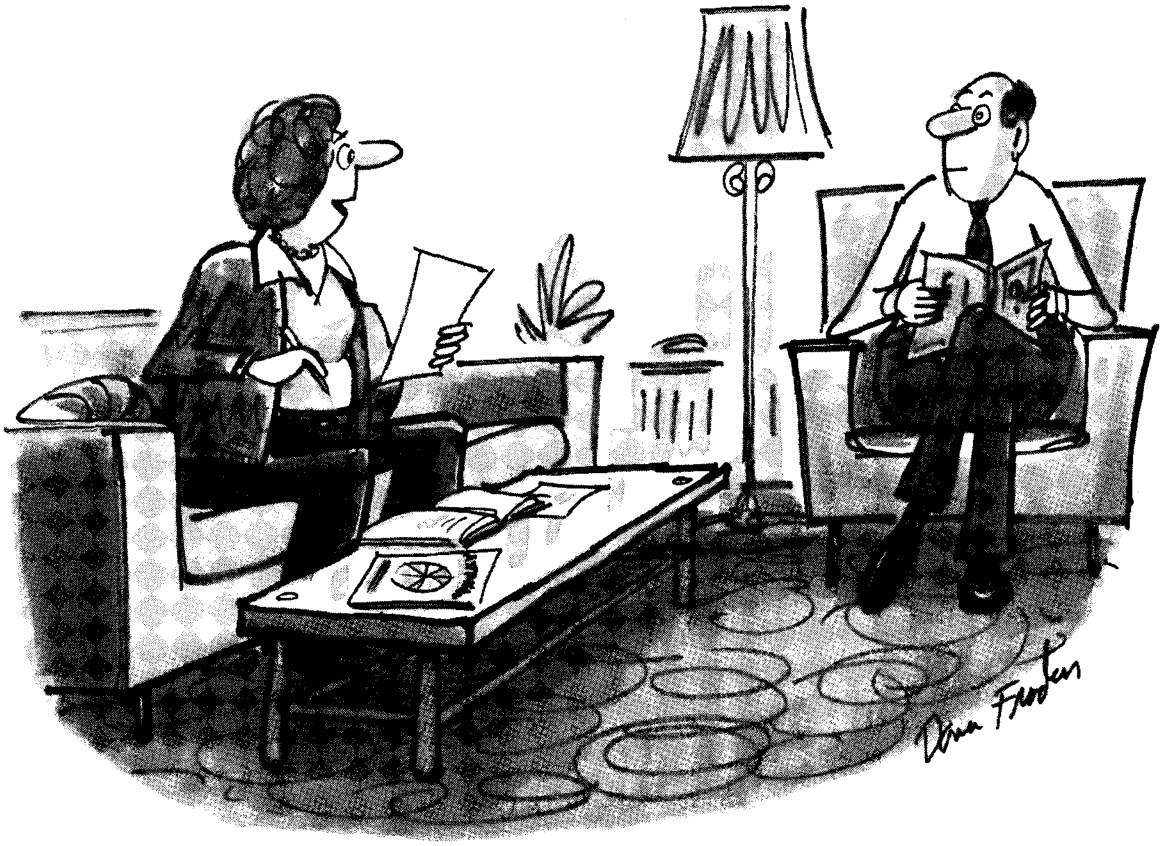
Their only child, Duncan, was the age of one of our three sons, and because of the friendship of the children my wife and I became familiar with the Wilcoxes. Now that the boys have grown, we rarely see Joan and Hayden, for they are occupied with their dairy farm and the care of the mother (they can't afford a hired hand, much less a practical nurse), and my wife and I both work at the university. But for some years we did manage occasional visits back an forth. Once, my wife and I brough Hayden a bottle of wine for his birthday and drank a toast with him in th barn as he was milking; Joan invite my wife for tea several times, and sh came to the wedding of our olde son. It was held in the side yard, wit the paddock fence and hills for background—a casual affair in the moder manner, at which guests read poem the farm bell was rung at the momen the ceremony was completed, and th groom set off a three-stage rocket tha exploded streamers and pink talcun powder high above the pasture. One c the guests read a poem by a friend c his and ours, the ending lines of whic referred to the "mystery in hay" an the "wonder in cows;" I was lookin at Joan, who was listening intently t the words, and saw the absolute astor ishment—for the lines of her weathere face betray her every emotion—wit which she received those two phrases.

Perhaps one shouldn't expect suc astonishment at the relationship c cows to the transcendent reality fro a person whose own cows were name as were Joan and Hayden's, for figures in classical mythology—from Ar adne and Athena to Urania and X noclea; but, on the oth hand, perhaps only a pe son who had so nam them and then daily ha to muck the barn woul be so conscious of the diffe ence between ideal and rea

THIS summer I a building with Cris, o of my sons, a barn for t goats he is raising, and w have fenced in a pasture f them. Cris is twenty-thre and works for Morse Cha in Ithaca; he moved ba home this summer becau we have the acreage th goats require. He will eve tually earn his living fro their milk and cheese. I su pose my wife and I—a now Cris—feel the pastor dream. I know it has exis ed in me for as long I can remember and h something to do with m liking for Cervantes. Th dream lay deep within D Quixote and was one a the same with his knig errantry: a belief that t Age of Gold could retur that all of us and all of o

COMPLAINTS
Modell

"Now, don't you start complaining."



"For what it's worth, next week all your stars and planets will be in good aspect for you to launch an invasion of England."

• •

nimals should be able coexist peaceably, iaring our acorns, in world devoid of in- istice and cruelty and ie distinctions of caste r status. Unlike Don)uixote, I have been iutious in pursuing ich a dream, which ieans, of course, that don't really believe in s achievement. Farm- ig for me is a gesture, respite, a refuge. A irm gives me a chance be a carpenter, a iender of fences, a orseman, a gardener; talk about the weath- (the spring and ear- summer have been so et the first hay has oiled, the wheat has rotted before it could taken to market, ie beans in low-lying eas have died) with e genuine farmers, cluding the one who nts most of our fields; gather wild raspber- es with my wife; to on my side in the in, chewing a clover stem and watch- g the kids cavort and gambol (verbs at should be reserved exclusively for ieir actions), and to piss in the bright- ess of noontime on the despicable bur- ick, whose burs tangle the horses' tails id manes.

When we first bought our farm, I id that I would like to be buried in e old apple orchard—a thought any- ing but morbid, for it really pleased e, like the occasional happy dreams have and from which I am awakened the sound of my own chuckles. Such fancy implies, naturally, that one's vn children will stay on the land, id their children as well. The deed to ir property shows that the land and ouse had stayed in the Kelvey family r well over one hundred years: farm- s begot farmers, the rhythm of the enerations was in harmony with the iythm of nature, the cycle of the ops. But in the late nineteen-thirties l becomes chaotic: ownership passes iickly from name to name, sometimes vice within the same year. The slip time the McConkeys have occupied ie place is greater than that of any mily since the Kelveys.

It is true that the freedom I have on y land and my staying power are ossible only for people whom real-estate agents in their advertisements refer to as "gentleman farmers." The salaries we earn in the cities and towns support our indulgences; we would go bankrupt if our whole lives centered on our farms. The person most likely to take over our land is not our son the goat dairyman but rather the farmer who rents the fields, a wholly honest and reliable person, one with a shrewd business sense, mechanical aptitude, an instinct that tells him what and when to plant, and a great capacity for strenuous labor in the spring and fall—a farmer who has managed to beget three sons just like him, and who, in the past decade, has had the wit and resources to buy several farms surrounding ours, making our one hundred and seventy-three acres something of an enclave.

I SUPPOSE that whenever we talk about people we admire, as I admire Joan and Hayden, we reveal as much of ourselves as we do of them; certainly the people we admire often behave in a way that we would emulate had we more courage and less good sense. Joan and Hayden were possessed by the pastoral dream and abandoned themselves as recklessly to it as ever did Don Quixote. The dream has inflicted privation and suffering upon them to a degree that is presumptuous and perhaps even arrogant of me to write about. That they would escape the farming life now if they could is beyond question. One of their old friends—like Hayden a former ship captain—visited them four or five years ago. He had stayed with the shipping company for which they worked until the year of compulsory retirement and was drawing a handsome pension. Hayden, though he quit a number of years before retirement, had made monthly payments into the company retirement fund while he was working; he and his friend calculated that he had sufficient equity in that fund to be drawing several hundred dollars a month. On the basis of those calculations and an early and encouraging reply to an inquiry the Wilcoxes made, they consigned their entire herd to auction. But the company that Hayden worked for had gone out of business, and the firm dispensing the pension checks had no record of his payments. Neither had he; all had been destroyed in the fire that burned their house. So they were forced to purchase a new but smaller herd.

I admire Joan and Hayden not only for their dream but for the staunchness with which they hold on to the pieces of it left to them. They gave the new cows the old names. Athena and Eurydice and Philomela are back in their pastures, and there are times when their names in the evenings resound in the dark woods, even as they did years ago when my wife and youngest son, Jimmy (then about five), helped the three Wilcoxes round them up, after Hayden, driving his tractor through the fields, neglected to close a gate behind him. As the members of the search party entered the woods, our son somehow became separated from my wife. While she was searching for him, calling his name, the Wilcoxes were calling to each other and beseeching the supernal figures to return: "Hayden, where are you?" "Athena?" "Duncan, I think I've found Eurydice." "Come here, Urania, nice Urania." "Philomela!" It was almost dark before my wife found Jimmy wandering about, happily calling out the Greek names himself. They were near a strange road and had to walk a mile or more to get back to our car. The Wilcoxes were still in the woods, but my wife felt helpless to assist them. Early the next morning she phoned to see if the roundup had been successful. Joan said cheerfully, "Oh dear yes, I found some cows and drove them home, but they turned out to be the wrong ones. We finally sorted them out with our neighbors, though, so everything is perfectly all right."

Perhaps Hayden's absentmindedness about closing his gate, which seems to come upon him only when he's at the wheel of his tractor, is a consequence of a feeling of command, as in the days when he was captain of his oceangoing vessel and had a crew to look after the details. I'm absentminded, too. And I share with him and with Joan another trait not necessarily connected with successful farming—a love of reading, though their life is such that literature for them is more pleasurable memory than present event. Reading, in fact, had something to do with their marriage. They had met, that time in Liverpool, because she and her group of Wrens, who were stationed nearby in a facility without hot water, had requested permission to come aboard his ship to take showers. He had struck up a conversation about books with her, and found himself thinking of her as his ship returned to America. From New York he cabled advertisements to various English newspapers, asking that a woman whose name he didn't know but who had been a visitor aboard his ship on such-and-such a day get in touch with him at the pier in Liverpool on a designated day. Joan saw the little notice and met him when his ship docked; and so they were married. After the war, she lived with him aboard ship and explored ports throughout the world. The ship's library was a good one; at sea she read constantly, and he joined her whenever his responsibilities permitted. I have found it a remarkable experience, sitting in their converted chicken house, barn boots cluttering the doorway, a bit of manure on the floor (their life gives them precious little desire for tidiness, for putting on a show of order for late-night guests come to retrieve a son), to talk with that mustached man, tired from his daily chores but still holding himself erect in a manner almost military, and eager to discuss the life of Emma Goldman and the labor strife of the Depression years or any other knowledge gained fro his shipboard reading.

POT ROAST

I gaze upon the roast
that is sliced and laid out
on my plate,
and over it
I spoon the juices
of carrot and onion.
And for once I do not regret
the passage of time.

I sit by a window
that looks
on the soot-stained brick of buildings
and do not care that I see
no living thing—not a bird,
not a branch in bloom,
not a soul moving
in the rooms
behind the dark panes.
These days when there is little
to love or to praise
one could do worse
than yield
to the power of food.
So I bend
to inhale
the steam that rises
from my plate, and I think
of the first time
I tasted a roast
like this
years ago
in Seabright,
Nova Scotia;
my mother leaned
over my dish and filled it
and when I finished
filled it again.
I remember the gravy,
its odor of garlic and celery,
and sopping it up
with pieces of bread.

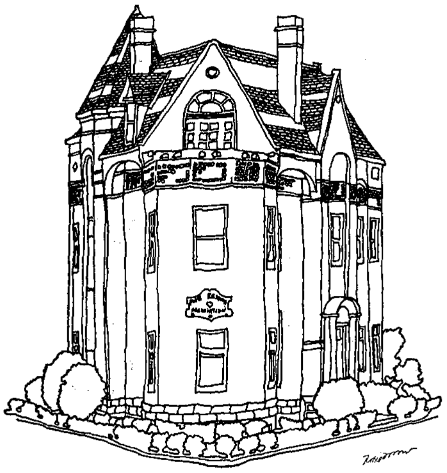
And now
I taste it again.
The meat of memory.
The meat of no change.
I raise my fork in praise,
and I eat.

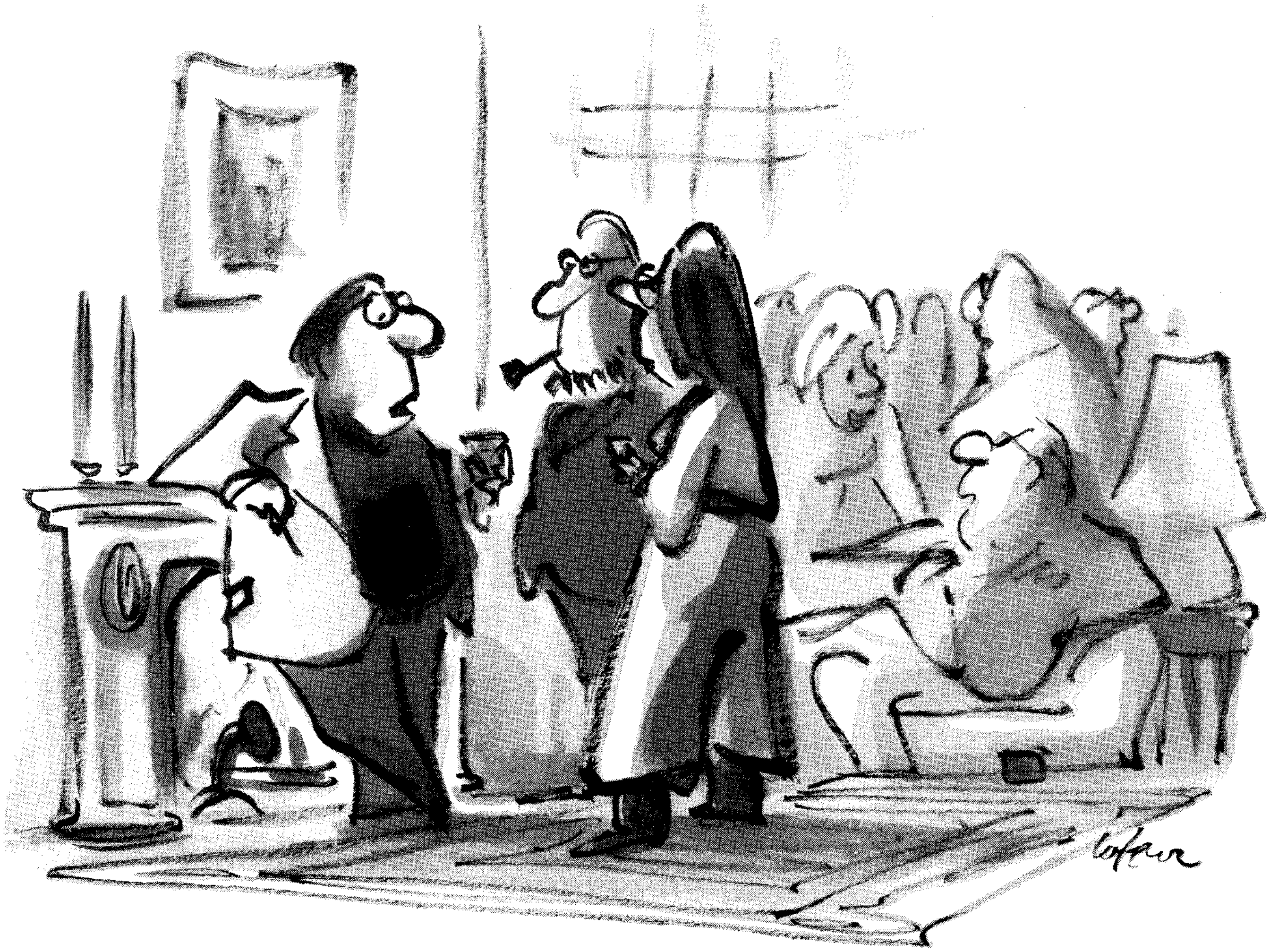
—MARK STRA

* * *

AT what point in their life Hayd and Joan decided to come asho permanently I don't know. I do knc that Hayden bought a pickup truck f Joan just before he set off on his fir sea voyage, loosely tied a small anch to its bumper, and told her to ta rural routes across the nation and buy land in whatever county of wha ever state the anchor fell off—a nau cal equivalent of Don Quixote's ha of giving Rosinante the rein at a cros roads to choose for him the future a whatever splendor it would bring. T anchor fell off near Slaterville Spring Tompkins County, New York; Jo found the farm they wanted, at t opposite end of that county.

My wife told me that as she w leaving the Wilcoxes' home after h first tea Joan put a hand on her ar at the doorway and said, "We used dream of a country estate, Hayden a I did, when we were on the ship. W read about country houses, the arcl tecture and landscaping. We wanted house with wings, kept up the way yo manage to keep up yours; a stable f the horses; a grand lawn with trees; flower garden—one with a pool. (course all that was silly, for we'd ma up our minds to have no servan Well, there's my shrubbery"—Jo pointed to a few desolate junipe growing up from the foundation of t





"It's been a hell of a year—nothing in Loch Ness, nothing on Mars, and nothing on television."

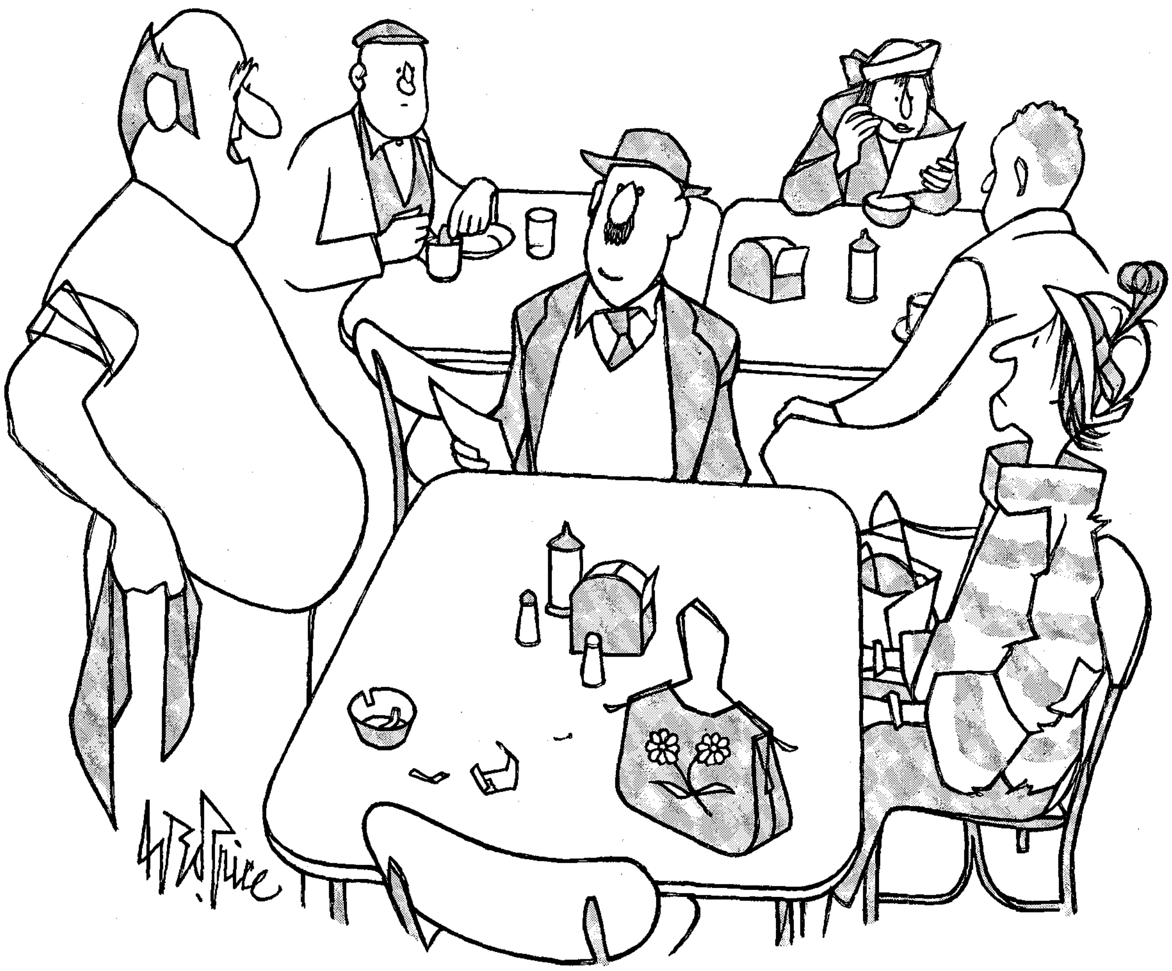
• •

burned house across the road—"and there's my pool," and she pointed toward the muddy cow pond.

I'M always asking farmers I know to explain something about equipment, livestock, or farming techniques. I've learned, among other things, that dairy cattle are slaughtered in approximately their sixth year—at the optimum point, when milk production begins to slacken and the meat will still bring a good price. I imagine it must have shocked Hayden and Joan when they first learned this hard truth about their sleek and affectionate Athenas. And cows even in their most productive years can suffer from mastitis and ringworm and all the problems connected with calving. The other day, I was watching the farmer who rents our land as he was baling hay that had dried in the sun. A sudden storm of the sort we've been plagued with for months sent him home. As soon as the weather cleared, he returned, but with a different piece of equipment—something that chopped up the hay—and I figured that the rain had made him change his plans in mid-field. I inquired the reason for this from another neighbor, who happened to pass in his truck—if you are standing on a country road, the neighbors all stop for a chat—and, after explaining about the loss of nutrients that occurs if you leave wet hay on the field (you can't bale it wet) and about how you have to make silage out of it as quickly as possible, he looked at me, understanding the motive for my question, and said, courteously enough, "Stick to teaching, Jim. You don't have the knack for machinery that farm work takes, any more than old Hayden does."

WITH help from my wife, I have installed an underground water line—four hundred feet of it, with a T and a shutoff valve at one end, where it intersects with the line going to the horse barn, and a frost valve and faucet at the other, inside the unfinished goat barn. It was the first major plumbing task we'd ever undertaken, but not a difficult one; the pipe is plastic. Wood is the material I most enjoy working with, though. I like the grains and knots, and enjoy the smell of it when I saw. As Cris and my wife and Jimmy and I—abetted at times by youthful friends of my sons—have been putting up trusses and roofers, I have been looking down from the new height at the goats, all eighteen of them, in their pasture.

Working on the barn and looking at the goats has made me think of successful farmers like the one who rents our land; of Cris and of his chances; and of Hayden and Joan, who may be doing somewhat better in recent years but who have never been able to rebuild their house or to get sufficient help. Why should I feel a touch of envy of them, that pair of aging Don Quixotes, when my reason tells me their life would be for me a nightmare of entrapment? Is it their pluck, their dauntlessness? (A former student of mine, just back from a year in Israel, who had stopped at their place to get directions to ours, said to us as soon as she got inside our door, "Who is that remarkable woman who lives down the road? I didn't know there were such *genuine* people in my own



"Sorry, folks. The chef just threw in the towel on the boiled tripe à la Grecque."

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country. She looks and talks just like a woman on a kibbutz.") I come back again and again in my dreaming—it's no wonder I hammer in the wrong size nail, saw the wrong board—to an August afternoon, an unusually hot day three or four summers ago. It was one of the last times that I mowed the weeds and orchard grass in the area around our half-acre pond, diagonally across the intersection from our house. I used to mow it regularly, using a sickle bar attached to a garden tractor—both scaled-down versions of real farm equipment—for we once thought of that area as a little park. Soon after moving to the country, we made a beach for swimming, covering the muck near the shoreline with bank-run gravel and sand. We planted highbush cranberries, multiflora roses, white pine, and willows nearby. But muskrats found the pond and burrowed into the shoreline, undermining a row of bushes; they snipped off a large number of seedlings. The runoff from the cultivated field to the east contained so many nutrients from the fertilizer the successful farmer uses that the pond began to fill up with algae and long strands of seaweed. Now that our children are grown—the youngest a high-school senior in the fall—the pond is rarely used for swimming; weeds and tall grasses surround it.

On that August afternoon the pond was still halfway respectable, despite the algae and seaweed, despite the caved-in bank. As I was mowing, Joan came down the road in her old truck. She saw me and waved cheerfully, and suddenly braked, the tires skidding on the gravel. I left the tractor, thinking she had something to say. Apparently she had just loaded the truck—the bed was filled with rusty machine parts and garbage cans—for her face was flushed. She smiled at me, but she was looking at the water. Then, without saying a word, she dismounted from the truck—from the right side, since the left door wouldn't open. She was wearing a long dark dress, much like the one she'd been wearing the first time I saw her, and she moved through the bushes and weeds with the same graceful bearing. She walked into the water until it was deep enough for that sort of curving plunge you can make even from the oozy bottom of a farm pond; and when she came to the surface I saw first her hair, wreathed in seaweed, and then her face and shoulders, green wreaths hanging from the shoulders, too. She was Botticelli's "Spring" and a draped version of his "Birth of Venus" as well. How odd it is that I, in fumbling for words to describe the effect on me of the Wilcoxes, look to art and literature and royalty, subjects that I am conversant with because of my profession, but that no teacher expects to encounter in his daily life! I really can't say what she was, caught up as I was by the gaunt figure rising from the water. All I can say is that I had never before seen such an expression of rapture—a look of joy so intense it struck me as mysterious. She stood upright in the muck, the water dripping from the seaweed in her hair, and she said, in that accent which years before had reminded me of the Queen of England, "There is more to life than suffering and taxes!"

Such a cliché! But it was as if those words had never been spoken before. I was astonished and had to look away from her. I didn't want her to see my face, to see the tears in my eyes, and I left her there and crossed the road to the safety of my old farmhouse.

—JAMES MCCONKEY

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Some idea of the lay-out for East London's bumper, bonanza Bierfest—the Marina Oktoberfest—at Marina Glen this weekend: Friday, October 8th, 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. Saturday, October 9th, 11 a.m. to midnight. The two giant marquees—hired at a cost of R2 000 from Johannesburg—will seat thousands comfortably so don't worry if it rains. You'll still be dry while you quaff your stein and shout "Proust." See you there.—*Drawing caption in the East London (South Africa) Daily Dispatch.*

We're Kafka fans, but it still sounds like fun.

TUESDAY NIGHT

HENRY was supposed to bring the child home at six o'clock, but they usually did not arrive unil eight or eight-thirty, with Joanna vertired and complaining that she id not want to go to bed the minute he came through the door. Henry ad taught her that phrase. "The minte she comes through the door" was omething I had said once, and he nocked me with it in defending her. 'Let the poor child have a minute beore she goes to bed. She *did* just come hrough the door." The poor child is, f course, crazy about Henry. He alows her to call him that, instead of Daddy." And now he takes her to inner at a French restaurant that e adores, which doesn't open until ve-thirty. That means that she gets ome close to eight. I am a beast if refuse to let her eat her escargots. nd it would be cruel to tell her that er father's support payments fluctuate ildly, while the French dining reains a constant. Forget the money—enry has been a good father. He isits every Tuesday night, carefully wirls her crayons in the pencil sharpner, and takes her every other weeknd. The only bad thing he has done her—and even Henry agreed about at—was to introduce her to the eepie he had living with him right ter the divorce: an obnoxious womn, who taught Joanna to sing "I'm a Voman." Fortunately, she did not reember many of the words, but I ought I'd lose my mind when she ent around the house singing "Douleyou oh oh em ay en" for two weeks. metimes the sleepie tucked a fresh ower in Joanna's hair—like Maria uldaur, she explained. The child had e good sense to be embarrassed.

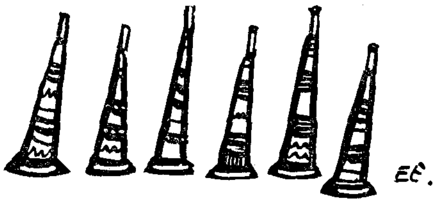
The men I know are very friendly ith one another. When Henry was t the house last week, he helped Dan, ho lives with me, carry a bookcase the steep, narrow steps to the cond floor. Henry and Dan talk out nutrition—Dan's current interest. ly brother Bobby, the only person I now who is seriously interested in allucinogens at the age of twenty-six, ladly makes a fool of himself in front f Henry by bringing out his green yoo, which glows by the miracle of two ternal batteries. Dan tells Bobby that he's going to take drugs he should y dosing his body with vitamins bere and after. The three of them hristmas-shop for me. Last year they ad dinner at an Italian restaurant owntown. I asked Dan what they ordered, and he said, "Oh, we all had manicotti."

I have been subsisting on red zinger tea and watermelon, trying to lose weight. Dan and Henry and Bobby are all thin. Joanna takes after her father in her build. She is long and graceful, with chiselled features that would shame Marisa Berenson. She is ten years old. When I was at the laundry to pick up the clothes yesterday, a woman mistook me, from the back, for her cousin Addie.

In Joanna's class at school they are having a discussion of problems with the environment. She wants to take our big avocado plant in to school. I have tried patiently to explain that the plant does not have anything to do with environmental problems. She says that they are discussing nature, too. "What's the harm?" Dan says. So he goes to work and leaves it to me to fit the towering avocado into the Audi. I also get roped into baking cookies, so Joanna can take them to school and pass them around to celebrate her birthday. She tells me that it is the custom to put the cookies in a box wrapped in birthday paper. We select a paper with yellow bears standing in concentric circles. Dan dumps bran into the chocolate-chip-cookie dough. He forbids me to use a dot of red food coloring in the sugar-cookie hearts.

My best friend, Dianne, comes over in the mornings and turns her nose up at my red zinger. Sometimes she takes a shower here, because she loves our shower head. "How come you're not in there all the time?" she says. My brother is sweet on her. He finds her extremely attractive. He asked me if I had noticed the little droplets of water from the shower on her forehead, just at the hairline. Bobby lends her money, because her husband doesn't give her enough. I know for a fact that Dianne is thinking of having an affair with him.

DAN has to work late at his office on Tuesday nights, and a while ago I decided that I wanted that one night to myself each week—a night without any of them. Dianne said, "I know what you mean," but Bobby took great offense and didn't come to visit that night, or any other night, for two weeks. Joanna was delighted that she could be picked up after school by Dianne, in Dianne's 1966 Mustang convertible, and that the two of them could visit until Henry came by Dianne's to pick her up. Dan, who keeps saying that our relationship is going sour—although it isn't—pursed his lips and nodded when I told him about Tuesday nights, but he said nothing. The first night alone I read a dirty magazine that had been lying around the house for some time. Then I took off all my clothes and looked in the hall mirror and decided to go on a diet, so I skipped dinner. I made a long-distance call to a friend in California who had just had a baby. We talked about the spidery little veins in her thighs, and I swore to her over and over again that they would go away. Then I took one of each kind of vitamin pill we have in the house.



The next week, I had prepared for my spare time better. I had bought whole-wheat flour and clover honey, and I made four loaves of whole-wheat bread, I made a piecrust, putting dough in the sink and rolling it out there, which made a lot of sense but which I would never let anybody see me doing. Then I read *Vogue*. Later on, I took out the yoga book I had bought that afternoon and put it in my plastic cookbook-holder and put that down on the floor and stared at it as I tried to get into the postures. I overcooked the piecrust and it burned. I got depressed and drank a Drambuie. The week after that, I ventured out. I went to a movie and bought myself a chocolate milkshake afterward. I sat at the drugstore counter and drank it. I was going to get my birth-control-pill prescription refilled while I was there, but I decided that would be depressing.

JOANNA sleeps at her father's apartment now on Tuesday nights. Since he considers her too old to be read a fairy tale before bed, Henry waltzes with her. She wears a long nightgown and a pair of high-heeled shoes that some woman left there. She says that he usually plays "The Blue Danube" but sometimes he kids around and puts on "Idiot Wind" or "Forever Young" and they dip and twirl to it. She has hinted that she would like to take dancing lessons. Last week, she danced through the living room at our house on her pogo stick. Dan had given it to her, saying that now she had a partner, and it would save him money not having to pay for dancing lessons. He told her that if she had any questions she could ask him. He said she could call him "Mr. Daniel." She was disgusted with him. If she were Dan's child, I am sure he would still be reading her fairy tales.

Another Tuesday night, I went out and bought plants. I used my American Express card and got seventy dollars' worth of plants and some plant-hangers. The woman in the store helped me carry the boxes out to the car. I went home and drove nails into the top of the window frames and hung the plants. They did not need to be watered yet, but I held the plastic plant-waterer up to them, to see what it would be like to water them. I squeezed the plastic bottle, and stared at the curved plastic tube coming out of it. Later, I gave myself a facial with egg whites.

There is a mouse. I first saw it in the kitchen—a small gray mouse, moseying along, taking its time in getting from under the counter to the back of the stove. I had Dan seal off the little mouse hole in the back of the stove. Then I saw the mouse again, under the chest in the living room.

"It's a mouse. It's one little mouse," Dan said. "Let it be."

"Everybody knows that if there's one mouse there are more," I said. "We've got to get rid of them."

Dan, the humanist, was secretly glad the mouse had resurfaced—that he hadn't done any damage in sealing off its home.

"It looked like the same mouse to me," Henry said.

"They all look that way," I said. "That doesn't mean—"

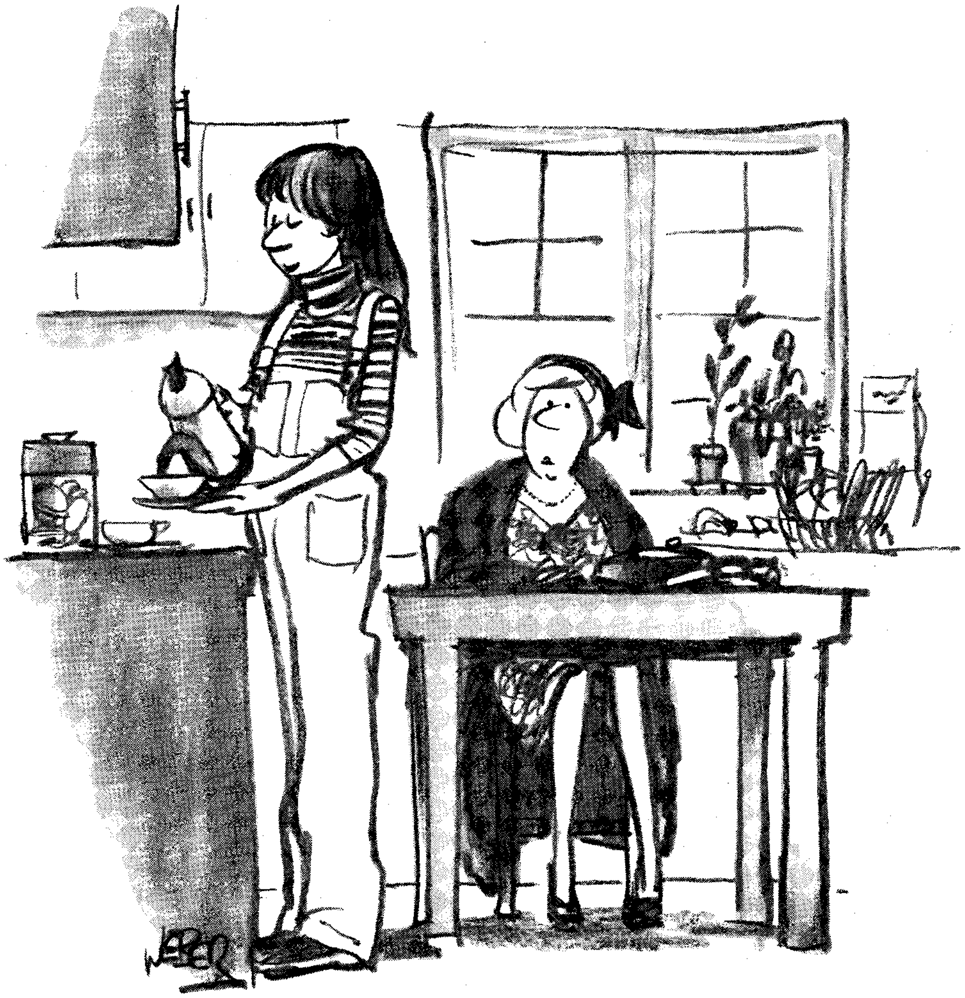
"Poor thing," Dan said.

"Are either of you going to set traps, or do I have to do it?"

"You have to do it," Dan said. "I can't stand it. I don't want to kill a mouse."

"I think there's only one mouse," Henry said.

Glaring at them, I went into the kitchen and took the mousetraps out of their cellophane packages. I stared at them with tears in my eyes. I did not know how to set them. Dan and Henry had made me seem like a cold-blooded killer.



"You should wear a little jewelry with your overalls, sweetheart, so people don't get the wrong idea."

"Maybe it will just leave," Dan sai

"Don't be ridiculous, Dan," I sai "If you aren't going to help, at lea don't sit around snickering wi Henry."

"We're not snickering," Henry sai

"You two certainly are budd buddy."

"What's the matter now? You wa us to hate each other?" Henry said.

"I don't know how to set a mous trap," I said. "I can't do it myself."

"Poor Mommy," Joanna said. Sl was in the hallway outside the livi room, listening. I almost turned on h to tell her not to be sarcastic, when realized that she was serious. She fe sorry for me. With someone on n side, I felt new courage about goi back into the kitchen and tackling t problem of the traps.

Dianne called and said she h asked her husband if he could go o one night a week, so she could go o with friends or stay home by herse He said no, but agreed to take staine glass lessons with her.

ONE Tuesday, it rained. I staye home and daydreamed, and r membered the past. I thought about t boy I dated my last year in high scho who used to take me out to the count on weekends, to where some cousins his lived. I wondered why he alwa went there, because we never g near the house. He would drive par way up their long driveway in t woods and then pull off onto a narro little road that trucks sometimes us when they were logging the propert We parked on the little road ar necked. Sometimes the boy would dri slowly along on the country roads loo ing for rabbits, and whenever he sa one, which was pretty often—som times even two or three rabbits once—he floored it, trying to run t rabbit down. There was no radio the car. He had a portable radio th got only two stations (soul music ar classical) and I held it on my lap. H liked the volume turned up very loud.

JOANNA comes to my bedroom ar announces that Uncle Bobby is o the phone.

"I got a dog," he says.

"What kind?"

"Aren't you even surprised?"

"Yes. Where did you get the dog?

"A guy I knew a little bit in co lege is going to jail, and he persuade me to take the dog."

"What is he going to jail for?"

"Burglary."

"Joanna," I say, "don't stand the

taring at me when I'm talking on the hone."

"He robbed a house," Bobby says.

"What kind of a dog is it?" I ask.

"Malamute and German shepherd. t's in heat."

"Well," I say, "you always wanted dog."

"I call you all the time, and you ever call me," Bobby says.

"I never have interesting news."

"You could call and tell me what ou do on Tuesday nights."

"Nothing very interesting," I say.

"You could go to a bar and have um drinks and weep," Bobby says. He huckles.

"Are you stoned?" I ask.

"Sure I am. Been home from work or an hour and a half. Ate a Celeste izza, had a little smoke."

"Do you really have a dog?" I ask.

"If you were a male dog, you vouldn't have any doubt of it."

"You're always much more clever han I am. It's hard to talk to you on ne phone, Bobby."

"It's hard to be me," Bobby says. A lence. "I'm not sure the dog likes me."

"Bring it over. Joanna will love it."

"I'll be around with it Tuesday ight," he says.

"Why is it so interesting to you that have one night a week to myself?"

"Whatever you do," Bobby says, don't rob a house."

We hang up, and I go tell Joanna ne news.

"You yelled at me," she says.

"I did not. I asked you not to stand here staring at me while I was on the hone."

"You raised your voice," she says.

Soon it will be Tuesday night.

JOANNA asks me suspiciously what I do on Tuesday nights.

"What does your father say I do?" ask.

"He says he doesn't know."

"Does he seem curious?"

"It's hard to tell with him," she ays.

Having got my answer, I've forgoten about her question.

"So what things do you do?" she ays.

"Sometimes you like to play in your ent," I say defensively. "Well, I like ome time to just do what I want to lo, too, Joanna."

"That's O.K.," she says. She sounds ike an adult placating a child.

I have to face the fact that I don't lo much of anything on Tuesdays, nd that one night alone each week sn't making me any less edgy or more agreeable to live with. I tell Dan this, as if it's his fault.

"I don't think you ever wanted to divorce Henry," Dan says.

"Oh, Dan, I *did*."

"You two seem to get along fine."

"But we fought. We didn't get along."

He looks at me. "Oh," he says. He is being inordinately nice to me, because of the scene I threw when a mouse got caught in one of the traps. The trap didn't kill it. It just got it by the paw, and Dan had to beat it to death with a screwdriver.

"Maybe you'd rather the two of us did something regularly on Tuesday nights," he says now. "Maybe I could get the night of my meetings changed."

"Thank you," I say. "Maybe I should give it a little longer."

"That's up to you," he says. "There hasn't been enough time to judge by, I guess."

Inordinately kind. Deferential. He has been saying for a long time that our relationship is turning sour, and now it must have turned so sour for him that he doesn't even want to fight. What does he want?

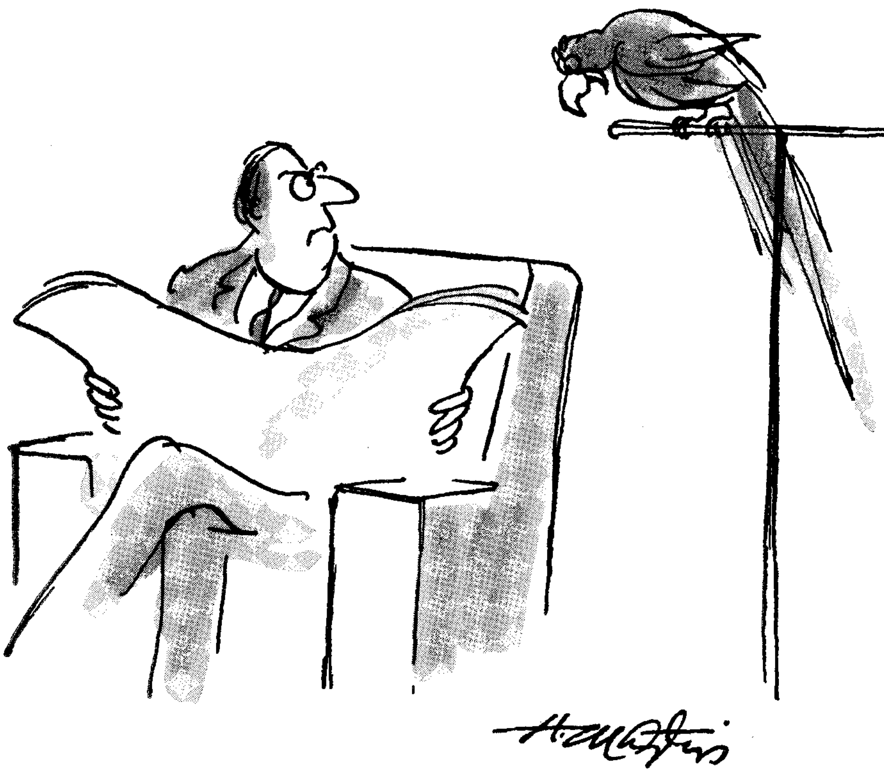
"Maybe you'd like a night—" I begin.

"The hell with that," he says. "If there has to be so much time alone, I can't see the point of living together."

I hate fights. The day after this one, I get weepy and go over to Dianne's. She ends up subtly suggesting that I take stained-glass lessons. We drink some sherry and I drive home. The last thing I want is to run into her husband, who calls me "the squirrel" behind my back. Dianne says that when I call and he answers, he lets her know it's me on the phone by puffing up his cheeks to make himself look like a squirrel.

Tonight, Dan and I each sit on a side of Joanna's tester bed to say good night to her. The canopy above the bed is white nylon, with small, puckered stars. She is ready for sleep. As soon as she goes to sleep, Dan will be ready to talk to me. Dan has clicked off the light next to Joanna's bed. Going out of the bedroom before him, I grope for the hall light. I remember Henry saying to me, as a way of leading up to talking about divorce, that going to work one morning he had driven over a hill and had been astonished when at the top he saw a huge yellow tree, and realized for the first time that it was autumn.

—ANN BEATTIE



"He-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ere's Johnny!
He-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ere's Johnny!
He-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ere's Johnny!
He-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ere's Johnny!"

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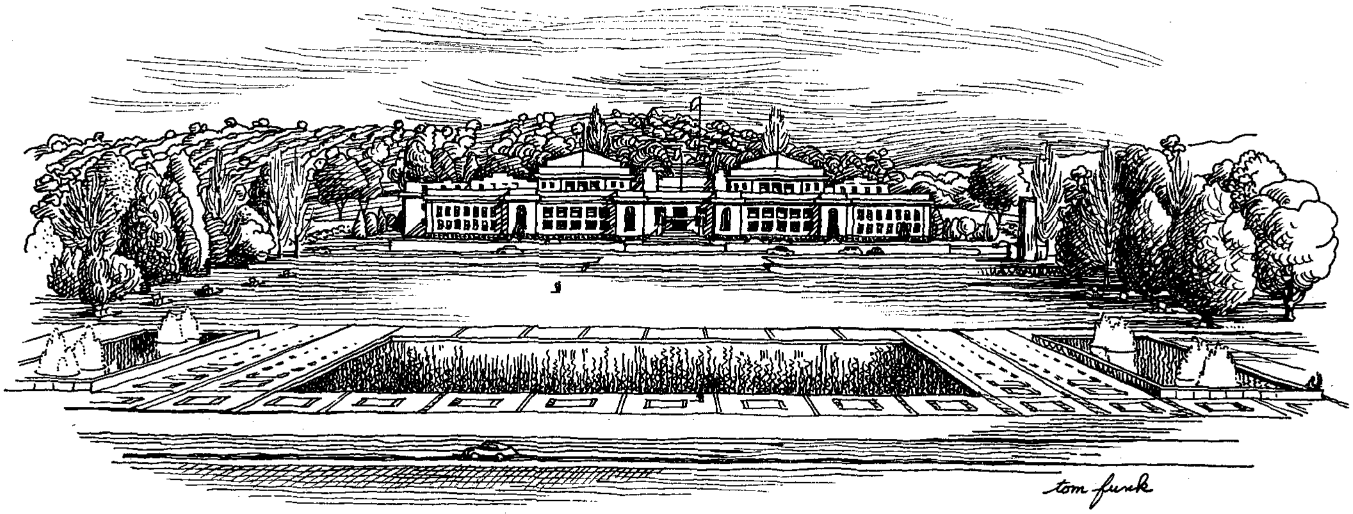
LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA



HERODOTUS, in an early rejection of the Southern Hemisphere, dismissed the reports of Phoenicians who had circumnavigated the continent of Africa by passing westward around what is now called the Cape of Good Hope: "There they said (what some may believe, though I do not) that in sailing round Libya they had the sun on their right hand."

Almost two thousand years were to pass before such skepticism was finally confounded. And even after the African and South American outlines had been charted, Australia remained, in the European mind, a rumor brought back from the Orient by Marco Polo. When seventeenth-century Dutch and English navigators at last sighted or touched the southern, western, and northern shores of the Great South Land, they reported them aridly inhospitable. It was only in 1770 that possibilities were noted in the east coast of Australia, when Captain Cook landed from H.M.S. Endeavour at the harbor he baptized Botany Bay. And a further eighteen years went by before a British fleet of eleven ships bearing the first "settlers"—more than seven hundred British convicts, male and female, with their escort—discharged its passengers, at a sandy cove duly named for the British Home Secretary, Lord Sydney.

Incuriosity, not to say condescension, has to some extent persisted in northerners toward inhabitants of the Southern Hemisphere in general, and, regarding Australia in particular, there is a surprising degree of unself-conscious ignorance. Few Americans or Europeans could accurately sketch the map of Australia, name its capital, place two or three of its most populous cities, or suggest its dimensions—which are roughly those of the United States excluding Alaska. Nor would they feel this an adverse reflection on their own general learning. Known to have a vast interior desert, and to produce tennis players and great sopranos, Australia is often vaguely imagined to be the same place as New Zealand, although those two nations enjoy contrasting history, topography, and personality, and are separated by a thousand miles of turbulent ocean. Even the hackneyed term Down Under—scarcely applicable to any portion of a turning sphere—suggests some amorphous nadir of the globe.

If Australians have views on contemporary events, it has rarely been felt necessary to note them overseas. Americans were scarcely aware of vehement Australian protests over being dragooned into participation in the Vietnam war. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing made it virtually his first act as President of France to detonate nuclear devices in the atmosphere in dangerous proximity to Australia and New Zealand—ruthlessly disregarding governmental appeals, and leaving no doubt of his total indifference to the well-being of the antipodes. When Australia has been thought of at all by northerners, it has generally been as a distant, reasonably prosperous, innocuous entity tugging at the world's sleeve for attention that could ill be spared. The nature and activities of that entity, or the degree to which it has been individually formed by remoteness and eccentric circumstance, have until recently attracted the interest abroad only of persons specifically concerned or unusually aware.

When Professor Geoffrey Blainey's indispensable work on Australia, "The Tyranny of Distance," was published, in 1966, Australia was being propelled—by population growth, European immigration, modern communications, and a multiplicity of economic and social factors—toward maturity and a series of conscious choices. The book—in which Blainey, who is Professor of Economic History at the University of Melbourne, chronicles in fascinating detail the logistics of creating a predominantly Anglo-Saxon nation in the South Pacific in a space of less than two hundred years—concludes with the observation that "dependence had slackened, the distance had diminished" in regard to Great Britain, and that Australia, overshadowed by the United States and Asia, was undetermined about its future course.

In the past decade, that course has taken the form of great change within Australia itself. Australians have made and revoked decisions on their national identity, and have seen change imposed by external forces; have undergone a cultural revolution; have embraced a frankly materialist modern society; and have developed the doubts and speculations about themselves which announce civilization. Characterized as easygoing citizens of—in the phrase of the critic Donald Horne—"the lucky country," they have also lately entered on a period of rancorous internal political division. These paradoxes are not simply parallels to contradictions that have affected most Western nations in the same period. They reflect Australia's unique situation and its strange story, in which retardation and acceleration have dramatically mingled.

A Canadian university wit recently published the view that Canada, which might have enjoyed English government, French culture, and American know-how, has instead succumbed to English know-how, French government, and American culture. Australia, through lack of contiguity, had no such varied opportunities and has as yet met no analogous fate. Even the British pattern imposed on Australian society had too little reference to actuality not to show early signs of attenuation and be eventually overpowered by a pattern distinctly Australian. Not only have Australian life and the Australian personality become definite and singular but personal quality, though increasingly embattled, retains a power there that it has elsewhere surrendered.

The extraordinary sources of the Australian character are no longer dominant themes in the nation, but there is no understanding Australia without awareness of them. The extent to which they protracted a dependent, and even submissive, national attitude toward Great Britain, at the same time fostering individual contentiousness and anti-authoritarianism, could scarcely have a sharper illustration than in Australian political events of the nineteen-seventies.

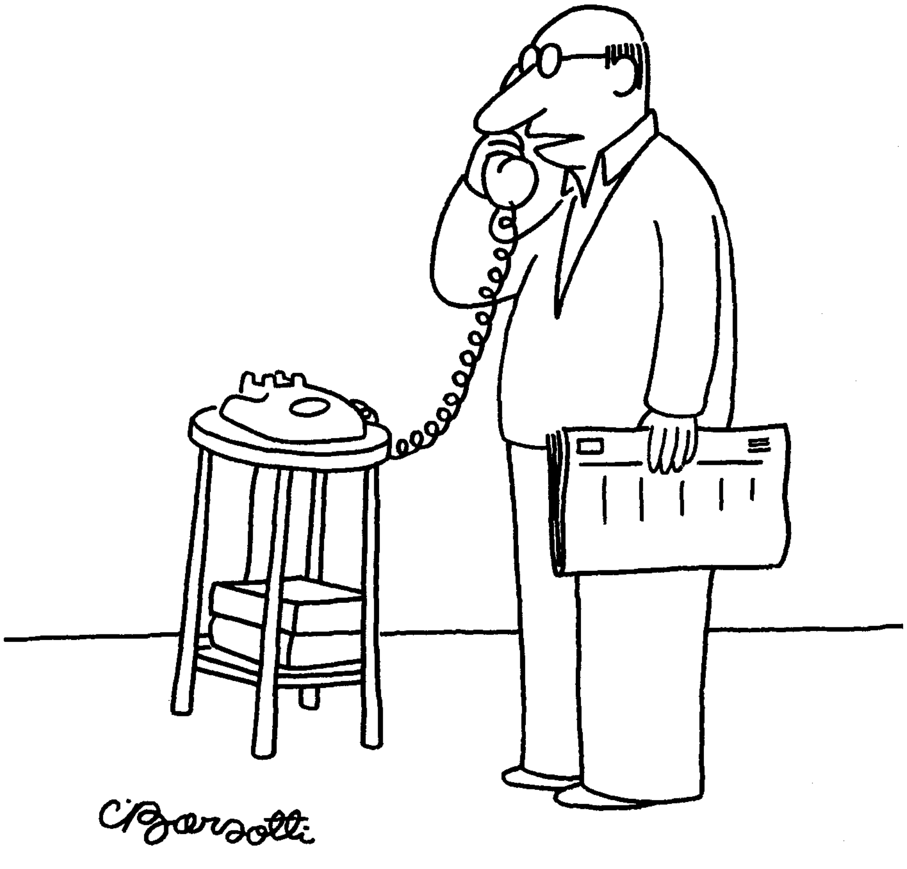
IT is something of a mystery why Great Britain chose to transport convicts on what was originally an eight-month perilous sea journey to an unexplored continent ten thousand miles distant. The fact that the American colonies no longer provided penal facilities after 1776 offers only a partial explanation, since several settled British colonies were nearer than enigmatic Australia. In 1786, before the settlement was founded, Lord George Gordon was already petitioning against the banishment of the prison-burning Gordon Rioters "to Botany Bay," and throughout the penal colony's infancy Jeremy Bentham was proposing, in his rejected "Panopticon," a scheme for its abolition.

Hardship, hunger, isolation, brutality, and a staggering tenacity marked the first years of the Australian venture. Although free settlers were encouraged early, the stark drama of "transportation" (a word that in British usage connotes the deporting of prisoners) continued into the eighteen-forties in the absurdly named original colony of New South Wales and in other regions of Australia until 1868, terminating only in the period that saw the end of slavery in the United States and of serfdom in Russia. (Convict labor, repudiated in the eighteen-thirties by the founders of the cities of Melbourne and Adelaide, was introduced into the free colony of Western Australia in 1850.) As Roderick Cameron—who, in his book "Australia: History and Horizons," has assembled a harrowing record of convict life—observes: "For nearly half a century Australia was, primarily, an extensive jail." The eventual total of a hundred and sixty-two thousand transported convicts was a large proportion of the colonial population in Australia's first eighty years. In its opening decades, Australian life was shaped to the flogging triangle and overhung by the gallows.

Simplistic and often inaccurate analogies have been drawn between Australia and the United States. It is in fact hard to imagine a greater contrast to the story of America than that of the Australian founding fathers in their grotesque Mayflowers, arriving not in search of liberty but to the loss of it.

Australia's convicts were of all ages, abilities, and conditions: some were hardened criminals; some were political dissidents or social reformers; many had been sentenced for pitiful and insignificant offenses; some were doubtless innocent. Through the eloquence of the convict Magwitch, in "Great Expectations," Charles Dickens has provided a succinct portrait of the destitute creature brought up to be "a warmint," whose sins of survival consigned him to penal servitude in early Australia. Although generations of genteel descendants sought to conceal convict ancestry, shamefacedness has by now given way entirely to a lively general interest that extends to all aspects of Australia's history. A Fellowship of First Fleeters, formed at Sydney, has gathered nearly a thousand members descended from the arrivals of 1788, with a potential membership of several thousand more. The quest for authenticity can produce curious enthusiasms: a re-creation of Old Sydney Town, on the city's outskirts, advertises, among other attractions, "court cases and convict floggings," while publicity for a new Tasmanian motel called The Clink informs us, "It will trade on Tasmania's convict past."

The spectre of nineteenth-century Australia haunts Victorian life and literature like a family black sheep or an unexpiated crime. Dickens "transported" his Magwitch for the purpose of illicitly returning him a prosperous and embarrassing emancipist, and bundled most of David Copperfield's humbler acquaintances off into the convenient Australian Bush. In "Adam Bede," George Eliot condemned Hetty Sorrel to transportation, a then common form of reprieve from the death sentence, and opportunely extinguished her on the eve of repatriation. Thomas Hardy's poor Tess of the D'Urbervilles thought her misery might have been obliterated "on an Australian upland or Texan plain." There was also the lure of curiosity or regeneration. In the eighteen-fifties, Sydney University rejected an application for the post of principal from the—still undervalued—poet Arthur Hugh Clough, and Mat-



"Well, if Mr. Reston isn't in, could I speak to Mr. Wicker?"

thew Arnold's brother Tom became a melancholy inspector of schools in Tasmania. In the eighteen-seventies, Anthony Trollope, whose son had settled in New South Wales, spent a tedious eighteen months in the "Australasian Colonies," and compiled an immense work on them (now usefully anthologized in an Australian edition). These examples might be extended indefinitely. Victorian England had Australia on its conscience, and for good reason.

The great work has yet to be written that will draw together all strands of the Australian convict experience: the nightmare voyages on which many died of privation or shipwreck, the violent existence in the outlandish colony, the eventual prospering of some emancipists, the desperado bands formed by escapees. Not least of its themes will be the burden subtly placed on respectable Englishmen by this fate of their fellows. The physical and psychological stress involved in settling Australia worked both ways.

Like other repositories of misdeeds and fresh starts, the antipodes began to assume, if dimly, an aspect of Nemesis. In 1840, Lord Macaulay was already speculating on a future in which "some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." And in 1960 the South Australian author Geoffrey Dutton was writing:

> Europe lost her independence by conquering the world, though she had a colossal hundred years' spree on the proceeds before going bust. Overcrowded, unable to feed herself, she must continue to pour out surplus population into countries like Australia; but the more she pours out the more she strengthens and makes wealthy Australia, and the less Australia needs her.

Along with its convicts, soldiers, and free settlers, Britain transported to Australia its laws, traditions, attitudes, and systems; its religious creeds; its language, wit, and literature, and its undeveloped appreciation of the visual; the simple refinement of its Georgian architecture, and the subsequent inundation of Victorian bad taste; its industrial and commercial ambitions; its middle-class repressiveness; its passion for unproductive grumbling (known to Australians as "whinging"); and its innate belief in justice. The names of English statesmen—Bathurst, Melbourne, Castlereagh, Glenelg—mingled, on the tentative map, with Australian aboriginal designations. And all this was imposed with astounding rapidity on a vast, isolated land where every natural circumstance—seasons, climate, geography, flora, fauna—was in total contrast to "home."

The Australian intellectual consciousness was formed and pervaded by English literature, which kept, magnificently, before Australian eyes an "authoritative" version of physical existence quite different from their own. Shakespeare—to whom extreme evil was "as opposite to every good as the Antipodes are unto us"—was not alone in associating Australia's situation with a fall from grace. It was hard to escape an impression that Australia was inherently in the wrong. Abrupt accelerations of colonial prosperity—the early introduction of the merino sheep, the discoveries of gold in the eighteen-fifties—transformed Australia's economic condition but created little inward sense of self-sufficiency or outward show of style.

At the time of federation, in 1901, when the Australian colonies became an autonomous nation within the British Empire, the structure of government was established in much the form that prevails today, when Australia retains membership in the British Commonwealth: In the capital, Canberra, a federal Parliament is headed by the Prime Minister and consists of a Senate and a House of Representatives. A separate authority resides in the courts. The link to the British sovereign is maintained through a viceregal representative, the Governor-General—an office that was presumed until recently to be nominal, or, as John Gunther put it a few years ago in his book "Inside Australia," to embody "all the non-powers of the Queen herself." The legislative and judicial pattern is repeated within the country's six states, the first minister of each state being a premier, and the viceregal representative in each case holding the title of governor.

Powerful as Australia's commercial and political ties to Britain remained in the first half of the twentieth century, the strongest bonds were emotional. At the time of federation, the so-called White Australia Policy was consolidated, restricting immigration almost exclusively to members of the white race, predominantly from the British Isles—and, by extension, condemning Australia's black aboriginal population to a segregated limbo, from which it began to emerge only in the nineteen-seventies, and to which it is now apparently being re-

ILLUMINATIONS

1. The Wren

My son stands in the snow in his blue snowsuit.
All around him stubble, the brown
degraded bushes. In the morning air
they seem to stiffen into words.
And, between, the white steady silence.
A wren hops on the airstrip
under the sill, drills
for sustenance, then spreads
its short wings, shadows
dropping from them.

2. Light

Last winter he could barely speak.
I moved his crib to face the window:
in the dark mornings
he would stand and grip the bars
until the walls appeared
calling *light, light,*
that one syllable, in
demand or recognition.

3. The Window

He sits at the kitchen window
with his cup of apple juice.
Each tree forms where he left it,
leafless, trapped in his breath.
How clear their edges are,
no limb obscured by motion,
as the sun rises
cold and single over the map of language.

—Louise Glück

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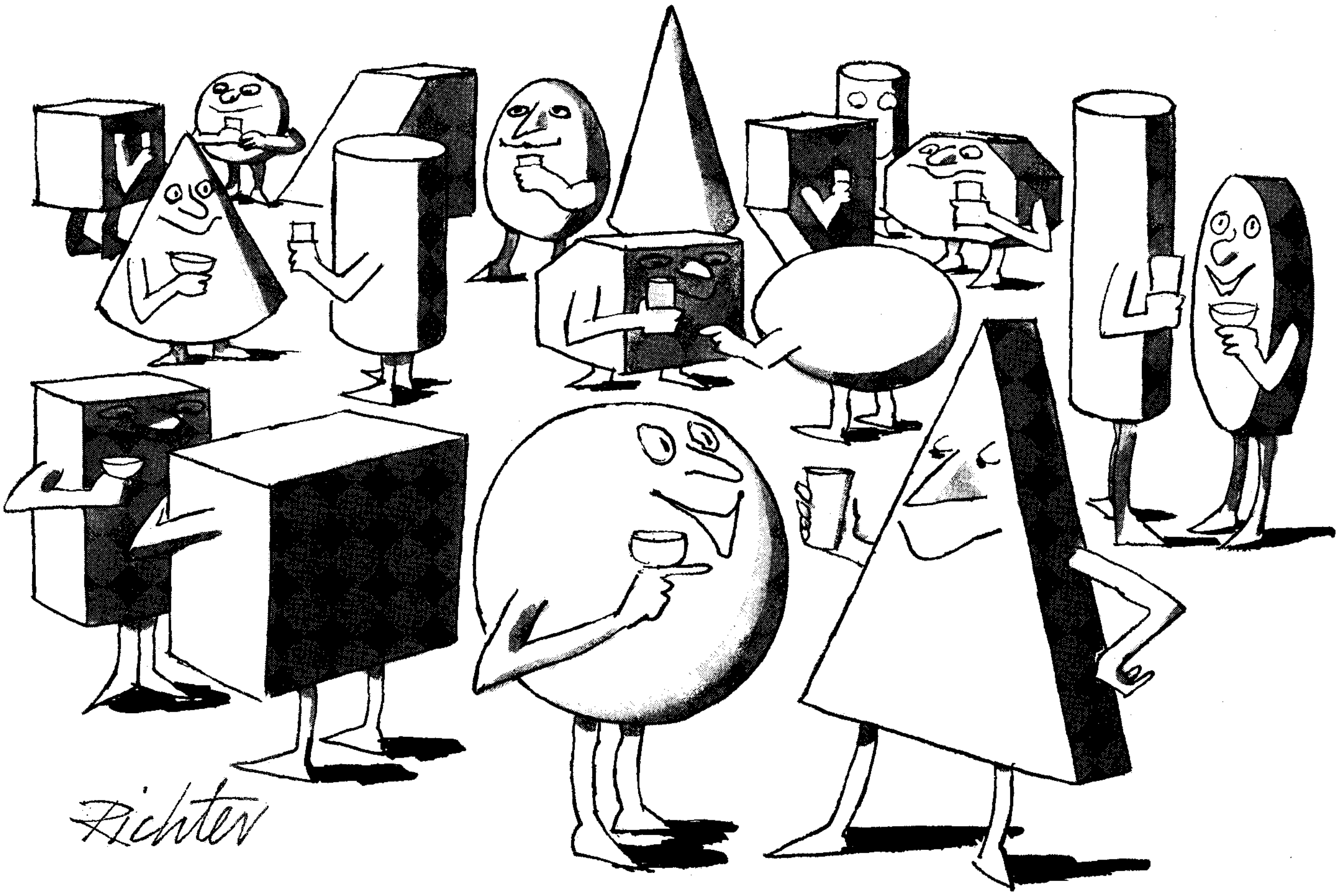

"Not *the* *Bermuda triangle?"*

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consigned. In late-Victorian times, Australian troops served in Britain's far-flung colonial wars. Following the outbreak of the First World War, in 1914, hundreds of thousands of Australian soldiers went without demur to the Dardanelles and the Flanders trenches. Australian dead in that war—in a period when the nation's entire population was less than five million—exceeded American fatalities in Vietnam.

This pattern was faithfully repeated after the outbreak of the Second World War, in 1939, with large numbers of Australian troops serving in Greece and Crete and in the North African campaign, and in air-force stations throughout England. By Australians at home the Battle of Britain was followed not only as if their survival depended on its outcome but as if their own spirit were in some way being tested. Sacrifices were made, rationing was instituted in order to keep the lifelines open for Britain, and, as a nation, Australia did not question that this was inevitable and right.

When Japan entered the war, bombing the northern Australian town of Darwin within weeks of the attack on Pearl Harbor, Australia began its modern history. Four Australian divisions were overseas fighting the desert war in North Africa; the units of another Australian division were swiftly destroyed or captured at the fall of Singapore to the Japanese—an event that exposed Australia, virtually defenseless, to Japanese invaders. Early in 1942, Admiral Erich Raeder was informing Hitler that Darwin would "most likely . . . be in Japanese hands within a few weeks." When Winston Churchill, at this desperate juncture, told the Australian Prime Minister, John Curtin, "Your greatest support in this hour of peril must be drawn from the United States," he hurtled Australia back into the Pacific and into reality.

The threat of Japanese invasion—countered at once by a large American military presence—the transformations of the postwar world, and an ambitious immigration scheme under which, beginning in 1946, for the first time, hundreds of thousands of Europeans entered the country worked great changes in the Australian psyche, but these were for the most part latent into the nineteen-sixties. For twenty-three years, from 1949, the country consistently returned a conservative government: the rightist Liberal Party governing in coalition with the Country Party and headed until 1966 by Sir Robert Menzies—a rubicund, prosperous figure, heavily decorated with British honors, whose policies seemed formed, like his physiognomy, by an earlier era. Under the Liberals' leadership, Australia's foreign policy followed, to the point of slavishness, that of the United States and Britain—an attitude known locally as "the Australian crawl"—and its domestic programs were unadventurous.

"Development," as it has come to be called, did take place in those twenty-three years, and on an unprecedented scale. With the sanction of the Liberal government, the exploitation of Australia's natural resources was hugely intensified by the opening up of the country to foreign interests, virtually without regard to environmental damage or adverse consequences to Australian life and political autonomy. The extraction of Australian mineral and energy resources by foreign and multinational interests has grown into an immensely profitable enterprise with seemingly limitless prospects. The Australian-owned Broken Hill Proprietary is by far the country's largest industrial company, as it has been since the nineteen-forties, but the involvement of foreign firms in every significant aspect of Australian commerce, and the corresponding emergence of an influential Australian faction to whom—since an Australian "equity" interest of up to seventy-five per cent is required for new foreign investment—that involvement is highly lucrative, are creating a new form of Australian dilemma, and perhaps a new Australia.

In 1923, D. H. Lawrence wrote in his "Australian" novel, "Kangaroo":

> A strange country. A wonderful country. Who knows what future it may have? Can a great continent breed a people of this magic harmlessness, without becoming a sacrifice to some other, external power? The land that invites parasites now—where parasites breed like nightmares—what would happen if the power-lust came that way?

It is hard to see why a nation with a 1975 population of thirteen and a half million (almost precisely the figure of India's population increase during the same year), and with a prognosticated zero population growth, plentiful agricultural and energy resources, and a traditionally high standard of living should deliberately invite and emulate the demonstrated errors of advanced technological societies. If ever a country proposed itself as a subject for rational, disciplined economic growth tied to city planning and environmental protection, it was Australia. Yet, until the advent of a Labor government in 1972, Australia was increasingly placed at the disposal of overseas commercial interests, its business centers were convulsed into high-rise replicas of the American urban problem, and depredations on its ecology and landscape were in effect encouraged by its federal and state governments. In common with "conservative" governments the world over, the Liberals in Australia showed that conservation had little part in their policies.

The engagement of Japanese, American, British, Dutch, French, and multinational interests in the extraction of Australian resources has expanded into a moral crisis over the issue of uranium. By current estimates, Australia possesses as much as a quarter of the earth's uranium, most of it in the remote wilderness of the Northern Territory. Australia itself, with large coal and other energy deposits more cheaply and safely available, has no need to mine its uranium for nuclear power, and at least for the present its potential value lies in export for foreign income. While foreign and domestic mining interests—and, more recently, the mining and processing unions concerned—have urgently pressed for large-scale exploitation of Australian uranium, the consequences in pollution

and environmental damage, and in furthering the production of nuclear weapons, pose physical dangers and ethical liabilities that many Australians have been unwilling to ignore. In 1973, the Australian government—then a Labor administration—suspended burgeoning uranium operations in Australia and appointed a three-man commission of environmental inquiry to report on the subject. The first half of the commission's report, dealing with the mining, milling, and export of uranium, was released last November. While it does not recommend the outright ban on exploitation of Australia's uranium urged by environmentalists, and contains apparent ambiguities, it imposes conditions so exacting that, in the view of some observers, they are unlikely to be met. The second portion of the report, currently awaited, will deal specifically with environmental effects in the mining areas and with land rights of aboriginal inhabitants. The dangers related to eventual disposal of the uranium, once it is exported, remain, of course, unresolved.

Statements by the present Liberal—or conservative—government suggest that uranium extraction may proceed, whatever the commission's reservations. Some months ago, Australia's Deputy Prime Minister, Douglas Anthony, claimed that over the next twenty years uranium would give Australia a pre-eminence in the energy field similar to that of the Arab oil states. Anthony has also publicly assured Japanese journalists of Australia's willingness to supply their country with resources such as uranium. (Japan, which recently signed a treaty of coöperation with Australia, already receives nearly a third of Australia's exports, and provides twenty per cent of Australian imports.) In London last June, Australia's Federal Treasurer, Phillip Lynch, broadly hinted that his country's restrictions on foreign investment in such areas as uranium need not be regarded as serious deterrents. Addressing British businessmen on Australia's foreign-investment policy, Lynch's delicate advice was: "Suck it and see." A number of Lynch's fellow-citizens nevertheless continue to share the opinion of the Australian scientist Sir Macfarlane Burnet, a Nobel laureate, that Australia is in an unprecedented position to influence world opinion against nuclear development and in favor of alternative sources of energy, such as solar power.

Meanwhile, there is no shortage of profitable foreign and local involvement in extraction of other Australian resources, such as coal, petroleum, natural gas, bauxite, and iron ore (of which Australia, with an annual output of approximately a hundred million tons, is the world's largest producer), nor of vast contingent natural depredations. Environmental damage is no longer even confined to the Australian mainland but extends to offshore regions once considered inviolable. Like citizens elsewhere, Australians are being forced to ponder the context of their survival, and find themselves—in the words of the Queensland poet David Rowbotham—

> Wondering how long the aptitude
> to live
> Shall save uprooted man, decimal
> creature
> In the marathon world.

THE consumerism inseparable from these events is bringing other transformations of national outlook. The Australian playwright Ray Lawler, revisiting Australia in 1976 after a long absence, remarked to the press:

> It's this acquisitive thing—it wasn't here before. People were not struggling for possessions. . . . People who say "I own two cars and three houses" are really saying, "I am owned by two cars and three houses." Once you get to the stage of acquiring things, it becomes a habit.
>
> I wonder how many Australians are aware of this and can't find a way to break through it. . . . The old days of easy-come, easy-go are gone . . . there was an expansiveness, an affability, an easiness which is not nearly so noticeable now.

A number of Australians do seem aware, and fearful, of the cycle that has bound other countries to policies that were described by Churchill, in a different context, of "drinking salt water to slake thirst." One of the qualities of Australians that most strike a visitor is reasonableness—an intelligence, a civility and candor, an accessibility to logic and good will—which is now in short supply elsewhere. Australia, as Gore Vidal observed to a Sydney interviewer not long ago, is a place where there is still a chance to get things right. Thoughtful Australians are conscious of crises and disaffection—and of the rising cancer rate—in technological societies abroad, and, above all, of the dilemma of the United States, staggering on the economic treadmill of the armaments race while its great cities decay. Within recent years, a substantial number of Australians showed themselves willing to dispense with some of their quick profits if a more imaginative course, and a less destructive means of achieving prosperity, could be laid out for them.

NEW attitudes that had been building throughout the postwar decades surfaced in December of 1972, when a Labor government, headed by Gough Whitlam, came to power. The Labor Party had campaigned on humanistic issues—social justice, an end to racial and sexual discrimination, protection of Australian natural resources, immediate termination of Australian participation in the Vietnam war—and on the concept of Australian maturity and identity. "It's time" was Labor's slogan, and the election result came as the expression of a new national consciousness. "It was this consciousness," says Whitlam, "that we discerned and articulated." The dramatic three years of Labor's administration, which concluded traumatically in December of 1975, are to a large extent the story of Whitlam's leadership. His policies were rooted in conviction and were, like his style, highly personal. To Whitlam, action was the antidote to negligence and stagnation in Australian government, as well as to the unwieldy, recalcitrant machinery of his own party. Within days of assuming office, Whitlam terminated Australian engagement in Vietnam and recognized mainland China. In its first months, his government radically reformed and liberalized the social-security-system; doubled federal spending on education; more than doubled the budget for the arts; merged some federal functions; created new departments concerned with urban and environmental issues, mineral development, aboriginal affairs, and services for women and children and the handicapped; set up a health-insurance plan; and established nearly a hundred bodies of inquiry into the conduct and financing of public services.

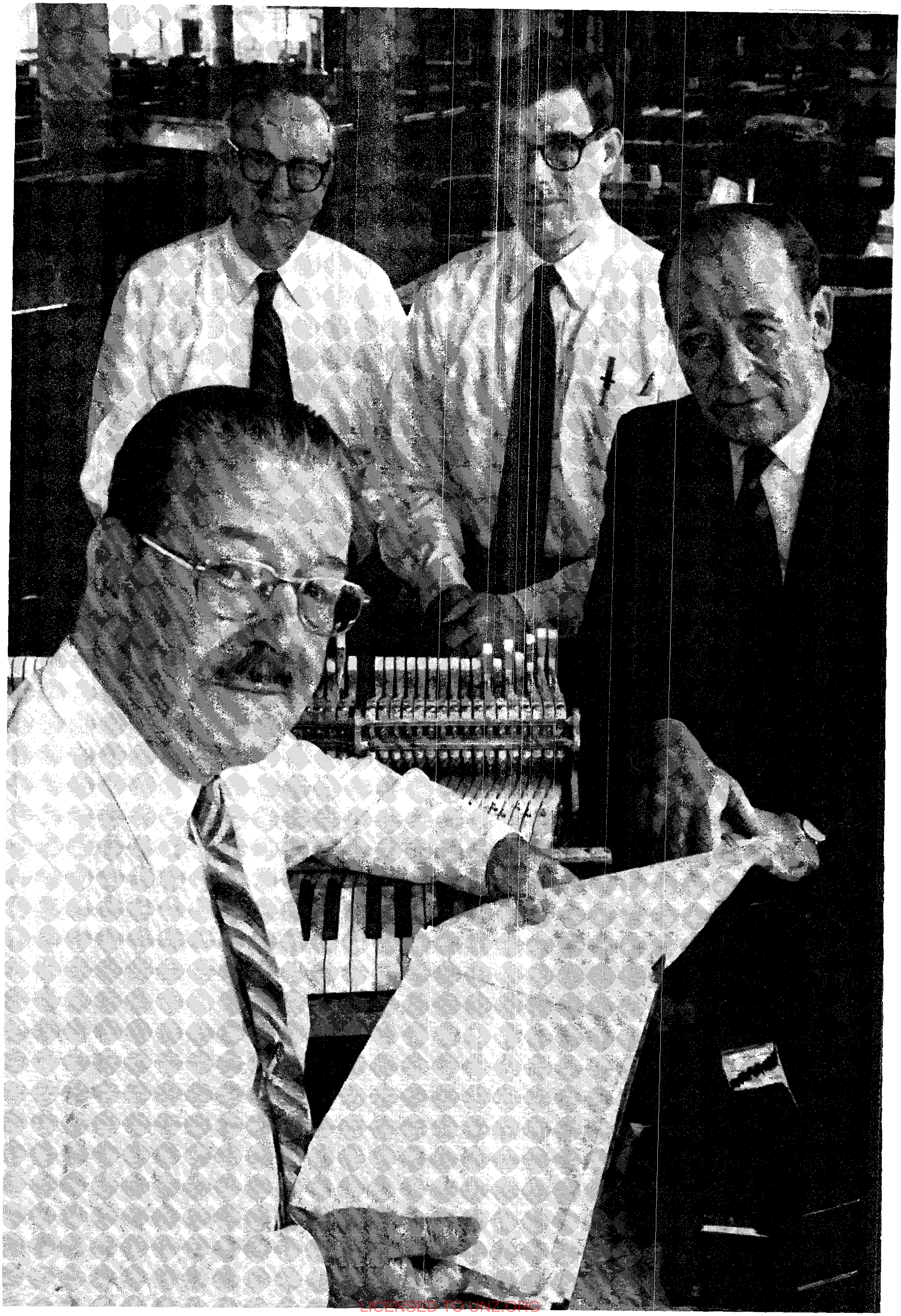
Summarizing his first year in office, Whitlam said his government had put an end to "the demeaning of Australia in the eyes of the world as the country our predecessors had represented it to be: insignificant, racist, militarist, sycophantic, a timid and unworthy creature of the great powers to whom it had surrendered its identity." Whitlam's worst enemies—who now appear to be legion—could not ignore the large-minded actions on which this claim was based. It was with Whitlam that Australia, figuratively speaking, crossed the International Date Line.

Whitlam was—and is—an original: quick, cultivated, assured, articulate, with irresistible energies and strong ambition; a visionary whose designs when he took over the government were nevertheless linked to timely and manifest movements, and whose own upward course in party politics had been pragmatic to the point of ruthlessness. In appearance, style, and career, Whitlam is an embodiment of "power." The analogy often drawn between Whitlam's Prime Ministership and the Presidency of John F. Kennedy has, however, superficial application only. Whitlam took his country out of useless war; his political history had been consistently progressive, and his policies—far from reversing earlier attitudes—were a culmination of ideas long propounded; his espousal of the arts was a reflection of his own wide culture, and was backed by schemes of financial assistance.

The public in democratic nations deplores a current absence of "leadership" but shows a swift uneasiness—to which Australians are particularly susceptible—at the emergence of unusual quality in high places. Writing years ago on the robust national resistance to pretension, the Australian critic Max Harris went on to say of the average Australian, "Unfortunately, he extends it to those experiences and phenomena with which he cannot cope." Australians, increasingly, could not cope with Whitlam. His very stature made him to some extent, among older middle-class citizens, the victim of a baffled Australian resentment against flair. This antagonism was fed—avoidably, it seems—by Whitlam's flaws of personality: high-handedness, public irascibility, and a venomous tongue often suggesting some private, unassuageable wound. The peculiar viciousness of the language of Australian Parliamentary debate, to say nothing of the Australian hustings, sometimes has to be heard to be believed, and Whitlam's not infrequent descents into invective made a depressing contrast with the spirited, noble, and patently sincere oratory of which he was, in other moods, capable. There are aspects of Whitlam's career and temperament that recall Muriel Spark's observation regarding Cardinal Newman: that he suffered both from persecution and from a sense of persecution, and that the two did not always coincide.

Resentment against Whitlam among middle-class and rural voters, however, had more complex and tangible origins, and was undoubtedly fos-

BICENTENNIAL LEFTOVERS
Joe Mirachi



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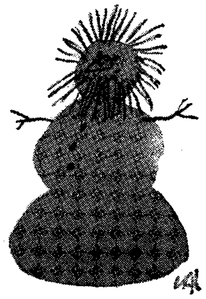
tered and exploited by elements as yet incompletely revealed. Australia's participation in the economic boom of the nineteen-sixties had heavily favored the well-to-do. Extensive tax relief and government assistance were available to businessmen and landowners. An extremely aggressive trade-union movement fought incessantly for higher wage levels, but forms of social welfare were contrastingly circumscribed. In pledging himself to correct that imbalance, Whitlam inevitably incurred the hostility of the business community, which was at open war with his policies from the first. Moreover, in grappling with the fate of Australia's huge mineral and energy resources he aroused incalculable forces with interests external to Australia's. In the house organs of overseas corporations, which should provide fruitful study for historians, Australia's Labor Prime Minister repeatedly figured as a mere, if prominent, obstruction to rightful gains. Economic power is political power, as a glance at the activities abroad of Lockheed, Gulf Oil, or I.T.T. will remind us; and with statements of the following kind Whitlam probably sealed his doom:



> The two great and guiding themes of this government have been the promotion of equal opportunity for our people and the promotion of Australian ownership and control of our industries and resources. We alone have proclaimed—and fought for—the right of Australians to participate to the fullest possible extent in their own industries. We alone have proclaimed—and fought for—the right of Australians to own and control the precious resources of this continent.

Whitlam strode into this minefield with export controls, inspection of contracts, calls for increased Australian equity in foreign investment, suspension of uranium exploitation, termination of concessions, and governmental supervision and development of resources. These policies, combined with his government's environmental programs and with a scheme whereby public funds were made available for civil suits brought against industrial violators, made the Labor government a focus of outrage for the business world and for Australians who, on the issues of political sovereignty and foreign exploitation, believed they could have it both ways.

THE troubles of the Labor administration intensified in 1974, with the global economic crisis. Inflation climbed quickly, hovering between fifteen and twenty per cent before settling around its present level of twelve per cent; unemployment, which Whitlam had proudly "abolished," set in, eventually rising to more than five per cent—a high figure for contemporary Australia. In 1974, the Labor Party, committed to heavy government spending, continually battling the Senate (where the conservatives maintained control), and, in unremitting dispute with big business, only narrowly survived another national election. On top of this came "the loans affairs": a succession of incompetent attempts to raise two billion dollars in overseas loans for federal development of Australian minerals—a plan that would have included buying out the interests of certain foreign-owned companies. Although the concept was reasonable and there was no evidence of corruption, negotiations were so mishandled that these botched affairs emerged as "scandals." The minister concerned was demoted, a Cabinet reshuffle followed, and there was a further loss of public confidence.

The way of the reformer is not only hard but is subject to more rigorous scrutiny than the primrose path. Having addressed himself to issues of principle—and unsparingly castigated the moral delinquencies of the opposition—Whitlam made himself a target not only for his natural enemies but also for eternal human seekers after feet of clay. On the other side, many of Whitlam's supporters in the trade-union movement and in intellectual circles were uncritically indulgent, depriving him of an objective view by suggesting that any action of his would receive their justification and approval. What Whitlam and his administration most needed was time, which in the long run was on the side of their ambitious policies. No doubt this was apparent to Labor's opponents also, and the realization played its part in Whitlam's extraordinary downfall.

The Governor-General of Australia is, as has been noted, a titular figure representing a figurehead—the British sovereign. Powerless as the Queen of England may be, her nominal influence had been assumed to exceed at least that of her remote and anomalous plenipotentiary in Australia, whose duties had never been viewed as other than ceremonial. It has been more than a hundred and forty years since a British sovereign—King William IV—removed a minister (Lord Melbourne, who subsequently again became head of state), and it was hardly expected that the archaic practice would be revived at Canberra. But on November 11, 1975, as Whitlam prepared to deal with a complete fiscal stalemate imposed by the Liberal coalition in the Senate, the Governor-General, Sir John Kerr—without consulting his supposed authority, the Queen of England—precipitately dismissed Whitlam from the Prime Ministership and appointed the Liberal leader, Malcolm Fraser, in his place. That afternoon, the House of Representatives passed a motion of no confidence in Fraser, whereupon Kerr at once dissolved Parliament, forcing an election at which, a month later, the Labor Party was defeated.

That the viceregal representative should dismiss the country's elected leader and install his opponent with no more than a cursory query to the courts (Kerr having privately consulted with Australia's Chief Justice on the preceding day and obtained an alleged justification from him) was not only unprecedented but was an act that no Australian had ever considered possible. The ensuing furor over constitutionality scarcely enlightens us—constitutionality being a body not of mere legalisms but of principles that, if they are to retain meaning, must be convincingly exercised. If a test of constitutionality is the capacity of an executive action to bear repetition, it must be said that, were Sir John Kerr now to revert to his original loyalties and dismiss Malcolm Fraser in turn, those who at present find him constitutional would be quick to question his sanity.

The stability of democratic government in Australia—taken for granted throughout the nation's autonomous history—received an alarming blow in this curious episode, and the enemies of Whitlam, in their rejoicing, seemed heedless of the implications for their own future. Whitlam himself, through centralization of power, visible authoritarianism, and a measure of demagoguery, had possibly contributed to an atmosphere of high-handedness conducive to autocratic actions. Yet none of Whitlam's vehemently denounced gestures approached the blatant partiality of the Kerr-Fraser intervention in the process of governing—which, like the Watergate break-in initially in the United States, was tacitly endorsed at the polls by the electorate.

The election result provided little reassurance, the vote having been called at a time highly advantageous to the Liberal Party. Press ownership was hostile to Whitlam to the point of overkill—causing the *Times* of London, a journal not conspicuously sympathetic to Whitlam, to comment that reporting "unreasonably selective in Fraser's favour" in Australian newspapers was made over the protests of journalists. (The Australian newspaper publisher Rupert Murdoch, who recently acquired the New York *Post*, has since acknowledged, "It's true, I did come in and turn our papers around.") Once again, the Labor candidates mishandled their case, basing their campaign—understandably but disastrously—on the outrage of their dismissal, and letting economic issues take second place. Voting is compulsory in Australia, and gerrymandering heavily favored the Liberals, who won fifty-three per cent of the vote but seventy-two per cent of the seats; Labor received forty-three per cent of the vote but only twenty-eight per cent of the seats. The proclaimed "landslide," in fact, represented a swing away from Labor of about seven per cent.

It has become usual in such situations to look for the hand of the United States Central Intelligence Agency. It may even be said that it has become usual to find it. The Australian constitutional trauma quickly brought accusations of C.I.A. involvement, based on enough circumstantial evidence to command uneasy attention in Australian newspapers, and further produced bizarre revelations regarding a huge American "communications" installation at Pine Gap, in central Australia, over which Whitlam had been seeking an unwelcome degree of Australian control. It emerged that the C.I.A. had involved Australian agents in its activities in Southeast Asia, and, strangely, in Chile—a situation that Whitlam had terminated. An article by Alexander Cockburn last February in New York in the *Village Voice* implicated the C.I.A. and Sir John Kerr in a conspiracy over the Whitlam dismissal, and produced in Australia the short-lived wonder reserved these days for such expositions.

A number of related coincidences were briefly reported in the Australian press—notably, the assertion of a Westinghouse attorney in the United States, published five days before Sir John Kerr's supposedly unforeseeable coup, that the company's financial troubles over a shortage of uranium might be solved by an abrupt change of administration in Australia: "Maybe if the Labor Government is thrown out in Australia in five weeks so that we can get uranium we thought we had—if that occurs, we may be able to supply it." Five weeks later, this soothsayer's prediction was at least partly fulfilled when Labor was defeated in Australia in an unanticipated national election.

HAVING campaigned on general issues of cutting federal spending and stimulating business, the new government at once demolished Labor's scheme to reform public services. Fifty bodies set up by Whitlam—in such fields as housing, transport, immigration, highway safety, drug control, legal aid, broadcasting, conservation, and the arts—were either struck down by Fraser or drastically curtailed. Private enterprise was given the commanding role, formerly held by civil servants, in the review of foreign-investment proposals.

During Fraser's first year in office, there was no significant alteration in unemployment or inflation figures, or any prospect of rapid improvement. Shortly after assuming office, Fraser reneged on an election pledge to the unions to retain Whitlam's system of gearing wages to the consumer price index, and on an undertaking to the business community to ease price restraints. Fraser levied a nullifying tax to frustrate Labor's national health program, and was immediately answered by a wave of costly protest strikes. While foreign reserves fell by about a billion dollars, the government borrowed heavily abroad from such sources as the International Monetary Fund. Last November, the overpriced Australian dollar was devalued by seventeen and a half per cent, bringing it approximately to par with United States currency—an event that, despite its inflationary tendencies, was welcomed by mining and agricultural interests and suggested that Fraser was relying largely on foreign capital inflow to correct his country's economic difficulties.

In a record budget presented last August, the Liberal government raised Australian defense spending by eighteen per cent, to about two and a half billion dollars. A variety of tax incentives, subsidies, and eased regulations were introduced for the benefit of private companies, rural industries, mining, and petroleum exploration. Funds for education were again increased—this time by fifteen per cent. There were severe cuts in public spending for urban and regional development, housing programs, health services, cultural assistance, environmental protection, and transport.

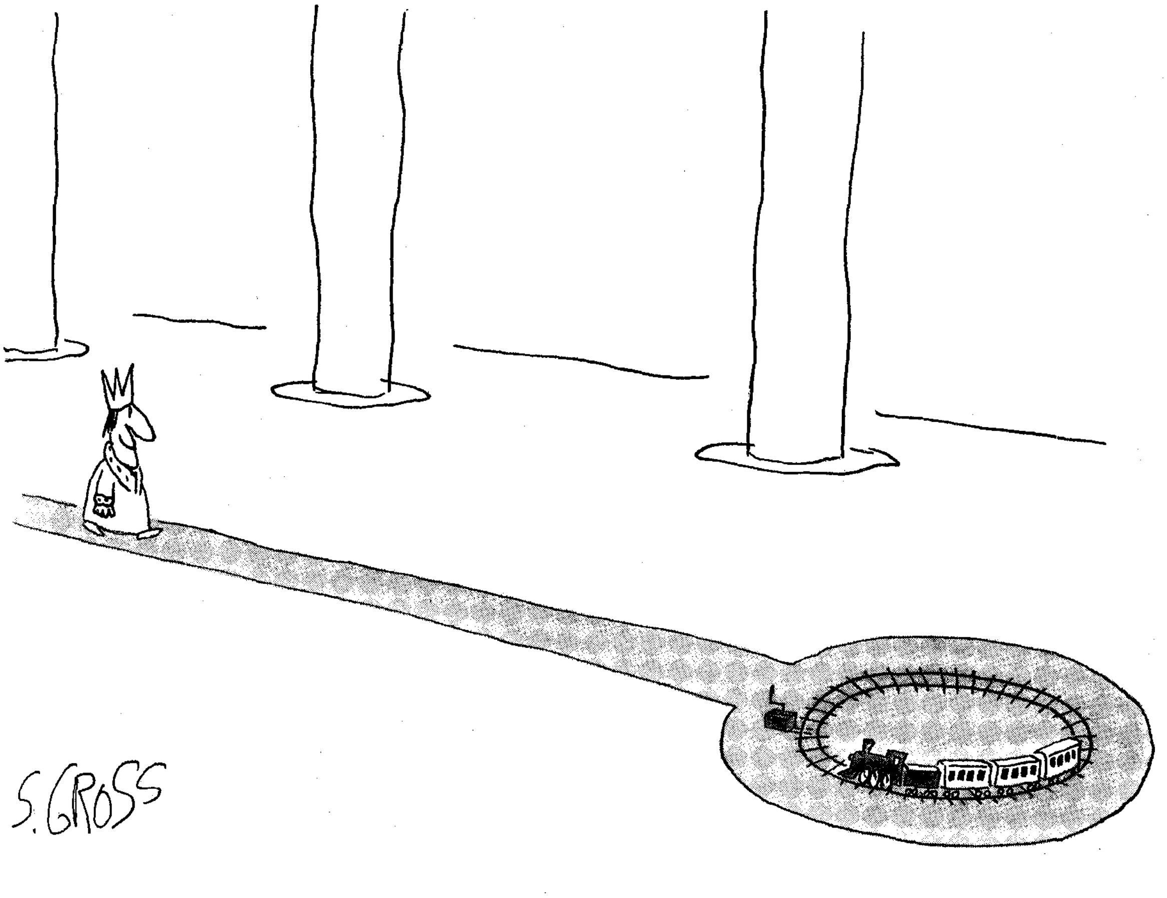
The unpopularity of some reductions extended beyond the lower-income groups. While complaints about welfare recipients as "dole bludgers" are as widespread as corresponding laments in the United States, the Australian middle class had itself benefitted from the Labor government's expanded medical and social services, and in the job shortage, which falls heavily on young persons, the offspring of well-to-do families by no means refrain from seeking unemployment payments. Middle-class Australians had perhaps found it easier to criticize these advantages than to face the likelihood of their withdrawal with no compensating improvement of the general economic condition, and Fraser's popularity declined in the opinion polls.

The group of Australians on whom Fraser's budget fell hardest, however, was the aboriginal people, whose experience of their white mentors cannot have left them unprepared for fresh adversity. The aboriginal population of Australia, though variously estimated, is approximately two hundred thousand, of whom all but sixty thousand are of mixed blood. Present numbers, though increasing, are therefore politically insignificant. (Only about three hundred thousand aborigines are presumed to have inhabited the continent at the time of European settlement.) Until 1973, when Whitlam's government tripled public spending on aboriginal welfare and drew up schemes for assimilation of these neglected people into the life of their country, and for protection of their rights on what remains to them of their tribal lands, official policy had in the main reflected the average Australian's indifference to the "abos," as they are uncivilly called. "Their doom," Anthony Trollope wrote of the Australian aborigines a century ago, "is to be exterminated; and the sooner their doom is accomplished—so that there be no cruelty—the better will it be for civilization." It would be no superhuman task to discover, in a relatively kindly country, white Australians professing similar sentiments today and begrudging even meagre expenditures in this area—nor to find politicians playing on these prejudices. Given the scale of persecution and callousness to which he has been subjected since white settlement, the continued existence of the Australian aborigine is an ultimate tribute to his renowned powers of survival. Election pledges to the contrary, the new Liberal government has made it clear—with budget cuts reducing to less than two hundred million American dollars funds for aboriginal assistance, and by public actions and pronouncements—that it does not share Gough Whitlam's concern for these indigenous people, or for the world's opinion of their fate.

Fraser's appeal is frankly to businessmen and property owners—and to Australian primary producers, who have suffered from the global economic crisis. He is himself from an affluent background, ostentatiously conservative and anti-intellectual: a big man of forty-six, whose aggressive attributes found expression, during his terms as Minister for the Army and as Minister for Defence through 1971, in enthusiastic promotion of Australia's role in the Vietnam war. In his early months as Prime Minister, he seemed no novelty on the Australian political scene, and it was Whitlam who continued, though out of power, to be the focus of attention—reviled, extolled, and perpetually discussed. Throughout much of Fraser's opening period in office, the press was occupied with publicizing Whitlam's indiscretions and rash statements, in a series of events that included Whitlam's censure by his own party. As time passed, however, Fraser emerged as an uncompromising proponent of beliefs that, if not unfamiliar to Australians, have never been so openly or bluntly expressed by their head of state. What makes Fraser unusual among elected leaders—and it is a factor that may eventually embarrass his overseas supporters in the business world—is a lack even of lip service to conventional democratic values and aspirations. When Fraser, a millionaire, antagonizes Australians suffering from unemployment and inflation by curtly telling them that "life is not meant to be easy," he does not modify the statement, but reinforces it with the opinion that "unfortunately, at their normal work a great many Australians don't show the sort of commitment or dedication that footballers do," while his Minister for Defence, James Killen, asserts that "anyone in this country who does anything for anything other than profit is either a maniac or a potential bankrupt." These are not tactics by which governments in democratic nations have traditionally retained power, but, given the manner of his assumption of office last November, and his subsequent victory at the polls, Fraser may feel that enough Australians are now willing to accept them.

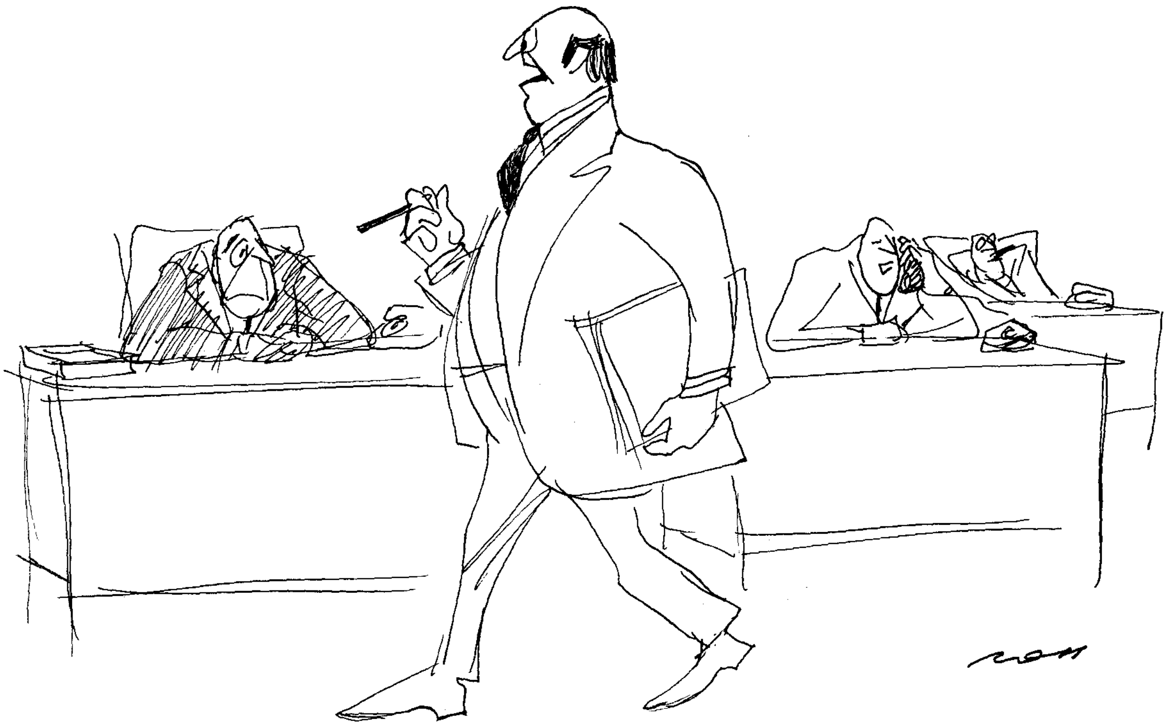
Fraser's foreign policy, though fundamentally a reversion to "the Australian crawl" along the course set by the United States and Britain, has also been marked by deviations of an apparently personal kind. A confirmed Cold Warrior, Fraser is distrustful of the policy of détente and passionately favors an anti-Soviet show of armed might by the United States and Australia in the Indian Ocean. (He has rescinded Whitlam's moratorium on visits of nuclear-powered American warships to Australian ports.) In an unabashed reversal of previous Liberal strategy, Fraser has espoused the China policy of recognition and reconciliation forged by Whitlam. In his revised attitude toward China and the conclusion of Australia's new pact of coöperation with Japan, Fraser has also embraced his country's growing awareness of its Asian ties—although *gaffes* by Fraser, leaked to the press during discussions in Peking with the present Chinese Party Chairman, Hua Kuo-feng, regarding the political stability of Australia's trading partners Indonesia and Malaysia, reflected inexperience and confusion.

In an article last July in the London *Times*, Professor T. B. Millar, of the Australian National University, in Canberra, contrasted Malcolm Fraser favorably with his predecessor, Gough Whitlam, contending that Fraser "is not an ideas man; he is a man of principles." Setting aside the curious hypothesis that these qualities can be separate in affairs of state, the fact is that Fraser's principles remain elusive. "One thing is clear," Fraser told a Harvard audience during a visit to the United States last July: "If the people are to enjoy a substantial degree of freedom, they must be prepared to surrender some of their freedom." Whatever the sources of Fraser's confidence, they appear to insulate him, for the present, against the apprehensions such statements may arouse.



WHITLAM and Fraser have in common physical size (they are both over six feet four inches tall), a well-to-do background, a close family life, relentless political ambition, and, apparently, a power to annoy. There the resemblances cease. Fraser is an uninspiring speaker who went into politics early. Whitlam, who practiced law after war service, has wit and presence and the timing of an actor. Fraser reads thrillers, admires the writings of Ayn Rand, and likes fast cars and motorcycles. Whitlam is a lover of Greek and Latin classics, a reader of history and poetry, an appreciator of painting. Whitlam is an urbanite and internationalist, Fraser a landowner and businessman with no claim, beyond platform necessities, to a vision of Australia's destiny.

Whitlam's capacity for survival has been a feature of his career. Even now, ignominiously defeated at the polls and precariously retained as leader of his own party, he strikes one as the personification of vigor and assurance—looking, in the words of a Sydney journalist, "if possible, more like a Prime Minister than when he really was Prime Minister." Striding about his Sydney office suite (which he took over from Fraser in exchange, so to speak, for the Prime Minister's residence at Canberra), he is a very handsome man, broad-shouldered, well tailored, with a large head, a hale face, plentiful white hair worn longish, and heavy, dark eyebrows. His own office is a big room, and he fills it, receiving a visitor in his blue shirtsleeves. In the summer evening beyond the wide windows, Sydney's skyscrapers make their neon announcements: DATSUN, ESSO, OLIVETTI. "Australia," Whitlam observes, "is, in the view of the multinationals, as much a colony as ever India was under the British raj." He is about to take a late plane to Canberra, and he rams into a loaded briefcase copies of "Kerr's King Hit," a book attacking the Governor-General, which he has that day helped to launch.



"Thompson! I thought I told you to have a Happy New Year!"

• •

Sir John Kerr, now anathema to Labor supporters, was Whitlam's nominee for the governor-generalship. Whitlam has little light to shed on the baffling aspect of his dismissal by a man he had known well for years and had presumably appointed as a cipher: "The position went to his head. His personality deteriorated. He deceived me." The viceregal appointment, he says, is a difficult one: "The choices are limited. You must have someone personable, someone who looks the part." (Kerr, a former state chief justice in New South Wales, is a hefty figure with a shock of white hair, in appearance not unlike Whitlam himself.) Yet the question remains whether Whitlam's selection of the now detested Kerr was a gross error of judgment.

Kerr's unpopularity since he displaced Whitlam is a persistent embarrassment to Malcolm Fraser, who will probably divest himself of his Governor-General at an early opportunity. Kerr's public appearances attract ever-rowdier protesters, and more sober gestures of disapproval continue to plague his existence. Press speculation on the choice of Kerr's successor has included Prince Charles of England—a suggestion not likely to reassure Australians in their present doubts over constitutional bonds with the British Crown.

Whitlam discounts the conjectured link between Kerr's action and the C.I.A. "I doubt it," he told me. "He did have an intelligence background, was associated with organizations of the kind. But I doubt it." Similarly—and perhaps ingenuously—he discounts the role of external mercantile forces in his removal from office. The elements he antagonized within Australia were, he believes, sufficient to the task. When Labor came to power in 1972, an endless variety of tax loopholes and subsidies were available to the entrenched establishment. "And this was a rort," says Whitlam, employing a trenchant Australianism for carousal. Those who subsequently criticized Labor's welfare programs had themselves been virtual charges on the public purse under the old system. It was, Whitlam feels, his federal interference in all such areas of vested interest that marked him down for destruction. The manner of his removal still shocks and enrages him: one imagines that it will do so always.

It is easier to talk to Whitlam himself than to his supporters about the shortcomings of his administration. He frankly admits that he handled the recession badly in its first year. In the weeks preceding his dismissal, however, he was making definite progress with the economic situation, and he considers this a possible factor in his abrupt removal. He also had to contend with the public's propensity, stemming from geographical remoteness, to regard such troubles as isolated in Australia rather than as part of a universal affliction.

Consciousness of Australia's distance from the center of world events and of the world's incomprehension of Australia are at the heart of Whitlam's story, and Whitlam's private initiative can be discerned in such imaginative gestures as the Labor government's founding of a Chair in Australian Studies at Harvard University, under an Australian Studies Endowment Fund of a million dollars—an arrangement confirmed last summer at the ceremony in Cambridge attended not by Gough Whitlam but by Malcolm Fraser.

Whitlam is proudest of his achievements in identifying and attempting to correct social injustices, and in providing essential services to neglected areas. He sees his championship of the arts as part of an "ecology" of civilizing factors, and speaks earnestly of the need "to bring enjoyment" to Australian communities oppressed by monotony and obscurity.

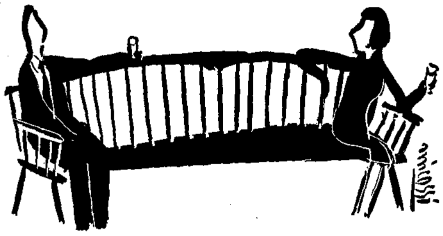
Whitlam knows as well as all Australia—as well, one might say, as Malcolm Fraser—that his term of office cannot simply be expunged. As the British historian Paul Johnson wrote some months ago in the *New Statesman*, "The clock cannot be put back to Menzies-time." The sharp contrast between the Labor and the Liberal administrations has created unprecedented divisions in Australian attitudes, and the public has yet to assess fully the raw area of conservatism into which the Fraser government is taking it. While the Labor Party has no foreseeable future of national leadership in Australia, contemporary politics are peculiarly subject to transformation by unpredictable events. It is widely said that the Australian electorate will never again endorse Gough Whitlam as their prime minister, but he remains the most interesting statesman Australia has produced, and one of few distinctive figures in modern world government.

THE traveller who takes the long air journey to Australia will feel no astonishment on learning that the Australian government decided last spring to admit the supersonic Concorde early in 1977. Even so, the contemplated London-to-Melbourne flight will involve over fourteen hours' flying time—compared to the present twenty-six hours—presumably augmented by the usual airport delays. (One disappointed Australian environmentalist commented grimly, "Our best hope was that they wouldn't find the Concorde fast *enough*.") The visitor arriving from New York is completing a ten-thousand-mile, twenty-four-hour flight that has taken him halfway around the world—a distance that two centuries ago required the best part of a year to traverse, and that still necessitated a six weeks' sea voyage in the nineteen-thirties; and that, with his subjective view of time, the modern air traveller finds interminable. When the seemingly endless Pacific gives way at last to land, it is to the jetport and skyscrapers of Sydney, a cosmopolitan city with an English-speaking, almost exclusively white population of two and three-quarters million.

The first sharp intimation of unfamiliarity received by the traveller, even before he passes through customs, is the Australian voice. If it sometimes seems to an Australian abroad that foreigners never tire of making hearty gibes at "Orstrylia," it is certainly true that Australian speech—which is a synthesis of intonation and elision as well as broad sound—commands attention on its own ground. Most Australians have now become unaffectedly reconciled to their retracted vowels—in contrast to former days, when implausible British accents were in some circles cultivated. The timbre of the Australian voice is usually soft—in women, almost hushed. There is an enormous variety—not necessarily related to education or social distinctions—in broadness of accent, often within the same family. Since immigrants of European origin have, moreover, brought a new range of inflections to their acquired Australian English, the country sometimes suggests itself as a phonetician's paradise.

Australian expressions seem similarly employed according to inclination rather than to background—although here education creates more of a division, intensifying the irony with which dialect words are used. Australians in general are a humorous people, with a highly developed sense of paradox. ("I'm like a man standing back and watching his mother-in-law drive his new car off a cliff" was a politician's comment on the mixed blessings of a recent parliamentary imbroglio.) American usage, and the abstract jargon of the technological age, are creeping in, but the Australian vocabulary is still rich, pithy, and idiosyncratic. A colloquial use of the feminine gender to connote the human condition strikes the visitor. Any situation can become, summarily, "she": "She's right," says the taxi-driver who makes all the green lights on the way into town. "She's going beaut. She's apples."

Over the past fifteen years, the business center of Sydney, which was once a fairly harmonious conglomeration of small-scale modern buildings, fine parks, and graceful imperial remnants, has been replaced by an uncontrolled irruption of high rises—among which the few colonial buildings saved from the speculators make their frail, irrelevant testimony to the intentions of early planners and the vision of the convict architect Francis Greenway. (One of Whitlam's now overthrown undertakings was the preservation of historic buildings.) The principal "landmark" of Sydney is still the imposing Harbour Bridge, nearing its first half century. Nearby, the new and acutely needed Opera House—sometimes known as Jaws, for its white escarpments—appears at the water's edge like a gigantic sculpture rather than a building. Actually a complex of theatres for musical and dramatic performances, the Opera House was constructed almost exclusively—at a cost of well over a hundred million dollars—from the proceeds of public lotteries (a device employed two hundred years ago, with greater aesthetic and functional success, by the Adam brothers to finance their Adelphi scheme on the banks of the Thames).



A returning native, such as the present author, may be unprepared for the beauty of Sydney's situation. As a child in Sydney, one took the harbor for granted, rather discounting the boasts of its denizens. After long expatriate absence, one finds the claims made for Sydney's splendid bays and numberless coves and headlands downright modest. Sydney is both a place of extravagant natural beauty and a city site of unique amenity. Thanks to the harbor's configurations, which create foreshores of more than a hundred and fifty miles, hundreds of thousands of Sydneysiders live on the sea or within a brief walk or drive of it. And because of a preference—until recently, overwhelming—for houses with gardens, rather than apartments, the city and its suburbs cover an area larger than that of Los Angeles. Ferry service from shore to shore provides a civilized means of public transport—being inexorably replaced by hydrofoils. On weekends throughout the long summer—from November to April—the harbor is almost literally covered by the sails and bright spinnakers of everything from eight-footers to graceful yawls. The celebrated surf beaches extend along the Pacific coast north and south of the city—crowded on weekends and never unpopulated during the week. (At Sydney, as throughout Australia, spectator sports—horse racing, cricket, tennis, and football—attract huge attendance and violent emotions.)

In 1800, Sydney had a population of five thousand (forty-one per cent of them convicts); by 1900, the figure stood at half a million; since then, it has more than quintupled. The architecture of the city's nearer suburbs reflects the rapid expansion of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, sometimes in veritable reproductions of English terrace housing, sometimes in fine examples of gingerbread or in airy houses with wide verandas and high rooms. Suburban divisions around Sydney are mainly those of relative affluence; but

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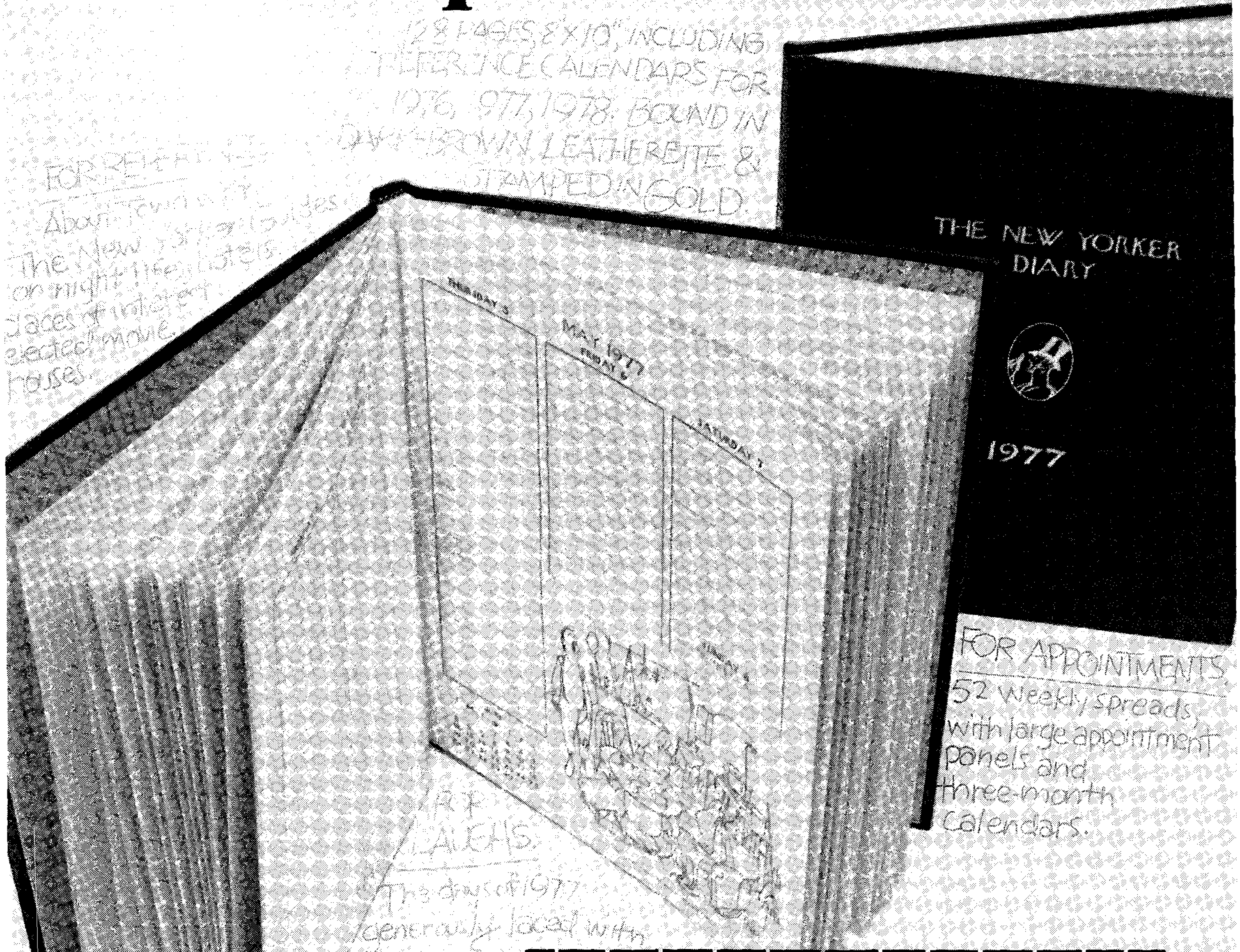
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poorer districts, in south and outlying Sydney, are bleak, even if there is little squalor on the scale of that afflicting many American cities. As in great cities the world over, rents and property costs are high, working people are being pushed out to the periphery, and the crime rate in the inner city is rising. On the whole, however, Sydneysiders still live well and safely, and are seldom far from trees, gardens, and well-kept parks—and, of course, the sea. Even small squares are shaded by huge and beautiful Ficus—Port Jackson, Moreton Bay, and weeping figs—and tiny private gardens near King's Cross or at Paddington, on the fringes of the business district, overflow with frangipani and hibiscus.

It was left to the so-called New Australians—the European immigrants of the postwar era—to reveal unexploited possibilities of the Australian climate, and perhaps of the Australian condition generally. As it might be thought that Continental European migration saved the United States from the stolid complacency reflected in certain joyless portraits by John Singleton Copley, so the influx of Mediterranean people into Australian cities brought a needed infusion of hedonism: gardens came to be sat in as well as weeded, the sterner aspects of English cooking went into a deserved decline, open-air restaurants and cafés sprouted under pergolas, and there was vastly increased consumption of the excellent Australian wines. More than this, the New Australians in many cases contributed a sensitivity and enterprise that played its part in cultural change.

As uncontrolled building reached a peak in Sydney in the early nineteen-seventies, its effects began to be felt in upper-middle-class suburbs, whose protesting citizens, thwarted in their appeals to official bodies and to the public at large, formed an alliance in an unexpected and powerful quarter—that of organized labor.

Australia lacks an expository daily press of any appreciable circulation, and aggressive investigative journalism—urgently needed, for example, in the area of Australia's relations with foreign investors—is almost completely absent. Overseas reporting on Australia, which is meagre outside Britain, largely reproduces orthodox local views. There are, in Australia, no bodies corresponding to the great American foundations equipped to scrutinize matters of public concern. Organized groups of civil libertarians are small, and were until recently shouted down as "ratbags," or cranks. There

is, however, an immensely powerful segment of Australian society, not yet aligned with the political or economic status quo, which provides a continuing, vociferous reminder of an attitude noted by D. H. Lawrence in "Kangaroo":

> Australian Labour has set out from the first on the principle that huge fortunes should not be made out of its efforts. We have had the obvious example of America before us, and we have been determined from the start that Australia should not fall into the hands of a small number of millionaires and a larger number of semi-millionaires. It has been our idea that a just proportion of all profits should circulate among the workers in the form of wages.

As Australia acquired, in the postwar decades, its percentage of millionaires and semi-millionaires, pressure was applied by organized labor for commensurate benefits. Labor unrest and a compelling union influence over wages and working conditions have been features of Australian life since the nineteenth century, and were exacerbated rather than subdued by a hideous Depression experience in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, when around thirty per cent of the nation's work force was for a time unemployed. Following the Australian losses in the First World War, the Depression confirmed the workingman in the view that he must assert himself or be victimized. The resultant uproar between labor and management has been unremitting, and adds materially to the vicissitudes of daily existence. About sixty per cent of all employed Australians are unionized, in contrast to less than half that percentage in the United States, and the Australian hourly wage runs higher than its American equivalent. Although union confidence has been somewhat shaken by unemployment, the president of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, Robert Hawke, is probably the only public figure with whom Malcolm Fraser, as Prime Minister, must uneasily divide his power.

In 1971, residents of the affluent Sydney suburb of Hunter's Hill, faced with planned construction of apartment blocks that would destroy the last natural bushland in their area, turned for help to the construction workers' union, the Builders Laborers' Federation. The union, once it had obtained an unequivocal expression of the residents' desire, placed a working ban on the proposed construction at Kelly's Bush. The development firm involved, the Melbourne-based company A. V. Jennings, retaliated by attempting to hire non-union labor for the job. The union, which has a statewide membership of twelve thousand, responded by threatening to suspend work on unfinished city skyscrapers being built under union contract with Jennings. And Kelly's Bush survives.

That was the launching of what were to be called the Green Bans—successfully imposed, by an alliance of resident-action groups and organized labor, against grossly inappropriate demolition or construction. The object of these bans was to assume the responsibility that city and state planners in New South Wales had manifestly abandoned. In three years, more than forty such embargoes were applied—for the preservation of historic buildings, the protection of parkland, and the modification of incongruous large-scale developments—halting four billion dollars' worth of construction projects, provoking violent disputes between the opposing parties, causing disagreement within the Trades and Labor Council, and producing, together with the unsolved disappearance of a prominent ban supporter, innumerable threats against the life of the Builders Laborers' secretary, Jack Mundey. Those who interfere with "development" on humanitarian and environmental grounds are sooner or later exposed to charges of Socialist malevolence against material prosperity. The Sydney Green Bans, however, originated in an unlikely coalition of affluent communities, led by embattled suburban matrons known as "the blue rinse set," and a militant union led by a rough-hewn member of the Communist Party.

Jack Mundey, at forty-three, is a chunky, dark-haired force of nature, tough as only an implacable idealist can be. Swiftly articulate, highly intelligent, and encyclopedic on labor and environmental matters, Mundey sees his task as "civilizing the unions." That expression itself is revealing, conceding as it does the need and desirability of such a process, and disclosing a sensibility that has shaped Mundey's environmental interests. He is himself a construction worker, and his fierce championship of the Builders Laborers'—a union with a large complement of immigrant labor, whose members had suffered from inadequate safety conditions and the vagaries of fly-by-night speculators—was the basis for subsequent union support of his stand on the Green Bans and other "civilization" issues. Mundey believes, with speculators holding, by his estimate, about ten million square feet of unrented office space in central Sydney, that construction funds and energies should be channelled into low-cost housing, hospitals, schools, and day-care centers, for all of which there is abundant need. "In modern societies, unions should look beyond the hip-pocket nerve and concern themselves with the end result of labor," he has said. Social responsibility extended throughout the trade-union movement is the means that Mundey envisions for combatting the rape of cities and resources by uncontrolled business interests.

During his Green Ban peak, Mundey had considerable success in drawing fellow-unions into the movement, both in New South Wales and throughout Australia. Construction of a heavily polluting power station near Melbourne was halted as a result of union action. The Transport Workers refused to carry ready-mixed concrete to the Queensland Gold Coast—a once beautiful stretch of eastern littoral now transfigured by Miami-like resorts. The Waterside Workers' and Seamen's unions called for a moratorium on a vast scheme to transform Botany Bay, just south of Sydney, into an industrial zone of coal loaders, silos, and refineries, annihilating a large residential area and contaminating the atmosphere of Sydney itself. The unpopularity of the Botany Bay plan, which had been pressed by a Liberal state administration and passionately opposed by scores of environmental and residents' action groups throughout New South Wales, is thought to have contributed to the Labor Party's victory in state elections last May.

In contrast to unionists in the United States, industrial workers in Australia took open issue with national participation in the Vietnam war. Mundey himself was repeatedly jailed and fined for giving public encouragement to draft evaders, and unionists helped United States Army defectors find work in Australia in the period before Whitlam's withdrawal from the Vietnam war. "Whitlam," Mundey remarks, "took us out of Vietnam and into the world."

Mundey is a former president of the Communist Party of Australia—a body with about six thousand members, which has considerable influence in trade-union affairs. The Party, which claims independence of Soviet Communism, condemned the Russian repression of the Czechoslovak uprising and protests the persecution of Soviet dissidents. Consequently, in the nineteen-sixties two other Communist groups came into being in Australia: the Socialist Party of Australia, an incorrigibly pro-Soviet faction with about eight hundred members, which has some voice in union matters, and a Maoist group with about four hundred members and negligible influence.

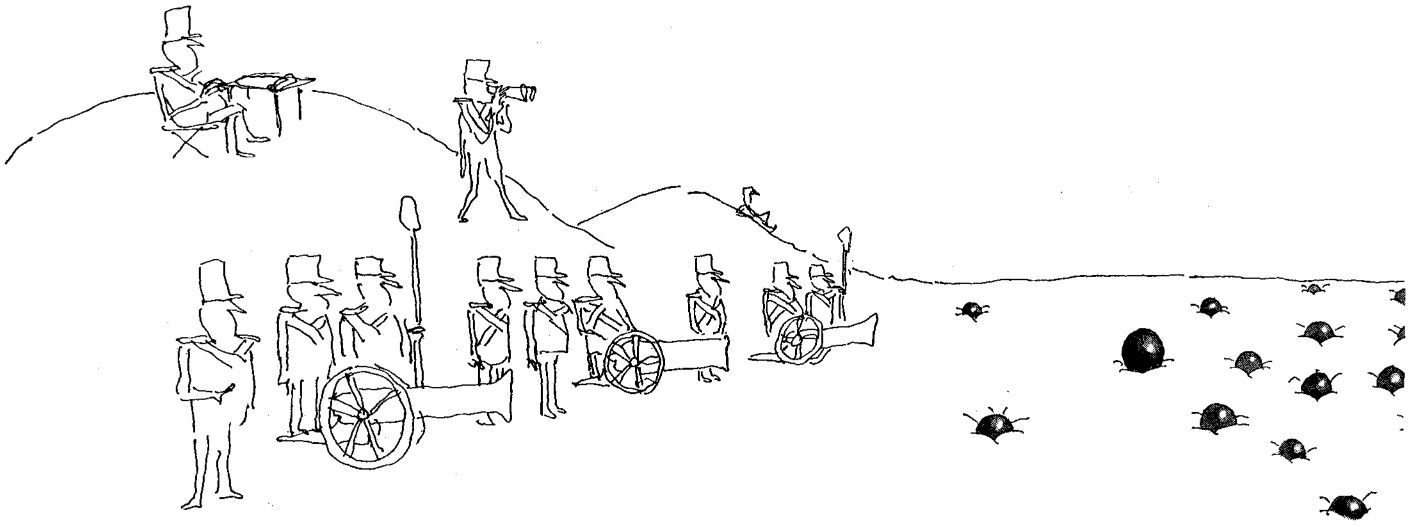
Mundey is not invited to Soviet congresses, and one sees why. He is as uncompromising about Soviet developers as he is about those at home. "The U.S.S.R. poisons its rivers as effectively as the United States," he says. "They mimic America." Alluding to his difficulty in obtaining a visa for a brief visit to the United States, he remarks that he is "probably the only Communist banned in both Russia and America." Mundey's Communist affiliation, however, perturbs non-union supporters of his enlightened actions. One environmentalist leniently observed that Mundey's faith, at this date, in solutions provided by Communism revealed "incurable romanticism;" others have taken a less indulgent view.

Inevitably, the Green Bans movement lost some impetus as unemployment rose and the need for jobs took precedence. It is ironic, however, that the movement should have been subdued by economic recession—a "solution" that big business cannot welcome. And there is no doubt that Mundey and his colleagues have tapped an immense new source of public power in Australia, which has yet to reveal its full potential.

A GENERATION ago, Australia was a country whose writers, painters, musicians, and actors went abroad, in search not only of audiences and professional facilities but also of a congenial atmosphere, intellectual stimulation, and human affinities. Abroad with them, too, went much of their putative Australian public—young Australians who sought work in Britain or in Europe, where, as they sometimes explained, it was more "civilized." (The United States was virtually closed to them through a minimal immigration quota.) The drain was

BAR
PHIL'S PLACE

"I commend you, Phil, on your evenhanded resolution of the dispute."



not only an overtly cultural one but also a drawing off of liveliness and self-humor: a hiatus in the circulation of ideas. A country deserted by its own most spirited citizens, moreover, was not one that spontaneously attracted gifted settlers from elsewhere.

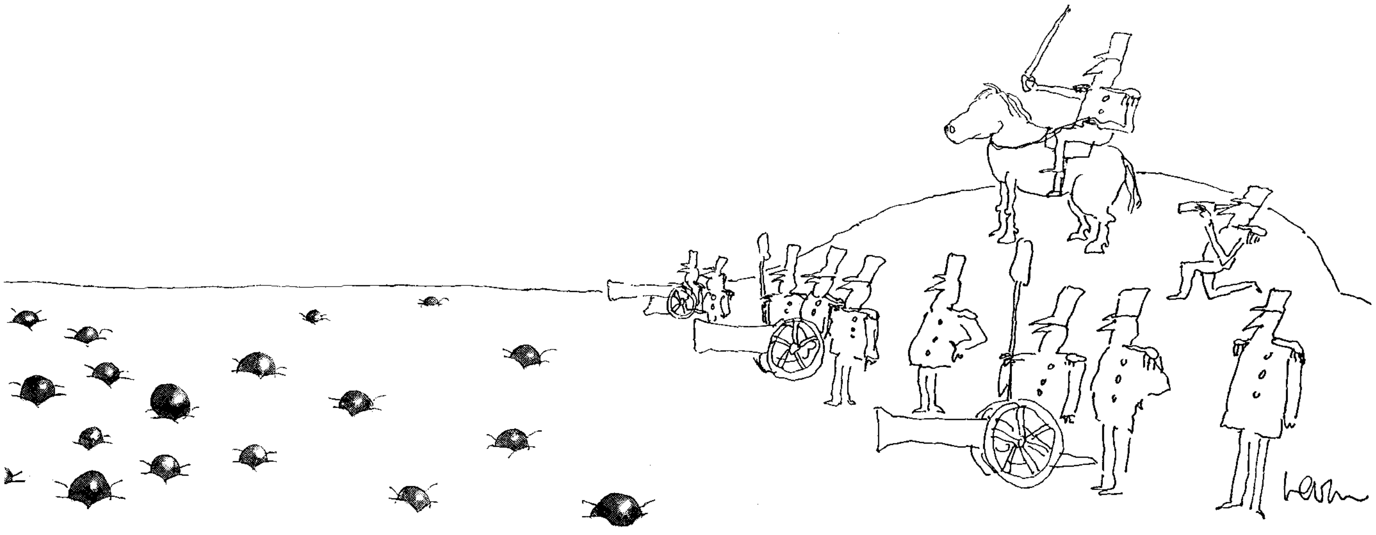
For Australia, it seemed a life sentence to boredom. Those talents who remained had to settle for the moral satisfactions of obscurity. In the past, when Australians were not actively hostile to the arts they were often apathetic, or the creative spirit found itself trapped in a claustrophobic circle of earnestly "artistic" supporters—in itself a powerful incitement to the one-way ticket. The writer Alan Moorehead has described how, as a youth, he "devoted a good deal of energy to escaping" from his native Australia: "That was my plan and soon I began to think of almost nothing else. At last in May 1936 I got away." The novelist and playwright Sumner Locke Elliott, who left Australia in 1948 to settle in the United States, wrote of the "other country" of the mind which in the same era sustained a sensitive Australian adolescent: "Not geographical but an idea, a scheme. Something to do with imagination and viewpoint and not necessarily the sole property of the well-to-do. He could recognize the people who knew about it. . . . They were capable of being amused in some different way."

That is past. It is hard to do justice to the transformation, in recent decades, of Australia's cultural life. Australians today travel or migrate, like other people, out of inclination or necessity or for varied experience, and many disenchanted or homesick immigrants leave Australia annually for other shores; but the almost mandatory, and in many cases permanent, expatriation in search of cultural stimulus is over. In twenty years, Australia has bloomed into a country of intense artistic activity, with its own style, imagination, and viewpoint, "capable of being amused in some different way." If this change is in part inexplicable and in part due to altered and less hospitable conditions abroad, it is one that had been gathering—like other recent Australian mutations—for many years.

Literature is the creative form least subdued by isolation and adversity, and Australia has had a written narrative since the earliest years of colonization. Looking into the magnificent archive of Sydney's Mitchell Library, one might feel that Australian literature had its genesis in the records of early British settlers and explorers, whose journals and logbooks are often composed with the stylish directness of a novel. Australian themes naturally preoccupied the colony's first writers, but when the literary vein appeared it was frequently naïve to the point of inadvertence or self-consciously emulative of prevailing British forms. Poets emerged as early as 1819, when a friend of Charles Lamb's by the name of Barron Field published "The First Fruits of Australian Poetry." And in the latter part of the nineteenth century a handful of true poets and novelists appeared among the balladeers, with works—such as James Brunton Stephens' "Convict Once," Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms," and Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life"—that endure as literature rather than as curiosities.

It was in William Gosse Hay, however, that a rich, original talent was first linked to a distinctively Australian consciousness—a consciousness that realized and defined itself exclusively through the English language, immune from linguistic infusions such as those that shaped the American ethos. Hay was born in 1875, and by the early years of this century was producing the "historical" novels dealing with convict life which form the body of his work. "The Escape of the Notorious Sir William Heans" is his masterpiece—and the word may be used without apology of this flawed but strangely beautiful novel, in which tension created by psychological contrast overwhelms the high drama of the events themselves. Its recent reissue in paperback, by the South Australian publisher Rigby, may prefigure recognition for an eccentric and poetic writer who has not held, even in Australia, the reputation either of Marcus Clarke, before him, or of Henry Handel Richardson, who was Hay's contemporary. Hay met a peculiarly Australian end, in 1945, dying—his publisher informs us—from "over-exertion in fighting a bushfire." His natural heir in Australian fiction—whose life and literary genius both offer curious parallels to Hay's—was by then well embarked on his own prodigious career.

Patrick Victor Martindale White was born in England in 1912 to Australian parents; "transported" to Australia as an infant; shunted back to England for an unhappy schooling, during which he was taunted with his Australianness; and, before going up to Cambridge to study modern languages, spent two years as a jackeroo, or sheep hand, in the Australian outback. As a young man, he lived in London and travelled in Europe, and when the Second World War broke out he had already produced his first novel, "Happy Valley," which was praised by the young and prescient Graham Greene. White relates that, during wartime service in the Royal Air Force, "in the Western Desert of Egypt, I conceived the idea of one day writing a novel about a megalomaniac German, probably an explorer in Nineteenth Century Australia." This German was



eventually to become White's marvellous Voss.

White returned to Australia after the war and bought a farm close to Sydney, where he lived for eighteen years, suffering painfully from asthma, and from local hostility—this time to his Englishman's speech and manner. He also suffered from Australian indifference to his third novel, "The Aunt's Story," and the chauvinistic indignation that greeted its successor, "The Tree of Man." And "Voss," appearing in 1957, fared no better with Australian reviewers, who considered it, in White's words, "mystical, ambiguous, obscure." But White was acquiring a discriminating public abroad—particularly in England, among readers who do not rotate in literary circles. Australians, moreover, were changing their cultural attitudes, and—as White has described it—"by the time 'The Solid Mandala' appeared [in 1966], it was realized I might be something they had to put up with."

All White's novels have been large books on profound and essential themes; but it is the precision of sensibility and the wit and subtlety with which the author's moral view is focussed that excite the reader. And this union of the formidable and delicate is reproduced in the man. White, at sixty-four, is himself large, imposing, deeply serious: a solitary intelligence. At the same time, he is fine-featured, humorous, sociable, fastidious, and warmly kind. An affectionate companion to his friends, he abominates publicity and "celebrity" antics. He has said that the faults he finds most difficult to overlook are avarice and self-admiration. On rare occasions, he has appeared publicly on behalf of causes he holds worthy of the effort—speaking at a rally for Gough Whitlam held in a Sydney theatre during the bitter election of 1975, and testifying in court against Australia's Neanderthal laws of literary censorship. Last June, White returned his Order of Australia, a decoration inaugurated during Whitlam's Prime Ministership, saying he no longer had respect for Sir John Kerr, who, as Governor-General, heads the Order.

White's postwar return to Australia, at a time when the country's talents were flowing abroad, constituted a one-man reversal of the brain drain. He gives the impression of reading everything of interest being produced in Australia—or, for that matter, anywhere else—and the names of contemporary Australian poets and novelists recur in his conversation: Randolph Stow, Murray Bail, David Malouf, Rodney Hall, Geoffrey Lehmann. The extent to which the country's best writers are at ease now with their Australian material, neither depreciating it nor giving it forced consequence, derives in some measure from White's mastery of indigenous themes. In the same way—like great writers before him in other lands—he has enabled his countrymen to discern and interpret their essence.

White, who from time to time still visits Europe and the United States, and speaks of London as his favorite city, now lives near Sydney's Centennial Park, in a simple house he shares with a scholarly and charming friend. (The park, a veritable countryside of five hundred acres within minutes of the city's business district, is one of Mundey's Green Ban success stories: a stadium and sports complex were to be built there, but, through the combined opposition of residents and unionists, were transferred to a more appropriate site.) White's quiet garden overlooks the park; little can be seen of downtown Sydney. Inside, the house is serene and comfortable, with an almost Mediterranean bloom of light and color. There are handsome rugs, walls of books, and in every room paintings by modern and mostly Australian artists—Brett Whiteley, Rodney Milgate, the scientist John Stockdale, Tony Coleing, Stanislaus Rapotec, the scenic designer Desmond Digby, and White's great friend Sidney Nolan. A constant supporter of living painters and purchaser of their works, White has in recent years given more than fifty paintings from his collection to the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

White does his own housework and—consummately—his own cooking: avocations unexpected in a writer whose most sympathetic characters often incline to scruffiness, and one of whose best short stories, "Down at the Dump," takes place on a refuse heap. "Patrick," a friend says of him, "is a perfectionist."

White can make sardonic observations in his deep, slow, distinctive voice, which is now predominantly Australian, and one feels that little escapes his—to adapt one of his own phrases—"mineral stare." But generosity is foremost among the strong impressions he makes on a visitor. Consistency, he says, is the quality he most values in men, and his life is itself the record of an obdurate integrity. He is deeply loyal to his friends, among whom are a number of writers, including the novelist Elizabeth Harrower and the poet and critic Elizabeth Riddell, and one understands why they speak of his presence at Sydney as a source of reassurance.

Explaining that "there is nothing I want," White used the money from his 1973 Nobel Prize for Literature to establish an annual award of approximately ten thousand dollars to an Australian writer. The three recipients to date are the novelist Christina Stead and the poets David Campbell and John Blight.

White's new novel, "A Fringe of Leaves," to be published in the United

States by the Viking Press this month, draws in part on the weirdly Australian story of Mrs. Eliza Fraser, who was shipwrecked in 1836 on Fraser Island, a tropical paradise off the coast of Queensland. The island was named for her luckless husband, speared to death there by aborigines, who took his widow into their custody. Mrs. Fraser was befriended and rescued by an escaped convict who had lived with the aborigines, and whom—according to legend but in contrast to Patrick White's character, the triumphant Mrs. Roxburgh—she ultimately betrayed. Mrs. Fraser's story has been the theme, also, of a series of paintings by Sidney Nolan.

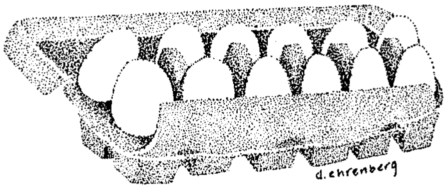
In "Voss," White's only other novel with a nineteenth-century setting, the "megalomaniac German" was presumably suggested by the figure of Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig Leichhardt, who met his death exploring northern Australia in the eighteen-forties. With his harsh, merciful, and beautiful "A Fringe of Leaves," White is returning to a similar source of narrative power, and, as he puts it, continuing to "people the Australian emptiness in the only way I am able."

Australian writers whose reputations were established during the nineteen-forties and fifties—the poets A. D. Hope and Judith Wright, the novelists Patrick White and Christina Stead—do not appear to loom like elders over a younger creative movement. The change in cultural context has been too abrupt for that. The outburst of literary vitality in modern Australia constitutes, as Peter Porter wrote last April in the *Times Literary Supplement*, "a whole new territory of achievement"—a revelation, and a reproach, to the outsider discovering it for the first time.

As in numerous aspects of current Australian life, one is struck by depth and seriousness—as distinct from solemnity—in these younger writers, who converse with wit and grace and a refreshing absence of didacticism. Australian writers, many of whom have travelled widely and lived abroad, doubtless experience a tedium and discouragement peculiar to their situation, but there is a freedom from fad here, and from stale introversion and infatuation with public "success," that they would possibly miss elsewhere. Australia's remoteness has forced them to look outward, and good writers here often have a large perspective not readily found in literary society overseas. Even when their material is deeply Australian, as in the fiction of Frank Moorhouse or Murray Bail, or in the poems of Les Murray, it is treated with the rueful truth of art. David Malouf's "Johnno," a chronicle of growing up in Queensland, deals with a universal adolescence, as does Hal Porter's immortal memoir, "The Watcher on the Cast-Iron Balcony." Of the younger novelists, only Thomas Keneally—who, like Morris West, rarely treats Australian themes—is known in the United States.

Book reviewing, which was once negligible in Australia, has markedly improved in both quality and extent in recent years. And in this sphere one is struck—as one also is in Australian academic circles—with the degree to which creative activity, rather than critical commentary, as yet maintains pre-eminence. Whereas prominent literary periodicals abroad increasingly give precedence to new works on politics, popular sociology, or criticism itself, in Australia it is still poets and novelists whose work predominates and matters. Thanks to a rapid, contingent expansion of independent local publishers—particularly of quality paperbacks—Australian authors are widely read in their own country. A good Sydney bookshop, like the excellent Clay's, at King's Cross, keeps hundreds of Australian titles available. One wonders how long the rest of the English-reading world will remain ignorant of these writers.

In 1944, two unsuccessful exhibitors brought suit at Sydney against the presentation of an award for portraiture—the Archibald Prize—to the Australian painter William Dobell for his depiction of a fellow-artist, Joshua Smith. The suit was brought on the ground that the picture, "having features distorted and exaggerated," could not be considered a likeness of the subject and therefore did not fulfill the conditions of the Archibald award. In October of that year, Dobell—a mild, reclusive man who could never, either then or now, be reasonably considered anything but a highly representational painter—appeared, together with the portrait, as defendant in the Supreme Court of New South Wales. In that month, too, the war in the Pacific and in Europe was entering its violent final phase: the Battle of Leyte Gulf was in progress; the debacle of Arnhem had just been enacted. These events, however, were displaced from Sydney headlines and conversation by "The Portrait of Joshua Smith." A very large proportion of Australians had never looked at a painting in their lives, but this oversight—traditionally no deterrent to the expression of categorical opinions on pictorial matters—seemed merely to inflame their interest in the novelty of the case. Dobell and his painting were objects of a general, vicious hilarity. Yet by its very engagement in the incident Australia showed that some cultural breaking point had been reached.



On the charge of distortion, a doctor of medicine testified for the plaintiffs, "The normal human neck has seven cervical vertebrae in it, and I think there would have to be at least ten to get that length of neck." To ludicrous harassment of the kind, Dobell responded with simple dignity:

> COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFFS: Did he at any time sitting before you appear to your eyes physically as he appears on that canvas now?
>
> DOBELL: You cannot answer a question like that yes or no, not on an artistic point of art.
>
> COUNSEL: Leave the art out for the moment.
>
> DOBELL: You cannot leave art out.

The suit was dismissed. But it had wrecked Dobell's health, bringing on a dermatitis that disabled him and permanently damaged his sight. (The portrait fared no better, being later all but destroyed by fire.) Predictably, Dobell (whose early painting "The Dead Landlord" inspired Patrick White's play "The Ham Funeral") was subsequently sought after by people of social prominence as a painter of commissioned portraits. The case illuminated the stark fact that, as far as contemporary painting was concerned, Australia had "left art out." Dobell, who had studied at the Slade School, in London, testified in court, "I was not called a modernist until I came to Australia. In London, I was regarded amongst artists and art students as academic." At that time—through visual incuriosity, paucity of reproductions, and meagreness of museum collections and exhibitions—even elementary knowledge of art history was uncommon in Australia, and Australians had virtually no exposure to modern pictures of quality. Competent Australian Impressionists of an earlier era had passed almost unnoticed even in their own country.

This is the background against which modern Australian art and taste have had to be nurtured. Change has taken directions in no way analogous to those of the literary scene. While increasing public recognition, in the nineteen-fifties, of Australian painters like Sidney Nolan and Russell Drysdale suggested that the country's cultural development might come through visual expression, it cannot be said that this has yet occurred. There is at present in Australia wide activity in painting and sculpture, and no dearth of commercial galleries where Australian artists may exhibit and sell—these developments naturally accompanied by vastly enlarged public interest. To judge by what is generally shown, however, there has been persistent emulation of the New York School and of its various sequels, possibly at the cost of original talent's remaining unrecognized or unfulfilled. It is symptomatic that the American art critic Clement Greenberg, delivering the John Power Lecture in Contemporary Art at Sydney University in 1968, should have directed the attention of his Australian audience to the centralized "common denominators of new art," and to "positions of leadership" in art styles, apparently without thought to the particular conditions, in many ways divergent from those overseas, in which Australian art potentially exists.

One has the feeling that discrimination, even on the level of mere professionalism, is not being fully exercised in regard to modern painting and sculpture in Australia. This is painful to say, not only since it is obviously through activity and encouragement that talent can emerge but also because much energy and care are being devoted to the presentation of current work. The gifted painter Fred Williams—an exhibition of whose gouaches will open at the Museum of Modern Art in New York this March—reveals refreshingly original capacities of discernment and execution in Tachiste landscapes of Australian sparsity, and there are other accomplished exceptions. But the majority of Australian painters appear for the present to have vicariously embraced the values and anxieties of American artistic life.

Counter to this clouded current runs an immensely expanded opportunity for painters and the public to see good pictures. It would be hard to exaggerate the importance to Australians of the exhibition entitled "Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," which visited Sydney and Melbourne in 1975, under the auspices of the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art. Made possible by Australian government indemnification and by the coöperation of the Alcoa Foundation and the Australia Council for the

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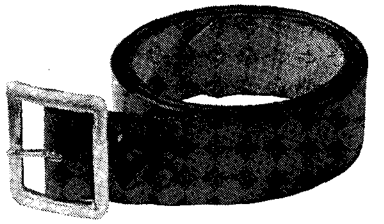

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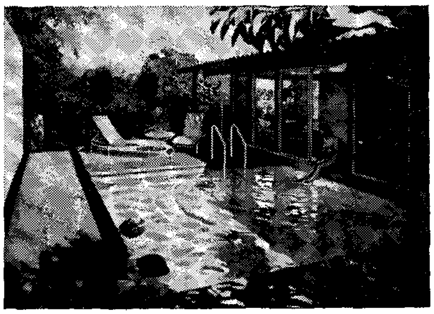

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Arts—with the vigorous personal encouragement of Gough Whitlam, then Prime Minister—the show had a paid attendance of more than three hundred and fifty thousand. Thousands of students were admitted free, hundreds of them flown, under special government grant, from distant parts of the country. An edition of ninety thousand catalogues sold out. For the first time, Australians who had not travelled abroad had the chance to see a body of fine modern pictures—by Cézanne, Matisse, Braque, Picasso—and, as the local press put it, it was "the blockbuster of the year." Relatively few paintings of supreme quality were sent on the arduous journey, and the exhibition, though by definition comprehensive, was not free of the Museum of Modern Art's endemic lacunae (one Soutine, no Jacques Villon). Nonetheless, it marked, in its positive way, as much of a turning point as the persecution of William Dobell had thirty years before. Since then, other exhibitions have visited Australia—notably, under a similar arrangement with the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art, a show of Fernand Léger at the Art Gallery of South Australia, which coincided, at Adelaide last March, with a fine exhibition of ancient sculpture from Thailand.

As far as permanent collections are concerned, a visit to a museum of art in Australia is—if one excepts the gallery at Melbourne—a sobering experience. It is obviously late for the acquisition of any but isolated examples of the great European masters, and the absence of important private collections—a lack that throws into relief Australia's present cultural expansion—leaves little prospect of endowments. Yet one must question the wisdom of expending, toward the creation of a National Gallery, at Canberra, disproportionately large sums on modern canvases. The effect of Australia's publicized payment of two million dollars for Jackson Pollock's "Blue Poles" three years ago has inevitably been to drive dealers' prices into bizarre regions. (Last October, the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, paid an almost identical sum for Pollock's "Lavender Mist.") An indifferent De Kooning was acquired for a comparably exaggerated price. The National Gallery collection, of which an advance view was given last March at Adelaide, already includes, also, works by Frank Stella, Arshile Gorky, and Brancusi. Funds should, of course, be generously available for the assembling of Australian museum collections, and people associated with the recent purchases feel that Australian galleries have been offered important works as a result of the large outlays of the past few years. Yet this public-relations approach is not without its own dangers, as observers of museum practices in the United States would be the first to know. Australia's long-deferred interest in painting has, in fact, burgeoned at an uneasy moment—in both creativity and market—for the world of art.

WHEN the Labor government came to power in 1972, one of Whitlam's first concerns was to reconstitute and greatly increase the existing official support for the arts. The Australia Council for the Arts, which is now a statutory body, was divided into seven boards—for literature, music, theatre, visual arts, aboriginal arts, crafts, and radio, television, and film—with an annual budget of, at its best, about twenty million dollars. A large proportion of the funds went to assist the performing arts: theatre, orchestras, the Australian Opera, and the Australian Ballet, which in 1976 visited the United States and Britain. Grants were made to artists and craftsmen, and fellowships in literature, amounting to two hundred and sixty-nine in Labor's first two years of office, exceeded the total of such awards made in the preceding thirty-four years. The sums involved—modest for an entire nation—were imaginatively used. Under Whitlam, the Australian government established a Public Lending Right scheme, whereby Australian authors receive federal payment for use of their books in public libraries, and funds for libraries themselves were substantially increased. Commercial publishers were enabled to apply to the Australia Council for subsidies toward the production of new books of literary merit but unpredictable sales.

Whitlam is at his best speaking on this theme of assistance to the arts, which was linked to regeneration of the education system. It is not easy to imagine any other world leader holding and expounding these sentiments:

> Now, I'm not a believer in quantity for its own sake, but it seems clear that the wider we cast the net... the more likely it is that genuine creative talent will prosper and works of true value emerge. I have always acknowledged that no form of public subsidy can guarantee high standards of artistic achievement. The arts by their very nature—solitary, individualistic, temperamental, profoundly personal as the creative impulse is—will never respond predictably to public investment, if I may use that term, in the same way that investment

in industrial growth or even scientific research may be relied upon to yield results. The investment in the arts... will produce a fair amount of dross. It will attract its quota of charlatans and mediocrities. For every mute inglorious Milton brought to light, ten thousand lesser talents will survive. That is the price we pay and I believe it is a price worth paying. I go further: a healthy artistic climate does not depend solely on the work of a handful of supremely gifted individuals. It demands the cultivation of ability and talent at all levels. It demands that everyday work, run-of-the-mill work, esoteric and unpopular work should be given a chance; not so much in the hope that genius may one day spring from it, but because, for those who make the arts their life and work, even modest accomplishment is an end in itself and a value worth encouraging. The pursuit of excellence is a proper goal, but it is not the race itself....

But even with the most generous and imaginative schemes the arts cannot be grafted on to a society that is barren and hostile to artistic life. The soil must be fertile, the climate propitious. In the long run, public appetites for literature and the arts depend on the kind of society we create.

Whitlam's scheme of cultural assistance was scarcely launched before it came under attack from the wowsers, or killjoys, of whom Australia possesses more than a fair share. Predictably, with Whitlam's removal from office the axe fell on culture, heavily. The Australia Council, with its boards, was one of Fraser's first targets for incapacitating reductions, and these have now extended to most forms of government assistance to the arts.

Fraser's Liberals were also quick to assert a stronger government influence over the Australian Broadcasting Commission (an institution, analogous to Britain's BBC, that has long performed essential cultural services for Australia, particularly in the field of music). Last October—in an action vehemently resisted, and eventually thwarted, by members of the ABC staff—the Commission's new management attempted to "evaluate" in advance a series of radio lectures prepared by an eminent Australian historian, Professor Manning Clark. Professor Clark is known to be critical of Sir John Kerr's dismissal of the Whitlam government.

AUSTRALIA FELIX—the fertile southeastern region of Australia, over which one travels on the thousand-mile journey from Sydney to the state of South Australia—is an agreeable introduction to the city of Adelaide: possibly the last well-planned, well-governed, and moderately contented metropolis on earth. Adelaide, which was founded in 1836 by free settlers and named for the consort of King William IV, is indebted for its humane and graceful plan to Colonel William Light, Surveyor General of the colony of South Australia, during the settlement's first two years. Light, whose life is recounted in Geoffrey Dutton's admirable "Founder of a City," was of mixed British and Malayan blood—the son of a colonial Englishman, Captain Francis Light, who founded Penang. An adventurous life as sailor, soldier, and adviser in Egypt to the Pasha culminated in Colonel Light's appointment at Adelaide, where he died, in 1839, a victim of particularly malign strokes of fate. Contrasting the setting of Light's Far Eastern childhood with that of his mature achievement, Dutton has observed, "Penang was the old-style colony of the white man's burden—which means a burden carried for the white man by a yellow, brown, or black man. South Australia was the potent, new-style colony where the white man carried the burden himself." In the earlier settlements of Australia, the white man as convicted felon had in fact borne the burden for his free white brother; Adelaide was a new expression of Australian growth—a city without convict labor.

"You will make the streets of ample width"—so ran William Light's official instructions—"and arrange them with reference to the convenience of the inhabitants and the beauty and salubrity of the town; and you will make the necessary reserves for squares, public walks, and quays." Adelaide—whose inhabitants now number eight hundred and eighty thousand, out of a state population of one and a quarter million—can still claim to be the City of Light, the original design and its benevolent intentions having been respected throughout the city's expansion, and many examples of fine early architecture having been preserved. A central square mile of modern commercial and civic buildings is surrounded by fine parks; beyond these, the city gives way to garden suburbs, innocent of skyscrapers, which stretch on one side to the southern sea and on the other to the Mount Lofty Range. The Mount Lofty hills, unspoiled except for a few deplorable scars of quarries, reach northward, in a light of intense clarity, through a countryside of crops and grazing, and toward the vineyards of the Barossa Valley, which produce some of the best Australian wines. Barossa (the name, a misspelling of the Spanish Barrosa, is a relic of

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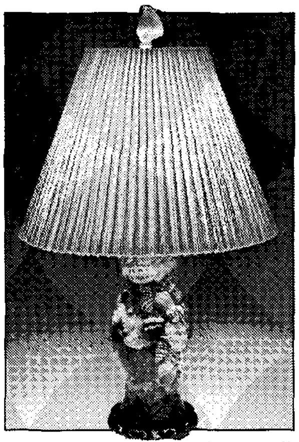

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Colonel Light's service in the Peninsular War) was settled in the eighteen-forties by Lutherans fleeing religious persecution in Germany. It is one of few areas in Australia where a European community has maintained, over generations, distinct traditions, and where rudiments exist of a dialect—this one derived from Australian English and Silesian German.

In recent years, "the beauty and salubrity" of Adelaide, and of the state of South Australia, have been the responsibility of Donald Dunstan, who has been an interesting figure in South Australian politics since the nineteen-fifties and state premier consecutively since 1970. The state Labor Party, which Dunstan heads, came to power in 1965, ending thirty-two years of Liberal-Country Party coalition rule. At the state level, Dunstan's objectives resemble those of Whitlam's now demolished federal program: higher standards of community welfare and education, legislation toward greater racial and social tolerance, economic stimulus through government initiatives, consumer protection, an active commitment to the arts, and the prevention of unplanned development and foreign exploitation. Where Whitlam emanates high pressure, however, Dunstan is cool and complex.

Donald Dunstan—Donny Boy or Don Baby, he is called by his enthusiastic constituents—is a private man whose reputation rests, paradoxically, on accessibility and responsiveness. His family background is, like Whitlam's, an establishment one: his father was a prosperous South Australian businessman with interests in the Fiji Islands, where Dunstan was born, in 1926. A brilliant scholar, who practiced law before entering Parliament, Dunstan has pursued classical studies and literary interests throughout his long political career, and has been a principal force in the modern growth of cultural amenities in South Australia. Even in a more provincial era, South Australia maintained humanitarian and progressive attitudes (South Australian women received the vote in 1894, preceded in the world only by those of New Zealand), and has been well disposed toward men of intellect in public life. The present state chief justice, John Bray, a poet and classical scholar, has translated French poets ("None later than Ronsard"); the recent governor, the distinguished physicist Sir Mark Oliphant, was succeeded in December by Australia's first aboriginal state governor, Sir Douglas Nicholls.

Dunstan, who is slight in build and youthful in appearance, is divorced and has three grown children. He walks about Adelaide unattended, doing his own shopping and becoming a target for appeals, grievances, and commendation from fellow-citizens. At first sight an unlikely father figure, he has developed an authority related to his reserve. Australian public men do not in general adopt the ferocious, teeth-baring smiles of their counterparts abroad, and Dunstan, in particular, has a courteous listening manner that promises seriousness. If South Australians occasionally grumble that "Dunstan is too good to be true," this seems to a visitor a complaint imbued with a certain luxury.

The Premier's office, in Adelaide's central square mile, is a light, modern suite of rooms panelled in pale South Australian pine and carpeted in sienna red. Polite young men apologize to a waiting interviewer for a politician's statutory delay, and pretty girls in sun dresses offer magazines. Books about South Australian painters lie on glossy black tables. Dunstan arrives in a cream linen safari suit, handsome, sunburned, immaculate: blue eyes, graying longish hair, muscular short arms. Despite informality, he has remarkable dignity and, apart from occasional twisting of a large green ring, shows complete self-possession. He has, like many Australians, a soft voice, and in conversation gives an impression of strength. He is free of the self-importance that comes from doing harm. One of his staff has said, "Dunstan does not drive. He expects."

Dunstan wants his state "to be an example," as he puts it, "not only for Australia but for the democratic world," and to demonstrate that accessible, responsible modern government can be achieved and great cities humanely administered. Relatively poor in natural resources, South Australia has suffered unemployment in its automobile industry and among small manufacturers; but Dunstan is opposed to unplanned growth for the sake of ready profits, and he deplores the environmental damage that has occurred, for instance, in the state of Queensland under its controversial premier, Joh Bjelke-Petersen. Dunstan would like to see Adelaide's population limited to about a million. Controls on land prices and conditions imposed on real-estate development have been an important part of his design for the impartial protection of communities. A new city had been planned at Monarto, fifty-five miles southeast of Adelaide, near the Murray River. Slow population growth in Adelaide and financial stringency at present keep Monarto on the drawing board, but Dunstan—in the spirit, one feels, of Colonel Light—has already had extensive planting carried out at the site.

Dunstan's resolve, and his ambition, will soon be tested by larger challenges—such as a recent proposal to set up a large uranium-enrichment plant near Adelaide. To many onlookers, it seems probable that Dunstan will one day be Prime Minister of Australia. Whatever his feeling about that, he points out that his party's position in the state legislature is at present precarious and that he could not desert state politics in such circumstances. He has, he says, much to do in South Australia, and believes that it may be years before the Australian Labor Party can regain national influence. One cannot help reflecting that the years of the political calendar pass more rapidly than those of normal almanacs, and are further accelerated by the emergence of compelling figures.

Outside Dunstan's office, in Victoria Square, a small group of reporters stands waiting with a television crew. On the outskirts of the gathering, a genial man in an open-necked shirt explains, "It's the centenary of the Adelaide Children's Hospital. A deputation is arriving for a small ceremony." On learning that he is speaking to a visitor from abroad, he goes on, "I'm the Minister of Health. Come up and have a cup of tea."

THE Adelaide Festival of Arts, held every two years at the end of the Australian summer, was under way some years before Dunstan came to power in South Australia, but Dunstan's close interest in the festival had its effect on the expansion and completion of the Festival Centre. Even those unsympathetic to the centralization of the arts in such complexes must be impressed by the lovely parkland setting of this one, and the extent to which it has already become almost a natural feature of the city. Performances are held there throughout the year, but the biennial Festival of Arts is a three-week program of intense activity in music, dance, and drama, with numerous soloists and companies converging on Adelaide from abroad and from elsewhere in Australia. One of the festival's opening events, however, is its literary component, Writers' Week.

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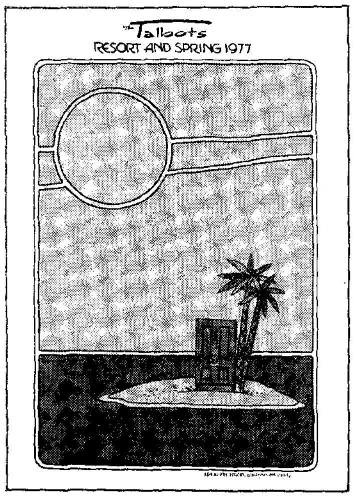

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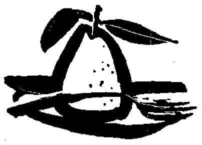
two or three hundred authors from Australia and overseas sat under olive trees to be wined and dined in South Australian sunshine and hear themselves made welcome by Dunstan and dignitaries of the festival. Absent, and the objects of less cordiality, were the principal invited guests from the United States, most of whom had withdrawn at the eleventh hour from a program planned months in advance. Some had not bothered with explanations; others had telegraphed serious reasons for their last-minute desertion—excuses that, arriving en masse on the eve of the festival, were greeted in the press with inevitable, if unjustified, skepticism. On returning to New York, I was told by one such defector that the festival administrators had been thought unreasonable in suggesting that their invited guests stay three weeks in Australia: "A month out of your life!" Perhaps, in the light of such incuriosity, Macaulay's antipodean traveller might consider taking up his stand on Brooklyn, rather than London, Bridge, and at an early date.

In a graver context, the Russian poet Bella Akhmadulina was at the last moment refused an exit visa for her journey to Australia, her place at Adelaide being taken by a Georgian poet, Joseph Noneshvili (together with a distinctly inartistic official "companion"). Jiri Mucha, the Czech writer and son of the Art Nouveau designer Alphonse Mucha, was similarly prevented from attending. Other foreign authors at the festival quickly filled the gaps—the English poets Ted Hughes and Adrian Mitchell appearing instead of James Baldwin, Jonathan Miller taking the place of Tennessee Williams, and the Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka fulfilling the engagement of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. The dilemma of Writers' Week was, ultimately, one of an *embarras de richesses*, with literary events taking place throughout the day and in the evening.



One morning during Writers' Week, in an outdoor setting near the Festival Centre, Dunstan joined the Australian poets Rosemary Dobson and David Campbell and the actress Daphne Grey in a reading of works by the late South Australian poet Francis Webb. As Dunstan stood up, in his white safari suit, surrounded by hundreds of attentive listeners, I asked a member of his staff whether any bodyguard was present in the audience. He smiled, and answered, "Let me put it this way. One bloke on Dunstan's staff is a karate expert. But he's off sick today."

An English guest of the festival possibly spoke for many overseas visitors when he remarked, "Before I came here, I looked on this invitation as a means of having a trip round the world. Now the world has become peripheral: the big experience has been Australia."

THE smallest and, with less than half a million inhabitants, least populous of the Australian states, the island of Tasmania—named for the Dutchman Abel Tasman, who skirted its coast in 1642—has the most poignant history of all Australia's early settlements. Like other parts of Australia, Tasmania was sighted in the eighteenth century by French ships but colonized at last by the British, who landed there in 1803 from Sydney and took possession by establishing a convict compound. The colony, at Hobart, in southern Tasmania, proceeded first to repeat the privations endured a decade earlier in Sydney, then—as a prison for second offenders—to intensify them, and subsequently to extend itself into a handsome little stone town constructed by convict labor and replete with the convict experience. No other Australian city has remained so close to the stark drama of the nation's origins as Hobart, in its magnificent setting on the Derwent estuary, detached from the Australian mainland, and half a world away from Britain or the United States.

Tasmania's early colonial story was brutal. On the one hand, convicts at Hobart and nearby Port Arthur suffered barbarities—curiously intermixed with official efforts at rehabilitation, education, and the sequestration of juveniles. On the other hand, the Tasmanian aborigines were—through displacement, persecution, and deportation—the object of an eventually "successful" campaign of extermination. The last pureblood Tasmanian aborigine died a hundred years ago. (Although the obliteration of the Tasmanian aborigines is more widely known and condemned, mainland tribes were extinguished during the same period. In her remarkable book "The Passing of the Aborigines," Daisy Bates records the swift reduction of Western Australian tribes driven into the arid wilderness: "So easily had the white man won.") In Tasmania, as in New South Wales, free settlers were encouraged early, and their weirdly genteel lives at the end of the earth have been depicted in novels by

William Gosse Hay, and now in Patrick White's "A Fringe of Leaves." Unimaginable loneliness was the lot of all those who, perforce or voluntarily, created what are now, miraculously, the civil and welcoming towns of Tasmania.

By the mid-nineteenth century, when clipper ships could manage the journey from England to Australia in four months or so, Hobart was a busy port on a route swept by favorable winds (the "roaring forties"), and an important depot for whaling and sealing vessels. The present city bears signs of its eccentric past in groups of harmonious port and civic buildings and in the archive of its fine museum and art gallery. Hobart, in fact, suggests itself—in setting, historic context, and compactness—as a prime object for scrupulous preservation; yet it has of recent years been subjected to almost inconceivable acts of high-rise vandalism. In this, the city is a microcosm of the entire island, where conservation—in Tasmania, manifestly synonymous with survival—has become an urgent and central concern.

Much of Tasmania is mountain wilderness, some of it only roughly mapped, much of it inhospitable to the large-scale industrial expansion taking place in other states of Australia. In past years, Tasmanian administrations—which for four decades have been almost consecutively controlled by Labor—sought to create a new prosperity through the development of hydroelectric power to attract industries from the mainland. Increasing costs of transport and new sources of mainland power have acted against this scheme, but the state's Hydro-Electric Commission continues, in the way of bureaucracies, to justify its expanded existence with new, ambitious hydroelectric undertakings whose need and purpose are unclear and whose environmental impact has become catastrophic.

In Tasmania, as in other ecologically threatened areas of Australia, public realization of danger was slow—at first urged only by a handful of prescient persons, foremost among them a heroic New Australian: Olegas Truchanas, who arrived in Tasmania in 1948, having been displaced by war. Born in Lithuania in 1923, he had fought in the Lithuanian Resistance against the Nazis and had fled to West Germany at the end of the war, when his country was reoccupied by Soviet Russia. In Germany, he entered Munich University, but he was soon sent on with other students to a camp for displaced persons, and ultimately came to Tasmania under the Australian government's migration scheme—which at the time provided fares subject to repayment and imposed an obligatory two years' assigned labor. Olegas Truchanas pushed hand trucks for a metal company near Hobart for his first two Australian years, and his parents and sister arrived as migrants under his sponsorship.

Truchanas gradually began to make excursions into the Tasmanian wilderness, through the mountain ranges and the heavily wooded valleys of the island's unexplored southwest. He became an expert climber and bushman, making longer and longer treks into uninhabited regions, and designing a special kayak in which he navigated, through rapids, an uncharted stretch of the Gordon River. He also became a master photographer, patiently charting the wilderness with a camera. In 1956, Truchanas married a beautiful Tasmanian, who shared his interests and his powers of endurance. The house he built for his new family was destroyed, along with his archive of photographs, in a disastrous bushfire that swept the outskirts of Hobart in 1967.

In his explorations, and in his passion for Tasmania's wilderness, Truchanas himself was becoming something of a natural resource and was making his environmental interests felt in hostile areas. Tasmanian forests (now under ruthless attack from overseas wood-chip interests) have been depleted since the onset of colonization, when the indigenous Huon pine—rot-proof, and thus ideal for the construction of sailing ships—was dramatically reduced in the island; most of the workable stands of these trees, which require at least five hundred years to reach maturity, and exist only in Tasmania, were felled by convict labor before the mid-nineteenth century. When the last remaining stand of Huon pine was threatened by developers, in the nineteen-sixties, it was Truchanas who, by treks and photographs, disproved official assertions that another group of the trees had been sighted from the air in a supposedly inaccessible part of Tasmania, and imposed the doubtless unwelcome conclusion that the existing trees must be saved.

In the early sixties, the government of Tasmania had declared its intention of exploiting, in conjunction with the federal authorities, the southwestern region of the state through hydroelectric development, in a project that ultimately involved drastic incursion into a na-

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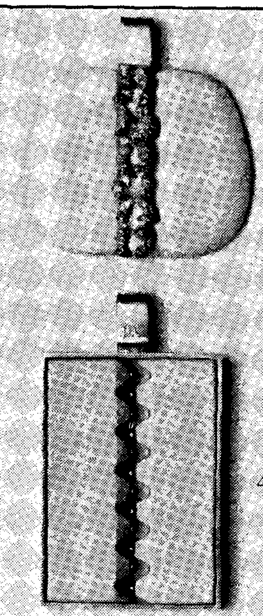

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tional park, with the obliteration of a magnificent lake valley through flooding. Truchanas, at the time himself employed by the Hydro-Electric Commission, was replacing his destroyed photographs during treks, and became intensely engaged with the fate of the threatened Lake Pedder. Since light planes could land on the lake's shingle, Tasmanians themselves grew aware of the beauty of the area, and a public protest was mounted. Truchanas repeatedly showed his slides in the Hobart Town Hall, to dramatic public response. But the engineers worked on. A citizens' deputation took an appeal to Canberra and obtained a federal inquiry. Whitlam, as Prime Minister, offered federal funds to circumvent the project—which the state government refused. Official imperviousness was extreme. The Tasmanian painter Max Angus, Truchanas's friend and memorialist, has written:

> Thousands of people of all ages had flown to the lake [during the controversy]. Incredibly, at Parliament House, in Hobart, decisions of the gravest consequence were reached by references to maps and documents alone while the reality lay less than sixty air miles from the seat of government.

The magnificent photographs by Truchanas are now the only record of Lake Pedder.

In 1972, Truchanas made another trek to the Gordon River, where, attempting to photograph a native plant, he slipped into rapids and was drowned. Photographs by Truchanas of obliterated or threatened areas of the Tasmanian wilderness were assembled in 1975 by Max Angus and published in a book, "The World of Olegas Truchanas," with explanatory text, the rights and proceeds being made over to Truchanas's widow, who continues his struggle. It is as difficult to believe in the order of deliberate loss revealed in Truchanas's photographic record as it is to read this book without tears.

WHEN Patrick White speaks of "the Australian emptiness," he refers to more than the vast, arid, almost uninhabited center of the continent. The "vacancy" noted by D. H. Lawrence has receded from Australian urban and intellectual life, and Australians of the nineteen-seventies are a travelled people; but a suffocating domesticity is still the portion of the suburban matron, just as a preoccupation with sports or money-making is the usual fate of her husband. Television programs, no less inane in Australia than elsewhere, and the obsessive playing of poker machines—part of an Australian gambling industry involving billions of dollars annually—provide evening entertainment for millions. Loneliness—historically the Australian specialty—has yet to be dislodged from its commanding position in the Australian countryside, in isolated mining towns, in the souls of migrants bound to accept utter unfamiliarity, and in the sense, at times, of a balancing act sustaining this decent nation in its incongruous South Seas. Distance, and the cost of retracing it, can make the outsider feel trapped; the lack of a European, as distinct from a British, consciousness can create a panic of remoteness.

Monotony bears down heavily on women, whose civilizing qualities remain largely passive in the Australian ethos, and whose plight in rural Australia has been a theme of novelists and poets—depicted with exquisite imagination in Patrick White's "The Tree of Man" and with painful immediacy in the novels of Kylie Tennant. The opportunity foregone by Gough Whitlam's inept adviser on women's affairs to dispel this incubus is being taken up by hardworking, knowledgeable women in the cultural field, and possibly no one has done more to bring Australia to maturity than Jean Battersby, Executive Officer of the Australia Council. Australian women, who have a special perspective on the crudities and indignities persisting in the life of their country, ultimately hold the key to resolving these.

Along with the cultural revolution of the past decade has come a countering retrenchment of Australian earthiness and nationalism. A corrosive national insecurity that in the past expressed itself in skeptical resentment of untried ideas and reflective pursuits is embodied in the modern "Ocker"—a word of disputed provenance summarizing, in the phrase of Max Harris, "the ugly Australian rampant." A legacy of colonial brutality and puritanical inhibition still sends the Ocker in search of sporadic release through "rorts" of formidable rowdiness and binds him to a veritable cult of intolerance and ethnocentricity. And the Ocker—in certain ways naïve, like his counterpart in other lands—is, in his combativeness, not invulnerable to political manipulation. The Australia where "there is still a chance to get things right" must perforce include this large, generally prosperous, and often angry faction unconvinced of a need for self-knowledge or change.

The visitor to Australian cultural enterprises who suddenly finds himself, for instance, on a Sydney-bound plane otherwise fully occupied by Australian surf lifesaving teams returning from championships at Hobart might wonder how any such reconciliation is to be effected. While he learns something of the Australian capacity for alcohol and oaths, he will hear, along with the inevitable choruses of "Waltzing Matilda" and "The Road to Gundagai," poignant songs from the First World War bawled by youths of eighteen, and at least one verse, recited by the planeload in unison, of a patriotic doggerel by now inculcated in generations of helpless Australian schoolchildren:

> I love a sunburnt country,
> A land of sweeping plains,
> Of ragged mountain ranges,
> Of droughts and flooding rains.
> I love her far horizons,
> I love her jewel-sea,
> Her beauty and her terror—
> The wide brown land for me!

By the conclusion of such a journey, with its distribution of broken glass and black eyes, and its powerful suggestion of imminent greater violence, "terror" is likely to become more than a poetic abstraction, and Australia's complex chance to get things right will seem in need of much time and infinite energies.

DISTANCE, which tyrannized drearily over Australian life for more than a century and a half, can now be seen to have conferred ultimate advantages of perspective, and to have conserved and nurtured roots of civilization. To say this is to comment on transformations in the rest of the modern world, which no longer offers an authoritative, ordered, or graceful example—or even the illusion of one—to raw Australia, but has in many ways become an object lesson in self-injury. Enlightened achievements in Australia may seem, by now, a reflection of possibilities lost elsewhere.

What has greatly changed and enlarged in Australia during the past decade, with meaning for all Australians, is the opportunity for the creative and original spirit to lead a congenial, productive existence—no small thing to say of any nation, and, for this one, a triumph over all the odds. The new uncertainty under which that hope and that vitality subsist is a regression in which no Australian may reasonably take satisfaction. For, as the poet David Malouf observes:

> Legends nowadays
> are hard to get started
> and the gods aren't easy
> to believe in, let alone
> offend.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

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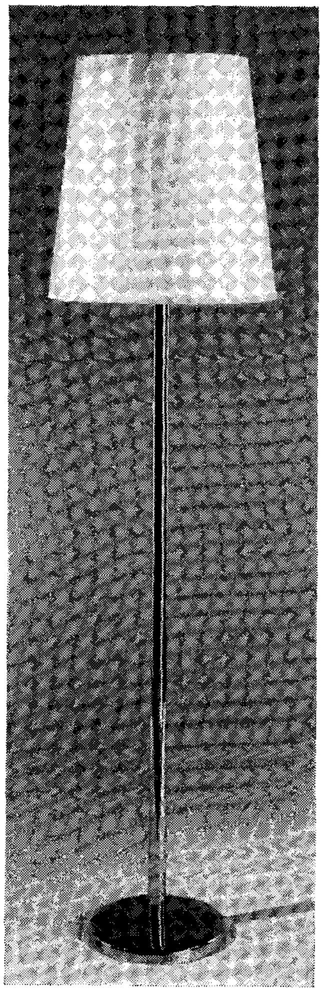


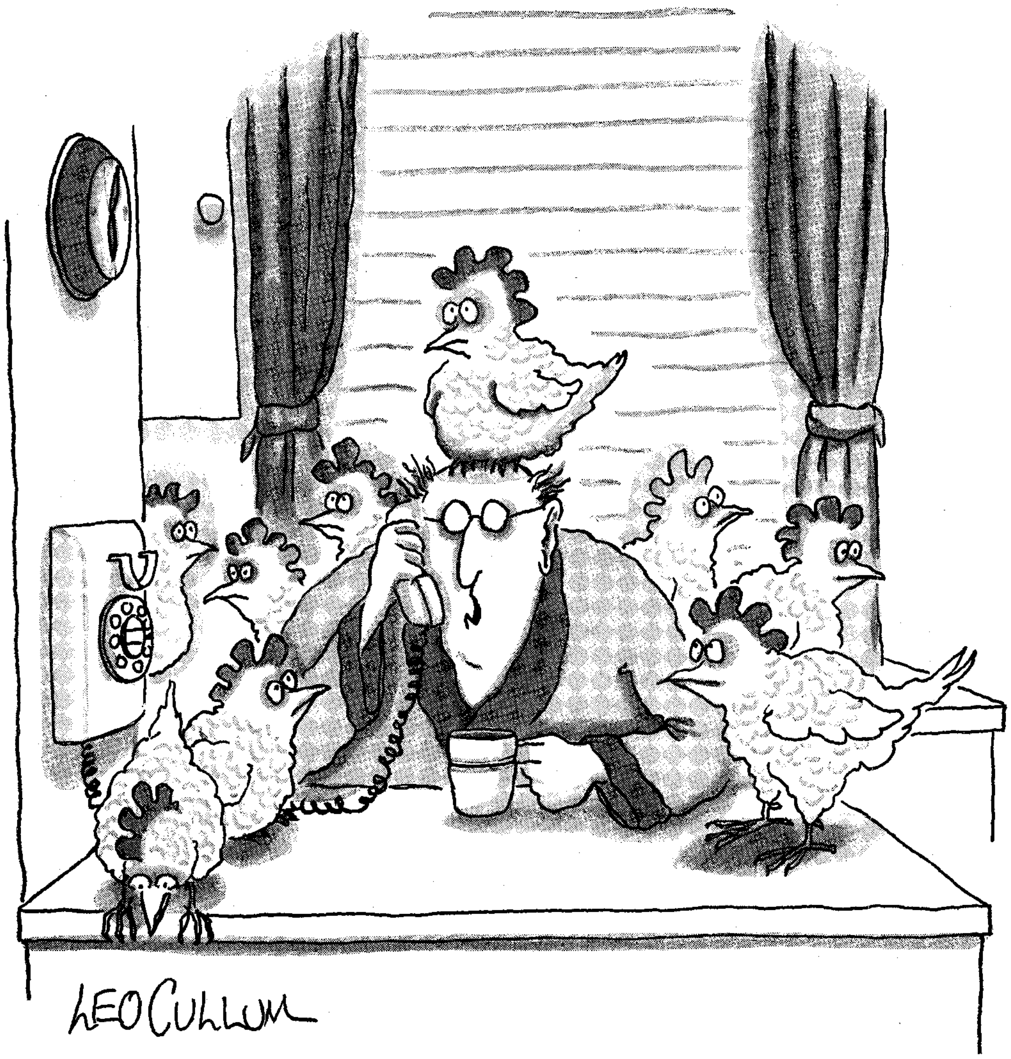
THE THEATRE

HAVING A GOOD TIME

I LIKE everything about "Your Arms Too Short to Box with God" except the title. True, there was a certain amount of wrestling in the Old Testament, if not with God then with an angel deputized by Him, but I don't recall any boxing; moreover, the musical that has just come stomping and handclapping into the Lyceum has to do with the New Testament and not with the Old. It is an evening-long gospel-sing drawn in the most informal manner from the Book of Matthew, and the title's pugilistic implication that God has the reach on us and can therefore outpoint us whenever He pleases is wholly at odds with the show itself, which is remarkably loving and tenderhearted. Jesus rides in triumph into Jerusalem, is assailed by the high priests, is tried by Pontius Pilate, is crucified, dies, is buried, and rises on the third day, and these events take place in a continuous tumult of song and dance, nearly all of it celebratory. Even poor Judas in his guilty writhings manages to convey an impression of suffering transformed into beauty. The Psalms urge us more than once to make a joyful noise unto the Lord, and this is precisely what "Y.A.T.S.T.B.W.G." does. Indeed, on opening night the audience threatened never to leave the theatre. It has been a long time since the Lyceum, the oldest surviving legitimate theatre in town, shook to such grateful shoutings.

The musical owes at least as much to Vinnette Carroll, who stitched the book together, as it does to St. Matthew. Most of the music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford, and the rest are by Micki Grant. The setting is a modest church, designed by William Schroder (who also did the costumes, which are, luckily, not so modest) and lighted by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., and the choreography, increasingly unecclesiastical as the evening proceeds, is by Talley Beatty. It is a church with a difference and a congregation with a difference; the minister in charge—a charming young actor named Clinton Derricks-Carroll—announces at the start, in song, "We're gonna have a good time," and the congregation and the audience take him at his word. The high point of the evening is reached when Delores Hall, whose voice is perfectly capable of reaching Kansas City, Missouri, without electronic amplification, belts out a hymn, "I Love You So Much, Jesus." She uses her voice ruthlessly, to scream with as well as to sing with, and the effect is almost literally hair-raising—an effect somewhat diminished for me by the fact that I misunderstood her pronunciation of "Jesus" and for a time was under the misapprehension that she was singing "I love you so much, Davis." Nervously, I ran over in my mind such candidates for her devotion as the four major prophets (Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel) and then the twelve minor prophets (Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi) and couldn't find a Davis among them.

—BRENDAN GILL



"No, you're not disturbing me, Herb. I'm up with the chickens this morning."

•

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[*From "Harper Dictionary of Contemporary Usage," by William and Mary Morris*]

It is doubtful if any two words are more frequently misused, each for the other, than *flaunt* and *flout*. —*Page 252.*

There may be two words more commonly confused, each with the other, than *imply* and *infer*, but if there are, we don't know them. —*Page 332.*

A *moving violation* is simply one in which the offending vehicle was in motion at the time the offense was perpetrated (another favorite item from the lawman's lexicon). —*Page 406.*

LAWMAN . . . the advice from here is to avoid *lawman*, except, perhaps, in fiction about the old West. —*Page 362.*

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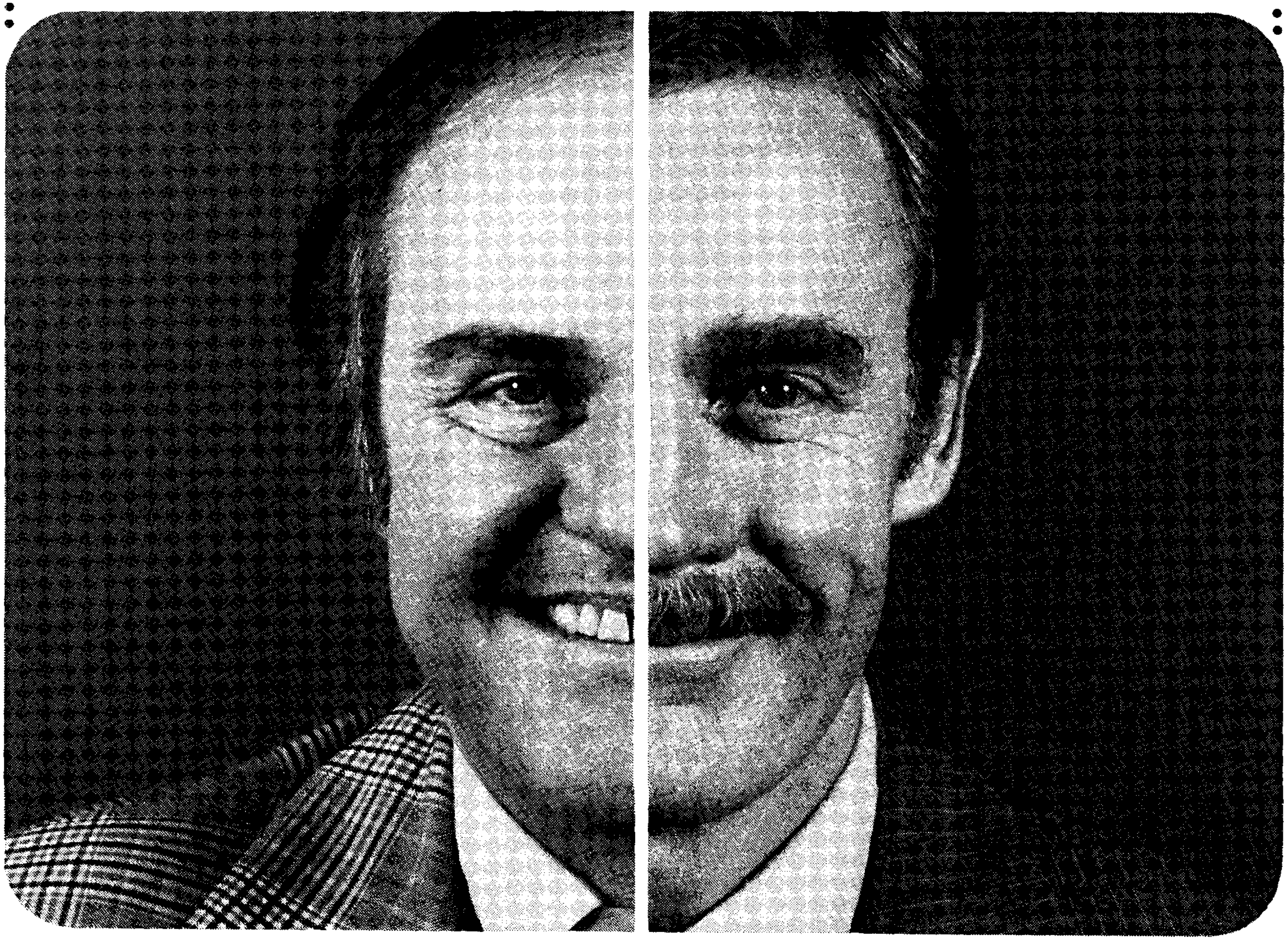

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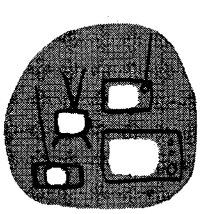
THE AIR

Hosts and Guests

THERE was a strange program emanating from the television set a short while ago, titled "The Barbara Walters Special," whose particular flavor was only hinted at in a newspaper advertisement: "Tonight, the private homes and private thoughts of Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter, Barbra Streisand and Jon Peters are revealed on the Barbara Walters Special! You've never seen these people like this before!" Actually, the substance of the program was harmless enough: what might have been dismissed in another era as women's magazine gossip was now supposedly being elevated, before our raised consciousnesses, into news—or, at least, into feature—by Ms. Walters' asking of the newsperson's "tough questions." In this regard, Ms. Walters seemed on her way to creating a new interviewing form all her own, consisting of a synthesis—to put the matter as elegantly as possible—of the two formal interviewing styles of the great Edward R. Murrow. Mr. Murrow, as students of television know by now, was compelled in his later years by the devilish masterminds of CBS to split himself into two people: one the Higher Murrow (so named by the television critic John Lardner), who conducted serious, journalistic interviews on "See It Now," and one the Lower Murrow, who on "Person to Person" wandered about in the homes of celebrities making chitchat and discussing interior decoration. Ms. Walters' contribution has been to combine the features of the two Murrows in the persona of a single interviewer on a single program. Thus, the other evening a cozy, even fluttery Ms. Walters addressed herself to domestic details, as when entering the Streisand-Peters dwelling: "Oh, Jon, it's nice. . . . Listen, this place is terrific. . . . I expected, you know, a ranch, a mansion. This is very small." Then, in an aside to the audience: "He sold his lucrative hairdressing salons for six figures. . . . The rest of the house is dominated by the family room and bits and pieces from Barbra's famous Art Deco collection. She feels comfortable with her treasures near. . . . This is Barbra's bathroom." At other times, a redoubtable, no-nonsense Ms. Walters fired away with the tough questions, handling poor Mr. Peters as if he were of no greater consequence than an Assistant Secretary of Defense on "Meet the Press": "Do you feel you're any good? . . . Why? . . . How do you know that you're not going to ruin Barbra Streisand? . . . Were you in reform school? . . . Why? . . . *When* did you straighten out?" In her visit with the President-elect and his wife, Ms. Walters' artful new interviewing manner was equally in evidence, though it seemed that her success with the form was less pronounced here—owing, perhaps, to the greater artfulness of the Carters in appearing not to notice the difference between the two styles. "It's a lovely portrait," the cozy Ms. Walters would say prior to launching the tough question, such as: "Is the Governor a good dancer?" The Carters, however, greeted all the sallies or salvos with equal good humor. Doubtless they had been warned in advance by the Streisand-Peterses.



What was strangest of all about the program, though, was something that seemed to have little to do with the people who were on it, or even with the matter of interviewing styles. What struck me as odd right from the start was what might be described as a general confusion on the part of the program's producers about who was host and who was guest. For example, the program opened with Ms. Walters standing in her New York apartment all dressed up for company, in the accepted manner of a television hostess, but informing us that she was going to be taking us "into the private homes and private thoughts of two couples." Then the Streisand-Peterses were shown being hosts to Ms. Walters. Then there was an intermission of sorts, during which Ms. Walters—transported back to her apartment and her original hostess role—proceeded to take us through *her* house, pointing out various art objects and souvenirs. Then we were off to Georgia, where the Carters were clearly the hosts and took Ms. Walters through *their* house. In conclusion, we were back in New York, with Ms. Walters, who signed off by saying, "I'm so pleased you could join us in your homes. Good evening from mine."

At this point, a classics scholar, or even anyone familiar with a good dictionary, might remark that in all these comings and goings "The Barbara Walters Special" was only being true to the original ambiguity of the root word for hospitality, "*hospes*," which in Latin meant both host and guest, and also stranger. Perhaps that's so, although, judging from the continually shifting assertions of hosthood and guesthood throughout the program, I'd guess that classical ambiguity was only dimly or inadvertently being attended to; the focus was not the confusion of roles but the underlying insistence that someone should always be host and someone should always be guest. This insistence, in fact, seems to permeate nearly all of American television, which since its inception has persistently and deliberately involved itself in the surface rhythms and nomenclature of hospitality.

Nowadays, hosts and guests abound on television to such a degree that their presence is taken for granted, and, indeed, these television role definitions have been passed on outward into society—for example, into academic circles, where I recently read of a university professor's "hosting" a classroom discussion. Most talk shows today consist of little beyond a dramaturgy of hosts and guests. Quiz and game shows have hosts and, in some instances, celebrity guests—though the actual guests (doubtless as a result of the quiz-show scandals of the nineteen-fifties) are resolutely called participants or contestants. Entertainment shows have hosts and guests. Even a routine police series has guest stars, who naturally make guest appearances. I was about to say that regular news programs seem immune from this drama of hospitality, but there are obvious exceptions to this on soft-news programs, such as the "Today" show, and lately I've noticed that WNBC's regular evening news program, "NewsCenter 4," has introduced guests and the "guest interview."

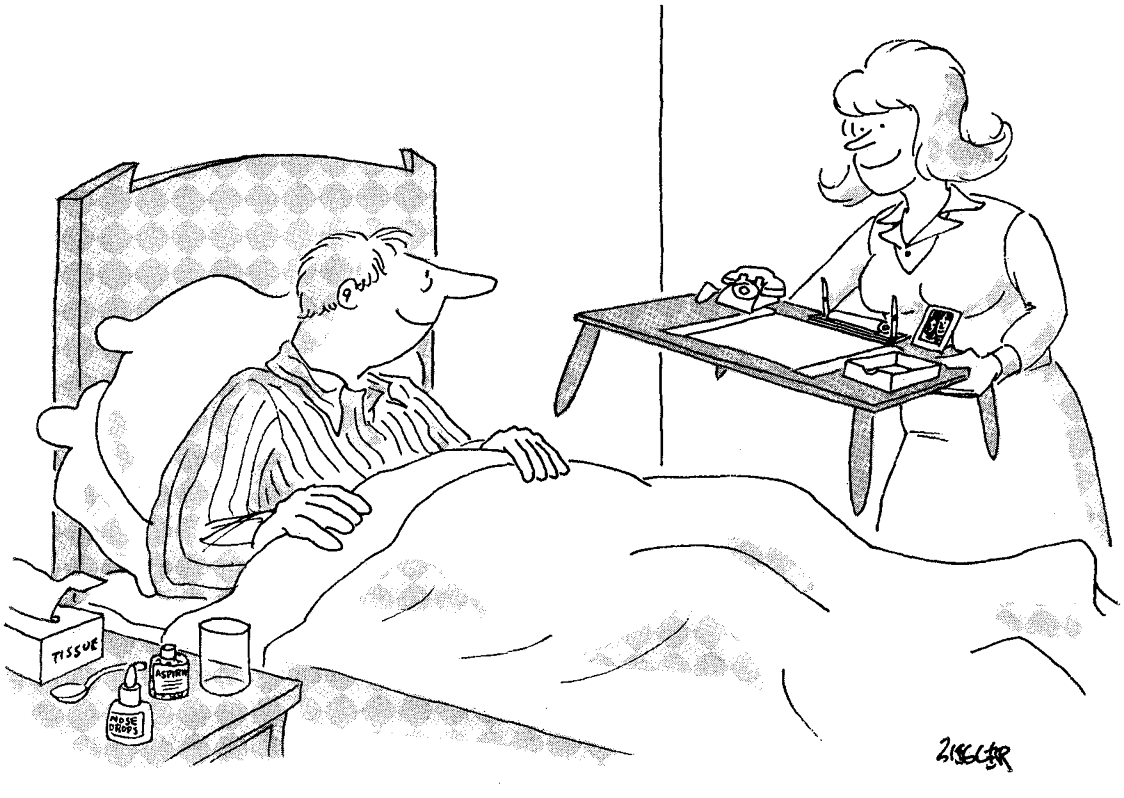
The first question that comes to mind here is: What's wrong with any of this, beyond a matter of language or vocabulary? The world is full of obsolete or euphemistic job titles: master of ceremonies, maître d'hôtel. Is there anything different about "host" and "guest"? I don't know, but it strikes me as interesting that broadcasting as a whole, and television in particular, should have been so eager to present itself as a pageant of hospitality. The early days of radio, for instance, witnessed countless hosts, such as the sinister Raymond of "The Inner Sanctum," and even the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who modelled his Fireside Chats on the popular radio shows and became the first President host. Later, with the beginning of commercial television, virtually no drama program existed without its movie-star host: Ronald Reagan on "General Electric Theatre," Dick

Powell on "Four Star Playhouse," Robert Montgomery on "Robert Montgomery Presents." Today, drama series have more or less disappeared from television (except for public television's "Visions," which so far has no host, and "Masterpiece Theatre," which retains Alistair Cooke, the former host of "Omnibus"), but the roles and connotations of host and guest seem to be firmly and widely embedded in the medium.

Initially, what one notices about all this hosting and guesting is the emptiness of the procedure. After all, what is a television host in most cases but a professional entertainer who conducts a program on which other professional entertainers, or celebrities, or merely newsworthy persons—or guests—appear by mutual arrangement and for their mutual benefit? Sometimes the attempts at imitating hospitality are so slight or abbreviated as to be nonexistent save for the labelling of the participants as hosts or guests. On a recent evening, for example, I watched a public-television discussion program about European Communism on which the so-labelled hostess (or interviewer) sat primly in a modernistic chair, facing four guests (or experts), who were arrayed side by side in four similar chairs. The program opened with the hostess and the guests emplaced in their little chairs, and they stayed that way throughout the discussion, which was a cool, high-minded one—somewhat in the manner of passengers warily conversing across the aisle of a bus. At other times, notably on the popular talk shows on commercial television, the rituals of hospitality are far more definite and ambitious. For instance, on most such programs the host is shown already in place in his territory (usually a sound stage, which is in fact more significantly occupied by technicians than by him), which the guest is shown in the process of entering or approaching. At this juncture, there are handshakes, or even hugs—though both guest and host have already met before the program—after which the guest is invited to sit down, either beside the host or beside guests who have already been welcomed into the host's domain. Then follows the interrogatory ritual of the stranger's initiation: Where has the stranger journeyed from? (He was filming in Mexico.) How fares the stranger's family? (Betty is fine; she'll be with me in Hawaii next weekend.) What is the extent of the stranger's good will? (Yeah, it's just great to be here, just great.) The only crucial item of hospitality that seems to be missing is an offering of food or drink, but that is soon metaphorically supplied. "Well, tell us about the new movie, Bill," the host will say, with the bored courtesy of a native chief watching yet another roast pig being set before a hungry visitor.

Evidently, on these programs for the mass audience hospitality is often more than a trick of nomenclature, more than a mere euphemism—as is the title of "stewardess" on an airplane, though here "hostess" would be awkward, for what would that imply about the pilot? Consider the various well-defined ways in which the major television hosts set about, or are drawn into, fulfilling their hostly roles. Merv Griffin, for instance, seems to play the part of the professional man as host—the doctor or lawyer more or less trapped into giving a party. He would like to be friendly and sociable, but what he mainly wants is that the event "go well." Also, his wife is always out of the room—probably in the kitchen. Thus, Merv has to talk with the guests, most of whom he doesn't really know or feel close to. Still, he is game—a regular guy. He smiles, not very convincingly but still a guy's smile. He is the man for whom parties often start out on an unnatural and unsustainable high note and quickly fade as reality sets in. "I *love* it!" Merv called out the other evening, making his opening appearance before the audience, which dutifully applauded. "*I love it!*" He bowed from the waist, compelling the audience to applaud some more. "Isn't that *nice*?" he said. And "Isn't that *nice*?" And "Let it all out!" Then, abruptly, as if there were now too much emotion in the air, or perhaps too little control, he shot out a cold, flat question. "Where did you get *that*?" he asked a woman in the audience, apparently referring to her hat, with an inflection of amused disapproval which caused the audience to turn its attention to the hapless woman. The audience as well as the woman giggled nervously; the host was back in control—perhaps wondering why he was giving this party anyway. Would it really be good for business? "Ladies and gentlemen," said Merv, "please greet Miss Dody Goodman."

Dinah Shore, on the other hand, plays not so much a professional man's wife as the wife, or widow, of some grander, absent chairman of the board. As such, she is a little above the hurly-burly of the world, though she clearly likes to keep in touch with people. The chairman has his friends, of course, and she has hers. The important thing is that she loves her home, loves entertaining in her home—loves having people "drop by." She always dresses up for the occasion (often in a hostess gown)—unlike Merv, who rarely seems to get back from the office in time to change for the party. And her home is always so nicely arranged—not



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a lavish place but comfortable and ample. Clearly, money went into it. A big, inviting sofa sits in the middle of the room. Plants and flowers are placed all around. Dinah herself is invariably gracious and personable, maybe compensating for the absent chairman, who is probably a nice fellow but with no flair for people. "Do you mean that you went out on the Met stage *all by yourself?*" said Dinah one afternoon recently to a talented singer called Melba Moore. It was just a friendly, almost flattering comment such as one might expect from an accomplished hostess. And with its elements of control subtly buried, for not only must the flattery be acknowledged and paid for by the guest (with an appreciative murmur) but the guest is, on a deeper level, nudged into a pact of unreality with the hostess—a game designed by the hostess's ego—wherein both parties pretend they are unaware that the hostess herself has spent much of her life going out on other stages, to even greater acclaim.

Johnny Carson's approach to "hosting" on the "Tonight Show" is more complex, and is perhaps truer to the mixed nature of hospitality. In effect, the program employs dual hosts. On one side, there is Ed McMahon, who symbolizes the traditional warmhearted host. He is the generous host of folklore, who in some tales is renowned for the hospitality of his table, though more frequently he is made fun of for his lack of guile. On the other side, there is Carson, who symbolizes the trickster host. He plays the king to his guest's Scheherazade. Will Johnny be pleased by Scheherazade's latest story, and treat her kindly, and ask her to return? Or will he have her head chopped off with a look of boredom or a sarcastic remark? It is an interesting relationship that exists between these two host figures, for while McMahon is clearly of lesser power than Carson, he is vital to the show; indeed, though Carson is often replaced by fill-in hosts, McMahon remains a fairly constant presence. Also, the show has an elaborate hospitality ritual that extends even further than does, say, Merv Griffin's. Here, not only is the host revealed in his domain, with the guests shown bringing themselves to him, but at the start of each program the host is shown asserting the right to his position. Carson's arrival is formally announced, not by an off-screen voice but by none other than the guileless alter-host, Ed McMahon. Then Carson makes use of the host's prerogative not merely to extend a greeting but to deliver a speech, or monologue. The vulnerability of the moment is illusory, for the assemblage can make no other response than to listen. The king has opened Parliament. Then, sometimes, to press home the point, or to cause the assertion of power to appear more playful than it really is, Carson will make jokes about his court. McMahon, the guileless host, now briefly becomes the jester. The musicians become the fiddlers three. Moreover, this host is not one to mingle too freely with the guests, as does the gracious, less powerful hostess Dinah, who is compelled to share her couch. The Carson host requires a throne, or article of separation—in fact a desk. Does the king here bestride his desk or hide behind it?

It is probable that the origins of hospitality go back to the beginnings of life. Biological organisms are receptive to some organisms different from themselves and rejective of others. Animals are variously hospitable or rejective: the dolphin and the porcupine. Human beings are continually being drawn together and flying apart. But what is notable about the human response to these biological or chemical flows and ebbs—this instinct for connection and rejection—is that human beings have designed literary formulas, or myths, with which to organize the process artistically and for the larger human benefit. As such, probably the first known myth of hospitality, at least in the West, is the story of Philemon and Baucis, as it has been passed down to us by Ovid. In this account, the two gods Jupiter and Mercury (or Zeus and Hermes), being bored with life on Olympus, make it a practice to come to earth from time to time looking for adventure. On one such trip, the two gods come to Phrygia, and there, disguised as poor travellers, they wander about the land knocking at the doors of rich and poor alike, all of whom treat them unkindly and turn them away. Finally, the gods arrive at a little hovel and are warmly greeted by two old peasants, Philemon and his wife, Baucis, who welcome them and give them freely of the little food and drink that they have. The gods are pleased, and, in return for their hospitality, Philemon and Baucis are permitted to become priests in Jupiter's temple. And at the end of their lives they are granted their ultimate wish of being allowed to die at the same time—at which point their bodies are transformed into two trees, a linden and an oak.

Clearly, this story can be read in two ways. Taking it at face value, one can say that it represents mankind's historic admiration for the ennobling virtue of hospitality—of the need to maintain social intercourse. Or, peering into the innards of the tale, one can say that where its energy chiefly comes from is mankind's recognition of its own capacities for fear, hostility, and rejection, and that the narrative is an artistic attempt to design a better alternative. Or perhaps one can say both. At any rate, it seems evident that a substantial relationship has existed across the world, and across the centuries, between hospitality and xenophobia, between the primitive or civilized rituals of welcoming strangers and the primordial fears and hostilities that these were intended to exorcise or assuage. Backward peoples, for example, possessing few other social ceremonies, practice elaborate rituals of host and guest—as do advanced peoples who live in fearful or defensive societies, such as the American antebellum South or pre-Revolutionary St. Petersburg, or who live in anxiety-ridden modern urban communities. Children, however, while they are very young (and in some ways have the fewest defenses), don't seem to practice much of anything in the way of hospitality. Aside from a few scraps, little kids blithely come and go among one another. That is, at a small child's birthday party it is never really clear who is host and who is guest—at least, without the insistence of an adult that it be made clear. In short, it's worth wondering about whether the rituals or arts of hospitality seem to be "arts" only because we choose to think of them that way, prefer to call them that, whereas in fact the great host showers favors on his guest—food and drink, and even one of his wives—because for both of them, adrift in an ocean of fear, this is the single charted current that leads away from murder.

In the end, what is fascinating about television's obsession with the forms of hospitality—its insistence on the rituals of host and guest, whether followed confusedly on "The Barbara Walters Special" or more strictly on the "Tonight Show"—is that, ironically, it is the device of television itself that in a few decades has done so much to connect people with one another, to demystify strangers, to de-isolate backward communities, and, especially, to at least begin to dissolve the walls that have so often existed between young people and the world, and between young people and their elders. Surely it is these walls that have caused so very many of the new generations to begin their journeys, each time, beneath the heavy burdens of ignorance, fear, and hostility—whose Latin root word is so small a variant of "*hospes*."

Perversely or predictably, many people today lament a decline in the appreciation of such rituals as hospitality among the young. Young people don't always show a proper respect for who is host; at their own parties the patterns of ritual are distressingly fluid and unclear. I suspect that, among other forces at work here (such as the slow seeping of psychological awareness through the generations), one of the most important happenings is that the young are gradually being freed, in great measure by television, of the social ignorance that led to the fear that led to the rituals in the first place. Nor is this liberation, or loss of ritual, confined to the young. Where television has come into backward rural communities in the South, or into isolated mountain communities in the West, among the first things to have changed upon the surface have been the social or hospitality rituals—the quaint, time-honored customs of the picturesque village—which have invariably diminished or begun to disappear. Even the grandiose hospitality rituals of the American business community—the lavish showering of corporate food, drink, baubles (or bribes), and wives (or call girls) upon its guests—have abated somewhat, at least among the more advanced, or sociable, firms, and though one can't credit the role of television directly with this new tendency to informality and lack of pageantry in business entertaining, the side effects of television's socializing force are bound to have made themselves felt.

But, strangely, and even sadly, one of the places where this new force has made itself least felt is *within* television. For it is the people who appear on television—who make television—who still, persistently, appear to be afraid of something. Otherwise, why all these hosts and guests, why all this insistent playacting of hospitality? Why all this need to control? One wonders which stranger these hosts are so afraid of. *Us?* —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

C Major at the Close

THE sight of Leonard Bernstein dancing and prancing all over the podium, leaping into the air, leaning over like a lover to shape every last nuance of a cello solo, makes it hard to take him seriously as a conductor. If one averts one's eyes, one hears something less extraordinary than the performance he mimes. I have not seen him at work in a recording studio and wonder whether he puts on a similar show there—and whether the Philharmonic players need such carryings-on to induce them to play with passion. Last month, with the Philharmonic, Bernstein conducted Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony, for soprano, bass, nineteen strings, and percussion, and Saint-Saëns' Third Symphony, "for orchestra with organ," in a series of five concerts. The Shostakovich, the night I attended, was prefaced by a little homily. Bernstein told his audience that, since the symphony is dedicated to Benjamin Britten (who conducted its Western première), the Philharmonic performance could be regarded as a joint memorial to the two composers. Quite correctly, he pointed out—as the program note did not—that, while death is the common subject of the eleven poems (by Lorca, Apollinaire, W. K. Küchelbecker, and Rilke) making up the text of the symphony, in sum they amount to a barely concealed denunciation of Soviet tyranny. (It is indeed surprising that the symphony was played openly in Leningrad and Moscow, and has twice been recorded in Russia.) But Bernstein also said that Shostakovich's piece was an exception amid "the feeble works of his declining years"—thus writing off the Fifteenth Symphony, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth String Quartets, and the final Sonata for Viola and Piano, all of them later than the Fourteenth Symphony and none of them feeble—and he warned us to follow the text sheet provided if we were not to find the work "a sleepy-making fifty minutes of droning in Russian." That suggests something less than confidence in the purely musical merits of Shostakovich's score. Bernstein was right, however, to stress the importance of the words, even if his way of putting it was unfortunate. Comprehension of the text is as necessary as in the Thirteenth Symphony, a setting of Yevtushenko poems beginning with "Babi Yar" and ending with "Careers" and its declaration that "Genius will conquer, regardless of the charges brought against it." (After three performances in Russia, the Thirteenth *was* banned for some years.)

Both Britten's music and Shostakovich's often owed a debt to Mahler, and in their later works the composers drew closer to one another—Britten in the Cello Symphony and Cello Sonata, Shostakovich in his last two symphonies. Shostakovich's choice of an "anthology" text (comparable to Britten's in the "Serenade," the "Spring Symphony," and the "Nocturne"), his free use of twelve-note melodies within a diatonic context, and the intent, delicate working of small motifs suggest a parallel; in the Fourteenth Symphony some of the string writing clearly recalls that of Britten's early "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge." The opening of the symphony—a slow-moving, long-breathed unaccompanied violin line with rhythmic and melodic patterns repeated, but not quite exactly, in the gentle sequences of its progress—is very characteristic of the composer. Like so many Shostakovich openings, this one seems to be a deep, sombre thought made manifest in sound. Motifs from it recur throughout the work, and the theme itself returns to start the tenth song, "The Poet's Death." The sixth and seventh measures present, in transposition, the four-note motto (D-E flat-C-B) that forms the composer's "monogram." (Д.Ш. is "D.Sch." in German transliteration; and in German musical spelling S is Es, or our E flat, and H is our B.) Four variations on the motif continue the line, and the second violins steal in with another version, in long notes. (Moreover, since B in German musical spelling is our note B flat, the recurrent B flats of the opening may possibly have been suggested by the dedicatee's initials.) Spotting the composer's initials is not merely a trivial exercise. The chromatic four-note motif carries an emotional charge, and in several earlier works Shostakovich invested it with musical significance. But it is only a small detail in a work whose large "message" can hardly be missed. In late Shostakovich there is little comfort. At official congresses he spoke of music as a "weapon" in the ideological struggle; in his last three symphonies that weapon was turned against the rulers of his country. ("A hundred times more wicked than Barabbas . . . rotten cancer . . . mad butcher" runs the invective in one of the Fourteenth Symphony's songs.) In the Thirteenth

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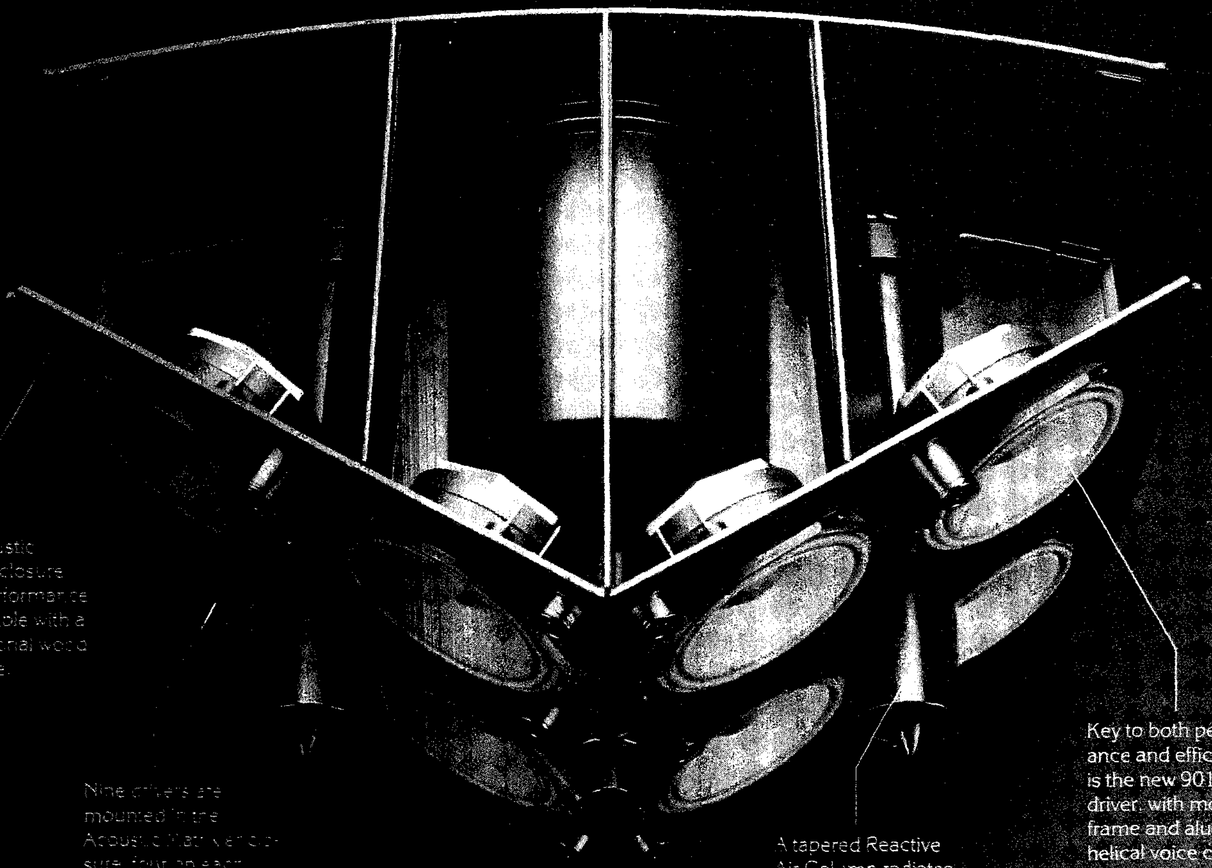
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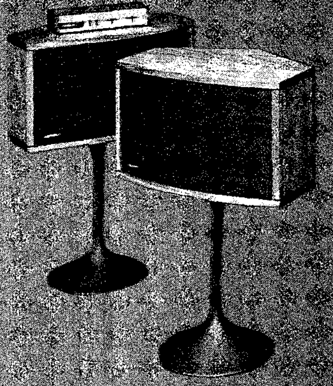

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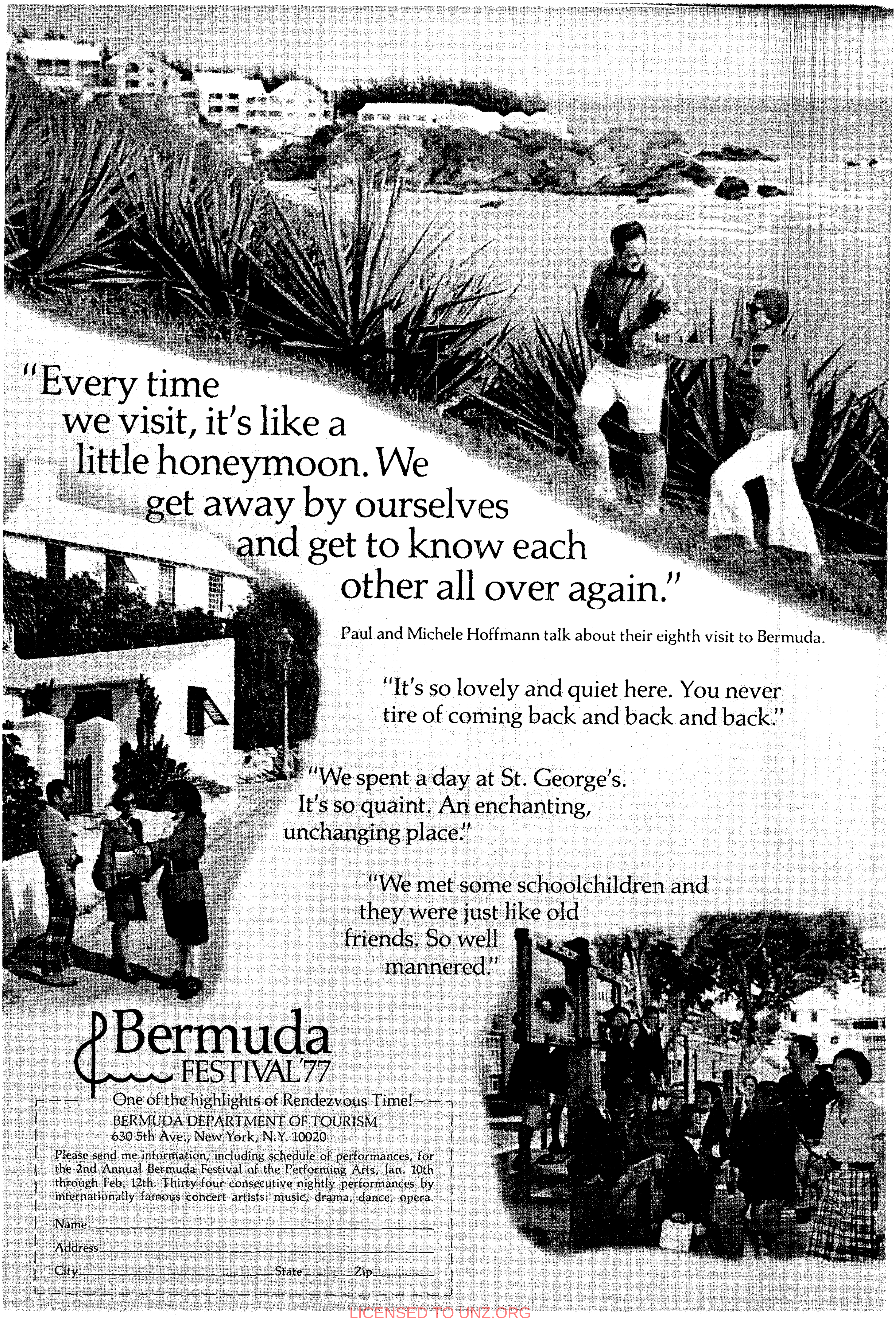

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There are some notes of hope; in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, disillusion, bitterness, and ultimately despair. But not that alone. As in Mahler's most disquieting movements, one can find charm—even when that charm turns o horror. ("On the Alert," in the Fourteenth Symphony, is a companion piece to Mahler's "Der Tambourg'sell.") And heroism—the courage of a man who went on telling the truth as he saw it.

For all Bernstein's extravagantly nimed eloquence, the Philharmonic perormance seemed to me insufficiently communicative. The soloists, Teresa Kubiak and Isser Bushkin, sang the notes as if to display the ability and power of their voices. The conductor was too rhetorical. The Fourteenth Symphony is intimate chamber music, and needs to be treated as such.

The Saint-Saëns that followed was a curious choice of work to perform in Avery Fisher Hall, a place that has no real organ, only an electronic substiute. And it is hardly a work of such value as to justify six performances this eason (five from the Philharmonic, a ixth from the visiting Orchestre de Paris, under Barenboim, given in Carnegie Hall—another place that has no true pipe organ except when, as happened for the Boston Symphony "Messiah," a small portable instrument is brought onto the platform). But it does deserve better than this. One hears high claims for electronic organs, and n their own right—as they are used, for example, by Philip Glass in his "Einstein on the Beach" and other compositions—they can make music of merit. But for the Saint-Saëns the Fisher Hall machine was a horror. Its low notes produced an artificial pulsing effect quite unlike that from the pedal pipes of an organ, and in sustained chords one could hear the sound being switched on and off, not entering and dying away, or blending with the orchestra, as chords from a real organ do. The American Guild of Organists is fighting a battle against the acceptance of electric imitations; in me they have an ally. Next time Saint-Saëns' Third Symphony, Elgar's "Enigma Variations" or "Cockaigne," or Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" is played here, let it be in Tully Hall, which has a handsome organ.

SHOSTAKOVICH's last composition, the Sonata for Viola and Piano, Opus 147, had its first performance in Leningrad two months after the composer's death, in 1975; its Western première at the 1976 Aldeburgh Festival; and its American première in December at a concert of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. It lasts about half an hour. It is dedicated to Fyodor Druzhinin, the violist of the Beethoven Quartet, long associated with Shostakovich's music. (Four of his quartets are dedicated to members of the ensemble.) Until about 1960, Shostakovich made public political statements in his symphonies and expressed private doubts in his chamber music (although there are exceptions—the String Quartet No. 8, composed after a visit to ruined Dresden, is an individual's protest against a public event). The Eleventh Symphony ("The Year 1905") and the Twelfth ("The Year 1917") celebrate triumphs of Revolution; then the Thirteenth, the Yevtushenko cycle, deals with subsequent miseries, as do its successors. Meanwhile, the String Quartet No. 13 enshrines private anguish, and No. 14 a more serene acceptance of mortality. If No. 15, whose first movement is subtitled "Elegy," and fifth "Funeral March," is Shostakovich's farewell to the world, the final Viola Sonata is a coda in which his musical mind still spins beautiful thoughts. Its contents, it seems to me, can be discussed only in musical terms: the sound of fourths and fifths; the effect of repeating a motif with one note altered, or of repeating it note for note with rhythmic displacements, so that the stress falls differently; the dissonances set up when, while everything else remains the same, a bass note shifts from D flat to C. Like Quartet No. 15, the sonata has a lean, exposed texture. Much of it is in two parts, and very little of it in more than three. This is musical discourse pared down to the essential notes; some pages of the score resemble those schematic representations of, say, a Beethoven sonata reduced to its structural elements. There is Beethoven in the last of the three movements—reflections on the arpeggiated figuration, on the repeated-note theme, and on the harmonic movement of the "Moonlight" Sonata—and Beethoven elsewhere, I think, in the nature of the thematic metamorphoses. The central movement, an Allegretto, set between a Moderato and an Adagio, recalls the open fourths and fifths of the Scherzo in Shostakovich's Fifteenth Symphony, but while there the intervals created a harmonic prison against which solo strains beat their wings in vain, here they suggest contemplation of the unaltering, basic acoustical facts on which all Western music has been built.

It is difficult to maintain tension in meditative music so linear and spare. Walter Trampler, viola, and Richard Goode, piano, did so with complete success, in a thoughtful and uncommonly moving performance. Like Saint-Saëns' Third Symphony, the sonata closes in C major. But while the symphony ends with an affirmative blare, long sustained, Shostakovich's final C major seems more like a gentle sigh, neither sad nor ironic, but welcoming of peace.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

THE MAP

When the sun's whiteness closes around us
Like a noose,

It is noon, and Molina squats
In the uneven shade of an oleander.

He unfolds a map and with a pencil
Blackens Panama

Into a bruise;
He dots rain over Bogotá, the city of spiders,

And x's in a mountain range that climbs
Like a thermometer

Above the stone fence
The old never thought to look over.

A fog presses over Lima.
Brazil is untangled of its rivers.

Where there is a smudge mark,
Snow has stitched its cold into the fields.

Where the river Orinoco cuts east,
A new city rises nameless

From the open grasses,
And Molina calls it his place of birth.

—GARY SOTO

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Here's to the Big One

THE greatest misfit in movie history makes a comeback in the new "King Kong." Monster, pet, misunderstood kid, unrequited lover, all in one grotesquely oversized body, the innocent ape is martyred once again. I wanted a good time from this movie, and that's what I got. It's a romantic adventure fantasy—colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics-comics movie.

Kong has become a pop deity in the years since the 1933 version came out, and the tone of the new film, directed by John Guillermin, from a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., is different from that of the first. It had to be, since we know what's coming. Semple turns our knowledge to advantage by giving the characters lines that are jokes on them. Yet, with this "Beat the Devil" edge to the dialogue, the romantic appeal of the material is, if anything, even stronger this time around. The film doesn't have the magical primeval imagery of the first version; it doesn't have the Gustave Doré fable atmosphere. It's big in a much simpler, clunkier way, but it's also a happier, livelier entertainment. The first "Kong" was a stunt film that was trying to awe you, and its lewd underlay had a carnival hucksterism that made you feel a little queasy. This new "King Kong" isn't a horror movie—it's an absurdist love story. Taking into account the feelings that have developed about Kong, the moviemakers have pared the theme down to that of the instinctive animal-man of the collegiate graffiti: "King Kong died for our sins." (The hair on the college kids is noble-savage hair, and Kong has more of it than anybody.) The film moves unhurriedly, in a clean, straightforward progression to the ritual love-death. When the forty-foot Kong stands bleeding and besieged at the top of the World Trade Center, and his blonde (Jessica Lange) pleads with him to pick her up, so that the helicopters won't shoot at him, even Wagner's dreams seem paltry. This is opera at its campiest, yet that doesn't mean our feelings don't soar. We might snicker at a human movie hero who felt such passion for a woman that he'd rather die than risk harming her, but who can jeer a martyr-ape?

The plot is a tale of two islands—Skull Island, where Kong is god, and Manhattan, where he is a rampaging menace. In the first version, Robert Armstrong played an explorer-showman who made jungle pictures. Just before setting sail on a highly mysterious moviemaking expedition, he went looking for an actress to provide love interest for the film; he needed somebody desperate enough to sign on, no questions asked. After casing the women in the breadlines, he spotted a blonde (Fay Wray) stealing an apple in the Bowery; an orphan who had been working as an extra at the Astoria studios, she was unemployed, starving, and ready for anything. They sailed immediately, and on board, en route to the island, the tough showman tested her for her chores by photographing her screaming for her life. The hero was Jack (Bruce Cabot), the first mate, who rescued the girl after the savages on Skull Island abducted her to be the bride of Kong.

For the updating, this trio had to be reassembled in plausibly modern terms. Semple went a step beyond that, treating the updating as a comedy, and inviting us to peg the differences between old and new. The expedition to the island is now financed by Petrox, an oil company, and it's headed by Fred (Charles Grodin), who has convinced the Petrox executives that he'll make an oil strike. An "environmental rapist" with a flat haircut, trimmed long sideburns, and a dark mustache for twirling, Fred is a snarling villain out of an animated cartoon. Grodin roots around in the comedy of measliness: Fred is so money-hungry he's funny. And he's so fatuous he's the butt of all his own remarks—like the square-riggers Ralph Bellamy used to play. Jack (still called Jack) is now a Princeton paleontologist (Jeff Bridges) who specializes in primates; having heard where the ship is going, and having a suspicion of what's to be found on the island (he's the only one who does), he sneaks on board as a stowaway. Jack is more a hitchhiking hippie than an obsessed scientist, and there's a satiric point in casting the rough-hewn Bridges in this role: As the long-haired, shaggy-bearded friend of animals, Bridges is like man in his natural state in a Time-Life book on evolution; you can see him in one of thos plates with a rock in his hand, excep he's got a shirt on. His Jack is the human equivalent of Kong, and, lik Kong, he falls for the blonde.

Semple has hold of an idea, all right the big corporations *are* the show-business entrepreneurs now. But in usin Petrox as an ecological target he get awfully glib and topical, and remnant of the earlier conception still turn up because the mythic structure require them. Grodin's pomposity is ludicrousl endearing when he's the compan toady in the early sections. Comin ashore and putting his foot down o Skull Island, he attempts a historica pose, like General MacArthur returning to the Philippines, and can't mak it; he doesn't have the conviction of true fraud—he's a weasel, a cluck However, the plot requires him to shif into the Robert Armstrong-showma role, and he loses his character in th process—his later scenes have no humor. Both the men's roles are piece together out of scraps of old and new but they're passable.

The movie is sparked mainly, think, by the impudent new conception of the screaming-in-fear blonde and Jessica Lange's fast yet dream comic style. Her Dwan has the high wide forehead and clear-eyed transparency of Carole Lombard in "M Man Godfrey." Dwan, an aspirin starlet, doesn't join the expedition she's picked up along the way, unconscious, from a rubber raft in the ocean the sole survivor of a yachting party The yacht belonged to a movie mogul and she'd been on board hoping to ge a part that he'd promised her. Dwa (she changed it from Dawn) is one o the cloud-borne movie groupies wh lead charmed lives. The way she's photographed, she seems to have steppe out of an expensive shampoo commercial; languorous and polymorphous like a taller Tuesday Weld or a mor slightly built Margaux Hemingway she has the sensuousness of a kitten Dwan is so innocently corrupt she's a childlike as Kong himself, and her infantilism gives the picture a sexua chemistry that the moviemakers couldn' have completely planned—some of i just has to be luck. She has one-liner so dumb that the audience laughs and moans at the same time, yet they're in character, and when Jessica Lange says them she holds the eye, and you like her, the way people liked Lombard.

The story is no longer an ape going for a blonde but the loneliest creature in the world—the only one of hi species—finding the right playmate.

Dwan is the smart nit American *femme fatale*—a daisy, impulsive, well-meaning, yet so giddy, unstable, and elf-centered that you know exactly why Kong is driven to despair. The elusive Dwan is the kind of crackbrain who can delight and exasperate the most controlled of men; this poor big pe never knows what hit him. Lolita accepted Humbert Humbert's devotion with barely a flicker of interest in how desperate he was; that's how Dwan is with the Great Ape. She concentrates on what she's interested in: if you told her World War III had just started, he'd say, "Save it and tell me later, would you? I'm off to the hairdresser." Kong, brought to New York, is caged and exhibited to the public at Shea Stadium. (It was a theatre in the earlier version.) He thinks that the photographers are hurting Dwan with their flashbulbs, so he breaks his bonds, tears up the place, and chases after her. Sniffing her out, trailing her to Manhattan, the obsessed, faithful ape is like Blume in Love. When he carries her off and reaches his final destination at he top of the World Trade Center, his eyes keep saying, "Do you love me?" And Dwan can't give him a truthful answer, any more than she can give Jack a truthful answer. Neither of hem holds it against her. She's forgot-en the question.

The central enjoyment in the film s Dwan's relationship with Kong; she humanizes him, as Streisand humanized Redford in "The Way We Were"—she makes you love him. On the island, she talks to him the same way she might have talked to her movie mogul n a Beverly Hills bedroom. When he's got her in his paw and she screams "Put me down!" many of us women know we've played that scene, and many men will know they've played the ape. This verbal gag becomes a visual gag when Kong breaks down the gates of a high wall to get to her: it's as if a man and a woman had been having a fight and the woman had done about the most infuriating thing she could do—locked herself away from him. Dwan may seem out of contact with reality, but there's a craftiness in her—an instinct for the main chance. Even with the ape, she half believes he can do something for her, and he does—he makes her a star.

The eroticism of the earlier "Kong" was rather nightmarish, especially for women—though black women may have experienced it differently, as a slap. Whites have sometimes spoken of the movie as a racial slur, but the black men that I've known have always loved it. It was their own special urban gorilla-guerrilla fantasy: to be a king in your own country, to be brought here in chains, to be so strong that you could roar your defiance at the top of the big city and go down in a burst of glory. This time, Kong is less threatening, and the sexual references are out on top. After the Skull Island savages abduct Dwan and put her on the altar as a full-moon sacrifice to Kong, they scurry back to safety on their side of the high wall and slide a prodigiously long, slick black bolt across the gate. However, it's almost an invasion of the viewer's privacy when one of the men on the expedition (Ed Lauter) quizzes Jack about what the ape wants with Dwan. Since the conception of the movie is a phallic joke carried to the level of myth, why raise this lame, prosaic question of what Kong wants? Obviously he wants to consummate his passion, and just as obviously he can't. He's the misfit extraordinaire. Like the earlier Kong, this one has no visible genitals; he doesn't need them—Kong is a walking forty-foot genital. What makes him such a pop mythic hero is that he's also prephallic—the Teddy Bear Christ of the sixties flower children, Christ as a mistreated pet.

Modernizing a forty-three-year-old pop fantasy is a tricky business. One might assume that the very first thing the moviemakers would do would be to work out a more authentic view of the culture on Skull Island and get away from the African "savages" from Central Casting of the thirties version, but there isn't much way to do that without disrupting the basic story. The original "King Kong" wasn't made innocently: it was an ingeniously made exploitation picture, and camp elements are integral to it. This version accepts what the material is and treats it playfully. (Contrary to rumors, the original has not been legally withdrawn; it is still available in 16mm. and for television, and it will be available again in 35mm. for theatres after a discretionary period—probably a year.) Some of the new details fizzle because they haven't been changed enough, others because the changes involve dated, sophomoric counterculture attitudes. The big presentation of Kong to the public at Shea Stadium is clumsily staged, and when this Kong emulates the first and tears down an elevated train, he might be playing with an antique toy; the sequence lacks excitement—it feels half-hearted, as if Guillermin did it because it was expected of him. The direction isn't as assured in the New York footage as it is on Kong's island or on the ship, but this may be because the script is weakest here. The special effects are generally enjoyable, though the full-moon scenes on the island are dark and don't give the impression of moonlight, Kong's fight with a serpent is lacklustre, and, at the end, Kong's actual fall from the World Trade Center—which cries out for a slight slowing down, for a Peckinpah poetic image—is skimped and is over before we've seen it.

There are earlier scenes that stay with one: Kong dipping Dwan in a waterfall and blowing her dry, his cheeks puffed out like a fairy-tale illustration of Zephyrus, the billowing wind god; Kong when he's trapped, his head and arm lifting out of the miasmal fumes and dropping back, then his hand rising again and falling in defeat. The original version skipped over Kong's trip to New York, but this time we see him imprisoned in the hold of a supertanker, and Kong, morose, enslaved, with the ship's crew throwing food down into his cell, is a spectacular image of a degraded king. When he roars and beats against his prison, it's like the sound of a gorilla battering the bars of his cage at the zoo, but magnified so that the whole ship is pounding. The reverberations prevent Dwan from going to bed with Jack; they're ominous—Kong is shaking the universe. There's a lovely, campy sequence with Dwan's scarf, caught in a gust of wind, drifting down to Kong in the hold, and also a visit, when Dwan falls into his prison and he catches her. This is his finest scene: knowing the pain of being a prisoner, he frees her, and is grief-stricken as she leaves.

Guillermin is rather too Spartan; he rations the use of imagination. But he

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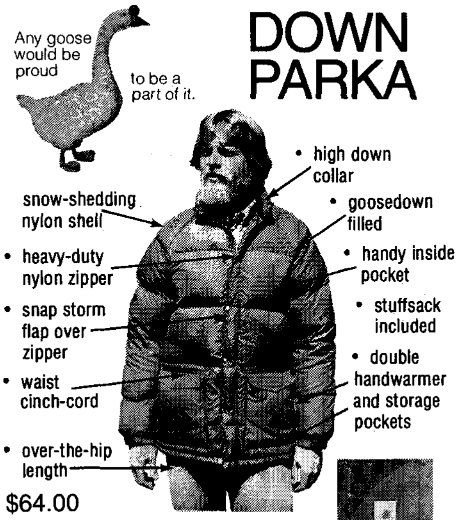
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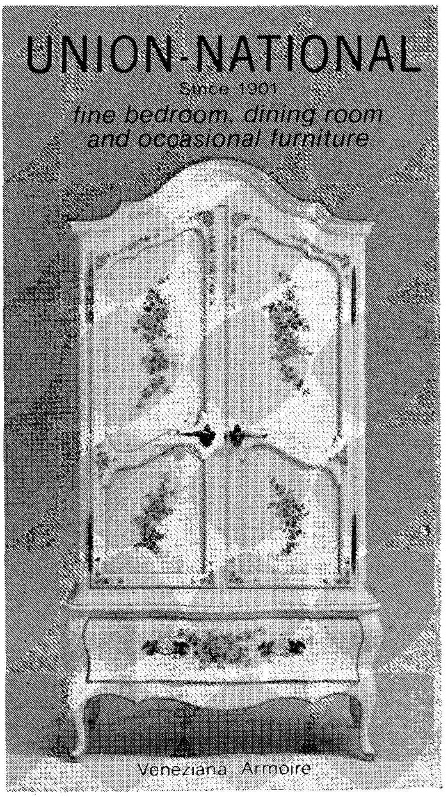
has an uncluttered style; he knows what point a scene should make and why. He sets a visual tone by the clean bigness of his images and by his long takes; if the original "Kong" was nightmarish, this one has a monumental comic dreaminess. The ape is always slow; his movements as he climbs the World Trade Center have the Bruckner feeling of heavy orchestration. When Guillermin needed a little more poetry, he may have been locked into his overall style. Still, the unity of the film is impressive: it doesn't fall into the choppiness that often results from extensive use of special effects. Guillermin, who is British, directed his first feature in 1949, when he was twenty-four, and worked steadily in a variety of genres—including two Tarzan pictures (the rousing "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure," in 1959, might have been a warmup for this "Kong") and two with Peter Sellers (the demonic-gangster melodrama "Never Let Go" and the Anglicized, hacked-up-by-the-producer "Waltz of the Toreadors")—before settling into big international co-productions and action films ("Guns at Batasi," 1964; "The Blue Max," 1966; "The Bridge at Remagen," 1969; "Skyjacked," 1972; and "The Towering Inferno," 1974). This picture must have been a backbreaking series of problems, yet, with his action director's experience, he has streamlined the myth. The original "Kong" had long passages without dialogue—just Max Steiner's music heaving, shrieking, and portending doom, and Kong grunting and beating his chest in triumph. (Oscar Levant once said that the film "should have been advertised as a concert of Steiner's music with accompanying pictures on the screen.") The new score, by John Barry, doesn't heighten the imagery with quite so many premonitory rumblings; it's more of a love poem—a great big swatch of mood music sweeping you along. It gives the picture an amplitude that goes well with Guillermin's big, bright-colored storybook imagery.

In a movie of this scale, Fred's lickspittle villainy comes across as trivializing, and the virtuous scientist Jack, with his gibes about the oil company and the environment, might also seem undersized if Jeff Bridges didn't have such heroic reserves of good humor. Without his amiable slouchiness, his hand pushing his dirty-blond hair off his face, his quick, natural-sounding delivery, Jack might have been a stick. (Instead, the role may help to give Bridges the popularity that he's earned in the past



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few years.) There is an awkward lapse toward the end—an insert of Jack cheering as Kong rips off pieces of the World Trade Center and hurls them at his attackers. This cue to the audience to be on Kong's side cheapens everything—Kong, the picture, us. Yet the story is paced majestically, and no mistake or excess seems to matter much, since Kong himself is an emotionally consistent protagonist, whose flickering expressions—lechery, bewilderment, tenderness—amuse us at the same time that we're in thrall. The picture works because, despite what you know, you believe in Kong as a living creature. You feel bad that the ape is killed—but you also feel tickled that you feel bad.

Guillermin, his boss (the producer Dino De Laurentiis), and his associates started with a powerful, silly idea that gets to people in a special way, and some of these people may regard the remake as desecration. Others may be put off by the scale of the advertising campaign and the very concept of a twenty-four-million-dollar movie. There is an element of obscenity in this kind of moviemaking—a remake that costs more than thirty-five times what the original did, and is so plugged into merchandising idiot items that the script's ecological claims acquire an extra layer of embarrassment. Nevertheless, the moviemaking team has come up with a pop classic that can stand in our affections right next to the original version. The most meritoriously intentioned movies are often stinkers, and this epitome of commercialism turns out to be wonderful entertainment. I don't think I've ever before seen a movie that was a comic-strip great romance in the way this one is—it's a joke that can make you cry. —PAULINE KAEL

•

On a purely technical level, Mr. Ciccolini's playing had many of the same admirable qualities that distinguish his work in the French school. His keyboard manner was invariably immaculate and articulate, every note fell nearly into place.—*The Times.*

That's not good enough, Ciccolini. Tighten up!

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Fremont (Ohio) News-Messenger*]

JACK LOUDENSLAGER has been promoted from the position of associate non-productive buyer to non-productive buyer, monthly salary, according to an announcement from the Whirlpool Corp.'s Clyde Division.

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BOOKS

Oracular Oates

“A New Novel,” it says on the cover of “Childwold,” by Joyce Carol Oates—perhaps a strategic move by the publisher (Vanguard) in defense against the poetic flourish with which the author herself leads off. Having forged past the wind-rocked bed, the weightless moon, and the threshing walnut tree on the first page, I can report that, while Oates remains true to the style of her opening, she includes enough in the way of character and action to allay the suspicion that the publisher is trying to palm off a runaway lyric poem. Nevertheless, despite the soothing traces of a novel, a certain question may arise in the minds of unsuspecting readers aware of the author's renown but unfamiliar with her previous work (I generalize from my own position); namely, What is she getting at?

Closer acquaintance with Oates indicates that there is no easy answer to that question. The clearest thing about her is the vehemence of her feelings: clearer than her view of life, an inconclusive mixture of sentimentality and disgust; clearer than her high-strung poetic prose; clearer than her characters, settings, or plots, which are cloudy with hidden meanings. Oates is primarily a conveyer of overwhelming emotion, as I hope to demonstrate with the following arrangement of words and phrases from “Childwold”:

> rotting farmhouse, teeth grinding, knuckles bled, hurtful wincing, body trembling, rage built to a tremor, dead harmless hated father, bitterly, angrily, cruelty, shrieks, pain, fear, hatred, blood, hate, rage, horrendous stink, swelling with hate, perverts, Ah, what pain! scabby lawn, knees trembling, opalescent, squalor, crepe-fleshed reptilian body writhing, head trembling, hands trembling, terrible pain, gigantic beasts, strange murders, drunk, terrible, sick, five-car accident, life mating death, frantic insane perpetual buzzing, heated love, generous lust, excruciating pleasure, trembling, Cruel, very cruel! small perfect heartbreaking fingernails, freak, nasty, paedomorphosis, leprous, a mere twist of a gyre, red-earthy wet, narrow rivulets aching, small hurt animal, greeny-stiff straw hat, bluish-white veiny legs, stupid-faced, blank, pitiless, failed so despicably, hellhole, doglike animals, loins writhe violently, queer sullen inertia, frenzy, brute action, Dead . . . ?

This is not exactly a summary of the book, but it does give an idea of the morbid atmosphere, and of the style, which is that of oracular utterance.

Whether the sibylline note is sounded throughout Oates's work I can't say, but it isn't peculiar to “Childwold.” I speak as a reader of a total of three Oates novels—starting with “Childwold” and backtracking, in a daze, to “them” and “Do with Me What You Will”—and it seems to me that her infatuation with the mystery of the universe, and with the manifold ways of expressing that mystery, is the main weakness of each of the three books. In the two earlier novels, Oates lavishes considerable thought and verbal facility on creating some memorably eccentric characters and then lets them wander away from her after five hundred pages or so, to the mixed confusion and relief of the reader, exhausted by the absence of likelihood. There is a passage in “Childwold” that seems to describe the philosophy at the bottom of this aimlessness:

> *By merest chance.* Infinite universe, infinitely expanding, Principle of Indeterminacy, *merest chance*, in one direction the maggot-swarming corpse with that idiot's tongue, in the other direction a ninety-five-pound angel, gray-eyed, fair hair curly . . .

“Childwold,” by the way, is the story of Kasch, a demoralized middle-aged intellectual who investigates the possibility of rebirth through love for an underprivileged adolescent girl and winds up “Dead . . . ?” The course of events includes suicide, murder, manslaughter, aggravated assault, and a widespread failure of communication. In “Childwold,” as in the two other books, the characters are permanently imprisoned in themselves, moving at random through a merciless world. Except for Kasch, who, serving as a stand-in for Oates, thinks and acts almost exclusively on a metaphysical plane, the characters have no motives, no expectations, no interests, and what I would call a meagre sense of reality. They live only on the borrowed energy of the author's attention.

Oates's strong points as a writer are the doggedness of her pursuit of subconscious thoughts and feelings and

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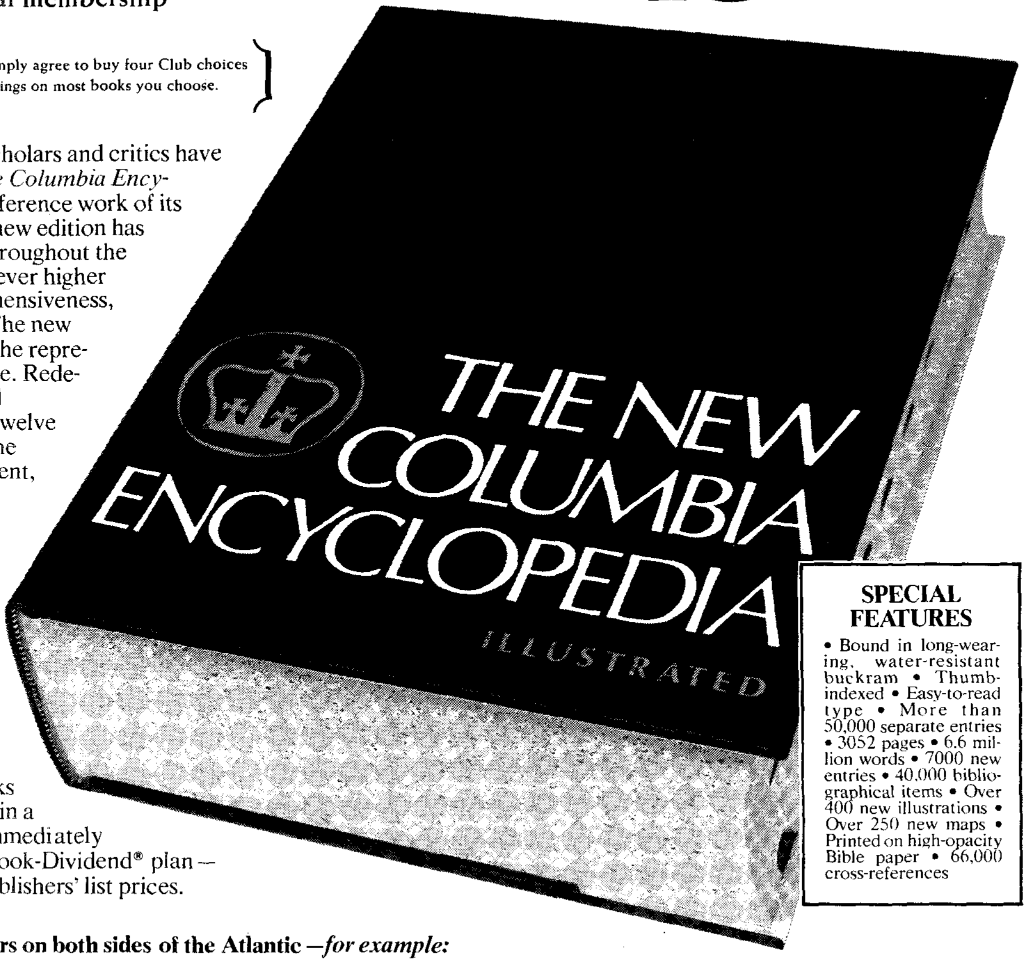

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the ritualistic distance she keeps in celebrating the grimness of life, which gives power to her vision even when her verbal extravagance gets out of control.

> The world is sinking in snow, innocent deathly snow: the lovers by the river are gone, forgotten. I have no need of them. I follow her along the street, the snow muffles my footsteps, I am invisible . . . and we are bound together forever, forever, forevevermortal, the two of us. My lily of the snowfields. My broken one. On your wrist dirt raised itself in rolls, in tiny wormlike rolls, teased into being by my thumb.

There is a Principle of Indeterminacy at work in Oates's choice of words as well as in the lives of her characters.

Oates underestimates the value of ordinary life and language. The more conventional structure and the leisurely pace of "them" and "Do with Me What You Will" establish an illusion of direction that at least intermittently conceals the fact that there is no inner or outer force to define and give weight to the characters and events. But even in "them" she writes:

> Like all lives, Jules's was long and richly tedious, vexed with prodigious details of physical existence he would have been ashamed to record, were he writing his own story: his story would deal with the spirit exclusively . . .
>
> Of his experiences as a boy there hasn't been much time to speak, and anyway we have enough of these memories in other books. Of the many thousands of hours spent around kitchen tables—those eternal kitchen tables of the poor!—there is not much to say.

Oates now leans farther away from the substance of physical existence, toward its shadows, and from that oblique standpoint she has produced a novel that is the less interesting for its lack of those prodigious details. *Prodigious* details? Lying in ambush for the meaning of the universe, "Childwold" is distinctly languid.

—Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Remember Me, by Fay Weldon (Random House). A cheerfully murderous satire that starts out like a dyspeptic children's book ("Up gets Lily Katkin, the butcher's daughter, Jarvis the architect's second wife. . . . Up gets Lily bright and early, to prepare breakfast for Jarvis her husband and Jonathan her son. Good Lily!"), and sometimes seems more like a harangue than a novel, but gradually becomes rather absorbing and enjoyable. The narrative swoops like a searchlight, picking up now this flaw, now that self-delusion, of a small incestuous circle of middle-class English men and women. As in Mrs. Weldon's three previous novels, the men are mostly self-absorbed, cloddish, and as remote as clouds; the women are lonely, sharp-eyed, and locked in mortal combat with their husbands and lovers. At the center of the plot are Lily Katkin, the shallow, pale, pretty second wife of a vague middle-aged architect; Madeleine, his first wife, who lives in companionable slovenliness with her dumpy, kind daughter in a basement flat and spends most of her time wishing Lily ill; and Margot, the architect's part-time secretary, a bitter Kewpie doll married to an unresponsive doctor. All the houses here are battlefields, and their inhabitants are front-line soldiers trying (and mostly failing) to put a good face on their terror. Mrs. Weldon doesn't allow her characters many graces, but she does make us feel a bit of sympathy for even the most absurd of them, and only her annoying habit of stepping into her own story to explain the meaning of various bits of dialogue dulls the pleasure of this mannered but witty book.

GENERAL

A Death in Canaan, by Joan Barthel, with an introduction by William Styron (Dutton). It was Mrs. Barthel (in *New Times*) who first brought the case of Peter Reilly—accused, indicted, and later found guilty of murdering and mutilating his unmarried mother—to more than local (Litchfield County, Connecticut) attention, and it was she who, after the conviction, enlisted the several influential supporters, among them Arthur Miller, Mike Nichols, and Mr. Styron, who played a large role in the youth's eventual exoneration. In this carefully written narrative, she gives us an enormously detailed and often moving account of that disturbing miscarriage, from the night of the murder (September 28, 1973) through the lengthy trial to the successful application for a new trial, on March 25, 1976. Since that time, of course, new (and, allegedly, suppressed) evidence has been found that clearly establishes Peter's innocence. The case is truly a disturbing one. It involves the police in a snap-judgment assumption of Peter's guilt ("They just walked in," a neighbor observed, "and saw the place and thought, 'Look at these odd people, look at the way they live, he must have a problem, he must have done it' "), and it also involves them in the extraction of a kind of confession from Peter by what Mr. Styron nicely calls "benevolent intimidation." There is at least the suggestion of prosecution trickery. Mrs. Barthel also considers the impact of the case on Peter, and not only the nightmare of being falsely accused and convicted: she interestingly suggests that Peter has been further damaged by becoming (in the lethal contemporary American way) a "celebrity."

Oscar Wilde, by Sheridan Morley (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). In his preface, the author of this crisp biography announces its thesis: that Wilde resembled Peter Pan, a boy who never grew up and never learned what society (Victorian grownups) would tolerate. Mr. Morley writes to this point but does not labor it. Wilde came to London from Trinity College (Dublin) and Oxford longing for fame, and attained it by showing off. His durable achievements—Mr. Morley points out that Wilde's first comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan," produced in 1892, was the first English comedy of any stature since Sheridan's "The School for Scandal"—came after a long period of false starts, during which Wilde led a life of cheerful extravagance and notable irresponsibility. Even if his passion for Lord Alfred Douglas had not ended in its particular tragedy, it seemed a doomed love, and not primarily because it was homosexual; heterosexual affairs in fact and fiction have been just as destructive. Mr. Morley's character readings are plausible, and his own clear style does not compete with his subject's wit. He makes his reader regret what seems to have been inevitable. Illustrations.

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